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THE SPELL OF THE RHINE

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Braubach and the Castle of Marksburg

(See page 220)

The SPELL of the RHINE

BY

Frank Roy Fraprie, S.M., F.R.P.S.

Author of "Among Bavarian Inns," "The Raphael Book," etc.
Translator of "The Spell of the Heart of France," "The Spell of Alsace," etc.

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PREFACE

It was many years ago that I first traveled on the Rhine. Since then, I have visited it repeatedly and have traversed its valley in all directions. I have read widely in its literature, I have viewed and pictured its beauties, I have become familiar with its people and their achievements. Its beauties are those of unchanging nature or that of a life which was. Its uglinesses are mostly those of a material life which exists, but which most travelers avoid or pass by. So, in writing of "The Spell of the Rhine," I have dwelt mainly on the charm of olden days, the deeds of past history, the legends of times and lives now veiled in the mists of traditions and so seen simplified, enlarged, beautified.

Someone has said, in effect, that to visit a dream city is to awake to a reality of disillusionment. Such a man would better do his traveling in an easy chair, through the medium of a book. The true traveler will enjoy his trips across the world first in anticipation, by studying what others have recorded in word or picture; second, in realization, taking life as it is, greed, hard voyages, insolence, and stenches mingled with beauty, kindliness, and warm welcomes; finally, and the reward for all sacrifices, in the abiding glory of memory, which

eliminates the petty, the disagreeable, and the humiliating, and strings together on a roseate thread the pearls of bright sunsets ending peaceful days, wondrous views across enchanting landscapes, and happy encounters with charming companions.

If it seems to you that in writing down anew old tales and neglecting to describe great commercial cities, I have exalted the insignificant and abased the magnificent, reflect that a legend or a tradition is the greatest and most enduring achievement of human consciousness, that it reflects the combined mental experience of thousands of human generations, and that it is an eternal verity of race wisdom, else had it been forgotten ere it was ever committed to paper. The details may be childish, trivial, impossible, but the kernel is as sound and meaty as that of any fable ascribed to Aesop, but formulated by some cave hunter who imagined human traits in the animal he had that day killed, while reclining in the somnolence produced by satiety.

So, if in following my footsteps you do not see eye to eye with me in some things, do not say that I am an unfaithful guide, but try to see your Rhine (as you should, also, your Sahara Desert or Vale of Cashmir, if chance takes you these ways) with an eye turned to beauty and oblivious of meaner things. So will you bring back very precious memories for the evening of life.

The Rhine I know best was that of pre-war days,

but I have seen it since the Armistice, and the snows of the Alps still distil the same grey-green floods as of yore. The martial tramp of heavy-booted warriors has echoed over the metal of Rhine ways for thousands of years, and the American Army of Occupation, the French, the English, are of the same clay, the same breed, the same habit of thought as the legions of the Romans, the hosts of Charlemagne, the common soldiers of Von Hindenburg. Nordics and Alpines, square heads or long faces, they are all Aryans, brothers in blood and thought, and have nothing to fight about, now or ever, save the accursed question of nationalism. You may take forty men from as many nations, and pair them off in any way you will, in the university, in the studio, the ship's forecastle, or the mining camp, and any pair is more likely to develop blood brotherhood than enmity. It is only the politicians, the militarists, and the writers of history who have made frontiers and fanned dying languages into new and vicious life, who have built international feuds and hatreds.

The Germany, the Europe, of the ages before Napoleon, were groups of subjects ruled by monarchs to whom armies were toys and frontiers things of pride. The people changed their flags and allegiances after a war as they would a worn-out suit of clothes. Conquered Saxony and Bavaria accepted the rule and the language of Napoleon as easily as they did that of Charlemagne.

French words stuck in the language of the people until the professors rooted them out in the *furor Teutonicus* of 1914. It was the Prussian, last civilized and most clannish, as most martial, of the tribes of Germany, who lighted the flames of nationalism in Napoleon's day and for a century steadily built up the idea that the tribe in general and the Prussian or German tribe in particular, is the greatest idea in the world, greater than humanity, than Christianity, than civilization itself.

The apparent success of tribal nationalism as Prussia enlarged, swallowed up state after German state, defeated Denmark, Austria, France, rose to the headship of a great empire, sought and apparently found its place in the sun, imposed its uncouth language and script on conquered provinces, brought all German humanity into abject conformity to the inflexible feudal caste system of the *Bürgerliches Gesetzbuch* and universal military service, which seemed to give the industrial workers, health, pleasure and comfort, while relentlessly dooming them to die in the social level in which they were born,—this apparent success, I say, seduced the Czechs, the Gaels, the Japanese and many another tribe in believing that national happiness depends on national particularism, which means, logically, the inferiority of all other tribes, hence the divine right of expansion even to the destruction and death, if necessary, of all opposing forces and personalities.

The French can fraternize and compromise. The Prussian seeks to conquer, then humiliate. Most of the German tribes are nearer the French than the Prussian in blood. For the world's sake, the French idea and mentality must emerge triumphant. Alsace, Lorraine, the Sarre region, the Rhine valley itself, will all easily become French. Because the Prussian will not be able to learn until all of this generation has passed away, and another has studied under gentler teachers, the French seem fated to occupy the Rhine until it thinks in French, or until frontiers become as nominal between the states of Europe as between the United States of America.

But, whatever flag may wave over Rhine's banks, these vine-clad hills and castled crags, these mountain torrents and sleepy backwaters, these clear Alpine lakes and broad muddy reaches bearing a world's commerce, all will remain for generations to repeat to the appreciative traveler the age-long story of "The Spell of the Rhine."

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The SPELL *of the* RHINE

CHAPTER I

THE MOUTHS OF THE RHINE

THERE are two possible ways through which one may become completely familiar with a river; by ascending it from its mouth and by descending it from its source. Before the advent of steam the latter was the most feasible method of utilizing the stream as a highway, and would consequently be preferable, because of the greater ease and comfort of the journey by boat or raft. The traveler of today, whirled along by steel and steam, is independent of currents or gradients. As a matter of fact, he would often gladly travel more slowly than he is obliged to, in order to be able more completely to enjoy the landscape beauties through which he passes. Travel upstream, especially when one is aboard a steamer moving against a swift current, is slower than when undertaken in the other direction, and therefore is the advisable method in the case of a river of such historic and scenic attractiveness as the Rhine. Hence, when I determined to refresh my

recollections of previous trips and to complete my knowledge of the Rhine by a summer trip through the whole length of its valley, I decided to begin my journey at the river's mouth.

Then arose the question: "Where is the mouth of the Rhine?" I have read much and studied more on this question, and as a result have come to the conclusion that it admits of only two answers, both impossible. One is, "Nobody knows," and the other, "It hasn't any."

Now the first answer is impossible, because the Rhine is (or was) in part a German river, and the German scientist, as is well known from his own accounts of the matter, knows everything, especially about causes in which he is especially interested, and therefore must know where the mouth of the Rhine is; but he has apparently concealed it so successfully in the mammoth scientific tomes which are so frequently written in his own labyrinthine language that it has not yet come to light in English. The second answer is also impossible, because the Rhine is so big that it manifestly cannot entirely soak into even so spongy a country as Holland. It must reach the sea, but it evidently sneaks into it under an alias. Commercially, the mouth is below Rotterdam, for the greatest amount of Rhine freight goes in and out through the New Maas, on which Rotterdam is situated, reaching the North Sea through the Brielle Maas, or, if in deep-draught vessels,

through the New Waterway, an artificial channel from Rotterdam to the Hook of Holland. Hydrographically, the present mouth is the Hollandsch Diep and its estuary, the Haringvliet, for this channel carries the greatest volume of water. Historically, the Rhine flows by Utrecht and Leyden, with its mouth at Katwyk, and this channel is the one which will be most eagerly sought by the traveler who would find Holland's share of the Spell of the Rhine.

In this age of commerce the traveler who arrives in Holland from the west is likely to use the ordinary trade routes, and so Rotterdam will be the first Rhine city to figure in his itinerary. Whether he crosses the Channel from England to the Hook of Holland, or approaches by a transatlantic steamer, he will glide between the melancholy breakwaters outside of which the ill-fated steamer Berlin carried down her passengers in a wild sea within a stone's throw of safety, and meet the yellow flood of Maas water, the suspended silt of which was torn from the Alps ages ago. The approach to Rotterdam by river is between low green banks, behind which we see now and again a red-roofed village or an avenue of slender trees, and on which huddle numerous shipyards, where uncompleted hulls rise like the naked skeletons of gigantic monsters of unknown geologic period.

I have on various occasions been obliged to spend time in Rotterdam which I would have

preferred to employ elsewhere, and I cannot conscientiously advise my readers to plan for any prolonged stay in this bustling commercial city. To one who lands there and has never previously been in Holland, there is undoubtedly much of interest in the quaint old houses facing the Boompjes or rising from some of the canals in the older parts of the town. It is certainly novel to see the principal streets of a great city bordering broad basins of water or running beside sluggish canals. The parks of Rotterdam are beautiful. Its flower market, especially in the spring, is a blaze of glorious color, and the peasant costumes of the flower sellers are attractive and interesting. It is a quaint sight to see a great windmill slowly turning its wings in the midst of a great city, even though its attractiveness be marred by its being used as a billboard. In the Museum are a number of interesting paintings of the Dutch school, even though none are of the first rank. The Church of Saint Lawrence is a massive structure from whose tower, dominating the whole city, may be seen in fine weather a panorama of a great part of the Netherlands, water and green fields, red-roofed villages and grand old towers. If the traveler has time it may be well to glance at these things, but there is nothing characteristically Dutch in Rotterdam that he cannot see to much better advantage elsewhere in Holland, and he will therefore do well to plan his trip be-

forehand and leave Rotterdam behind him as soon as he can conveniently proceed to his next stopping place. Even as a center from which to see other parts of Holland, it would be much better for him to establish his headquarters at Amsterdam, except for the trip to the islands of Zeeland, which is best undertaken from Rotterdam or Dordrecht.

Let him who doubts that rivers can die as well as men visit Katwyk-aan-Zee and behold the miserable fate of that old Father Rhine whom Rome knew as a lusty river, and held as one of the northern guardians of her empire. He will see, to be sure, great dikes of masonry and banks of earth, walls and locks and sluices, but are they to keep the Rhine in subjection? No; the object of the massive works is to protect the senile river, to hold back the encroachments of the North Sea, to gather up the waters of the Old Rhine between low tide and low tide, so that the outpour of half a day, concentrated into an hour or two, may have sufficient strength to wash a fresh channel through the encroaching sands which remorselessly and tirelessly build a barrier in the river's path as often as the tide turns.

It was not always thus. In the youth of the world Rhine and its tributaries carved out Alps and Jura and many another mountain chain, gnawed from the solid rock and carried through

many weary leagues the very sands which now so ungratefully attempt to throttle the old river. They brought down far more than this, for all Holland was won from the sea by the river, carrying silt down from the heart of Europe for countless ages and dropping it at contact with the salt water. Thus the delta crept out by slow degrees from the hills along the present Belgian and German frontiers, and the river wandered through it in an ever-changing maze of channels, until finally the land stood in the shape it bore when we first know it in history, a gloomy land of mist and fens, fronting the North Sea with a ring of dunes.

Dismal as was the soaked land, it found inhabitants when man spread over Europe, and the Roman arms, penetrating here in the course of time, brought these marshes into the light of history. When the Romans extended their frontier to the Rhine, they found its main stream emptying where now is Katwyk and founded an outpost of empire at Ultra Trajectum, "the farthest ford," where Utrecht stands today.

Centuries passed, and the Roman vanished from the land. Perhaps before he went he sealed the fate of the Old Rhine by diverting much of its water into the Ijssel through the canal cut by Drusus. Perhaps the inexorable forces of nature moved the channels of the Rhine delta ever farther and farther south, as they would today save for the restraining hand of man, and as they perhaps

will in the future in spite of all his efforts. The Old Rhine became so feeble that in 839 its mouth was completely blocked by sand during a hurricane, and for almost a millennium Ijssel and Lek carried most of Rhine's waters to the sea. Then man triumphed over nature, and again opened the old channel, but kept the waters subservient to his will. And so Old Rhine is dead, sunk to the level of a mere canal, a common drain for the fields and towns of parts of the provinces of North Holland and Utrecht, while Lek and Waal carry the Rhine flotillas to and from the sea. Closed by locks at each end, the section of the original river now known as Kromme Rijn and Oude Rijn, that is, Crooked Rhine and Old Rhine, is never likely to be of any more importance in the river system than it is today.

Katwyk-aan-Zee is a town of six or eight thousand people, straggling along the shore and over the dunes more or less at random. Twenty years ago it was a prosperous fishing town, and its bold and hardy folk possessed a fleet of sixty or more deep-sea fishing smacks, built so strongly that they not only could weather the fiercest gale at sea, but were staunch enough to be run up on the flat beach when making port, often pounding heavily in the surf before the landing could be made. Today, Katwyk, and probably all Holland, possesses not one of these craft. The blind and thoughtless greed of man has invented that devil's

tool, the steam trawler, which before the Great War had swept the once supposedly inexhaustible fishing banks of the North Sea so clean of eatable fish that the fleet had to travel to Norway, and even to far-off Iceland, to get enough fish to supply the English and Continental markets. The greedy scoops with their wicked steel scrapers not only pick up every form of animal life together with the fish, but mow the very bottom of the sea clean of every atom of vegetable growth which can nourish the fish or the lower forms of life on which they feed. It is idle to hope that America will profit by the lesson taught to Europe. Before it is too late every port of Canada and the United States should (but will not) be closed against the unscrupulous steam trawlers which have begun to destroy the North Atlantic fishing banks in the same cruel and wasteful manner. Whoever profits by the taking of wild life for food, chants the same refrain that nature's resources are inexhaustible. That may be so, but nature's balances cannot be upset without disaster, and even the fish of the ocean, when too greedily exploited, can no more resist the conjunction of natural and artificial enemies than could the bison, the passenger pigeon, the shad, the salmon, or the lobster.

Nowadays, Katwyk is mainly a summer resort, though it still has some small fishing boats, and though a few nets, wet in near-by waters, are still spread to dry on its dunes. The sea washes up on

THE RHINE AT KATWYK

THE BEACH AT KATWYK

its sands quantities of small shells, which are gathered after winter storms and stored on the sloping banks of the Rhine locks, to be shipped away to the limekilns in barge loads during the summer. For a fishing village it is remarkably well built, its houses being practically all of brick, but its streets and lanes have all the characteristic irregularity of direction which is common to fishermen's settlements the world over.

There is little to detain us at Katwyk except an inspection of the locks, of which there are two as a measure of precaution, though in ordinary weather only the seaward gates are closed. These are supported by five massive arches of brick, against which abut two massive dikes which carry the channel across the beach to high water-mark. The dikes are of heavy masonry, solidly supported on innumerable piles driven into the sand. At high tide the level of the sea is sometimes a dozen feet above that of the river, and during westerly gales it is often impossible to allow the water to escape. In fair weather, however, the gates are open for five or six hours at low tide, and the discharge of water is about a hundred thousand cubic feet per second, which is easily enough to clear the channel of accumulated sand.

To understand why the Rhine no longer empties through the mouth at Katwyk we will have to survey the Rhine delta as a whole, both in time and space. During the last European ice age the

greater part of Holland was still under the waters of the North Sea, and over it floated the icebergs from the great glaciers of Norway, which dropped their loads of boulders on the sandy shallows of Overijssel, as well as on the bottom of the North Sea.

The Rhine was, until a rather late period in its history, confined in the form of a great lake behind the barrier formed by the ridges and plateaus of the Ardennes and the Eifel. It eventually forced this barrier and cut the deep but narrow gorge which is now generally regarded as the most picturesque part of the Rhine. The effect of this rupture was to bring an enormous mass of silt-laden fresh water into the salt North Sea, and great areas of the shallow waters were soon covered with Rhine alluvium, which now makes Holland so fertile a country. Through these muds and morasses the Rhine made its way, and when the great bulk of the mud had been deposited, the general direction of the main stream of the river seems to have been almost due north and south.

In ancient times, the beginning of the Rhine delta was well within what is now German territory, but the Alps are still in process of denudation, and the Rhine is still year by year bringing down, suspended in its muddy current, great quantities of soil for the enrichment of its lower regions. Consequently, the forking of the Rhine waters now begins within Dutch territory. Here we find a separation into a great channel to the west

known as the Waal, and a lesser one running more northerly, known as the Rhine or the Canal of Pannerden, according as to whether we consider it the river itself or the improved and straightened channel which engineers have now made it. A little farther north it is known as the Ijssel and now flows into the Zuyder Zee, though it formerly had a bed running across territory which is now submerged in this great though shallow arm of the North Sea, which carried it to one or more mouths, far to the north and east of its present outlet. The very earliest course of the stream went straight northward in a continuation of its present bed, through a depression which still exists in Friesland, east of the Zuyder Zee, and emptied into the North Sea through the Lauwersdiep.

At the present time, however, the northernmost mouths of the Rhine may be thought of as being the two deep passages from the Zuyder Zee into the North Sea, known as the Vlie and the Helder. The other straits connecting these two bodies of water are so shallow as to be of no importance.

From Arnhem a branch known as the Lower Rhine or Neder Rijn flows westward between the sand hills of Veluwe or "Bad Island" and the meadows of Betuwe or "Good Island." When the Rhine passes the end of the sand hills of Veluwe, it reaches a lower country where the banks must be artificially maintained, for the meadows on either side are below the level of the river floods, though

above the reach of high tide. At the little town of Wijk-bij-Duurstede, we reach a lock behind which is a narrow channel which seems to be little more than a canal, though its crooked course proves it to be a natural stream and not an artificial cutting. Though this is small in comparison to the main stream, which changes its name and is known as the Lek below Wijk, it is the river of Roman times, now known as the Kromme Rijn or Crooked Rhine. Following it in its devious and sluggish course we reach Utrecht, where the river divides into the Vecht and the Old Rhine. The Vecht, now an insignificant stream, runs northward, and before it empties into the Zuyder Zee has a branch known as the Amstel, from which the city of Amsterdam derives its name. Consequently, the Vecht had direct water communication with this prosperous city during the Middle Ages, and its sluggish waters were burdened with a fleet of luxurious barges by which the prosperous burghers traveled to and fro between their counting houses in the capital and their magnificent estates on the banks of this muddy little river. The grandeur of this maritime Fifth Avenue a few hundred years ago has been preserved to posterity in various volumes of fine copperplate engravings of these country seats, moated and gardened and surrounded with all the inartistic fantasies of the topiary art which the most ingenious Dutch mind could invent.

The Old Rhine flows directly westward from Utrecht past Leyden to the North Sea, entering the latter through the series of locks which we have already visited. At high tide, and sometimes during storms, when the waters of the North Sea are heaped up by the winds, the Old Rhine has no current, and it is therefore necessary to prevent it from carrying any more water than it can discharge into the sea. This is the reason for the locks at Wijk-bij-Duurstede, which prevent any more water entering the Kromme Rijn than can pass out at Katwyk. During the Middle Ages, the dunes had completely closed this branch of the Rhine, so that its water accumulated and turned an enormous area of the country into a great morass, and it was largely to drain this land that the channel was cut through the dunes and the locks were built. In Roman times this mouth was still open, and this portion of the river formed the frontier of the Roman Empire. Utrecht was a town of considerable importance, and the last outpost of Roman civilization on the continent of Europe.

When the Rhine divides near the Dutch boundary, the southern branch, called the Waal, carries at least two-thirds of the waters of the river, and forms the southern boundary of the "Good Island," Betuwe, whose fertile meadows are protected from the river floods by high banks on either side. The left shore of the Waal is much

higher ground, consisting of sand hills and ridges, and is doubtless part of the original bank of the stream, while Betuwe is part of the delta. The Waal flows westward past the town of Nymwegen, and here it is only four or five miles north of another great river, the Maas or Meuse, which at about this point changes its course from a northerly to a westward direction. Not far west of Nymwegen, the Maas and the Waal approach so near to each other that they are separated only by a short stretch of marshland, and are connected by navigable channels controlled by locks. The Maas, however, does not join the Waal here, but turns southwesterly and forms a great island, finally emptying into the Waal at Gorinchem, about fifteen miles farther west.

It seems to be the fashion for Dutch rivers to change their names at every junction point or important city, so the river which is really the Rhine now becomes in succession the Merwede, the Hollandsch Diep, and the Haringvliet, and at its junction with the North Sea is so wide that from its center it is barely possible to see the low banks on either side. Because of the amount of water discharged through it, this is today the geographical mouth of the Rhine.

Besides this mouth, there are a number of other channels to the sea. The Dutch province of Holland, in which Rotterdam is situated, contains at least five large islands formed by the estu-

ON THE RIVER MAAS

aries of the Rhine, and it has been proposed to connect these five islands by means of dams, and leave only two channels to the sea, the New Waterway and the Brouwershavenschegat. By pumping out the waterways thus closed, a large amount of land would be reclaimed for agriculture in the familiar way in which so large a portion of Holland has been rendered useful to man.

From the facts we have stated, and from existing records, it seems certain that during the historic period and for some time before, the mouth of the Rhine has continuously moved westward and southward from its first mouth directly north of the present mouth of the Old Ijssel. The greater part of this movement has taken place in historic times, during which the main flow of the Rhine has been transferred from the Old Rhine to the Waal, and it probably will not be many centuries, in spite of all that man can do, before the water will empty through the Maas or the Scheldt instead of the Waal. If, in the time of the Romans, the main course of the Rhine ended at Katwyk, there is little doubt that not many centuries earlier, it was through the present course of the Ijssel. In Roman times, the Zuyder Zee was not in existence, what is now its southern portion being occupied by a rather large lake known as Lacus Flevo. At that time, the provinces of Friesland and North Holland were joined by solid land, and no more formidable obstacle existed to the crossing of this

northern stretch of the present Zuyder Zee than one or two rivers. It is consequently interesting to know what has caused this great movement of more than sixty miles southward and westward made by the mouth of the Rhine.

It is probable that the chief natural cause of this was the ebb and flow of the tide. The position of the delta of the Rhine is such that the tides from the Atlantic Ocean reach it in two distinct ways, up the English Channel from the south on one hand, and around the north of Scotland on the other. The lengths of the paths of these two tidal waves are so different that they do not reach the coast of Holland simultaneously through its whole length. In the south, the two high tides are added to each other, while in the north, the high tide of the North Sea is almost neutralized by an ebb tide flowing out through the Channel. At the Helder the rise of the tide from ebb to high is very little, but at the mouth of the Scheldt at Flushing it is very great. Naturally, this difference of the tides has a great influence on the delta, because more water enters the southern branches during high tide, and the drop of the water level at low tide is much greater in these estuaries than it is in the northern ones. Consequently, a greater portion of the river water tends to flow toward the south than toward the north. The higher level of the high tides in the south does not make this effect less marked, for the greater portion of the

outflow of fresh water comes during ebb tide. There is no upward current to counteract this during the greater portion of the day, for the duration of ebb is much longer than that of flood tide. This accounts for the constant tendency of the rivers to cut through their southern banks and move to the southward, while the northern channels silt up.

The formation of the Zuyder Zee, one of the greatest catastrophes in Dutch history, occurred in another way. The natural tendency of the Rhine is to make land rather than drown it, because of the enormous amount of sediment which it brings down from above, and which for ages has been deposited over the present territory of Holland. There has been a continuous tendency to encroach upon the North Sea, but while this could be filled up to a certain extent, the limit of aggression was finally reached, and storms and tides threw up the high sand dunes which now form the western boundary of Holland.

It was the formation of these dunes which closed up the old mouth of the Rhine, and the fact that they did not form in sufficient degree to close the passages of the Vlie and the Helder shows that the Ijssel must have carried much water during the Middle Ages. The Old Rhine, however, was closed, and formed immense morasses behind its dunes, while a large part of its water was diverted into the Ijssel through the canal cut by Drusus. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,

the Abbey of Egmont and other religious bodies began energetically to dike the banks of the river and drain the lagoons behind the dunes of North Holland. In doing this, though they made land for themselves, they forced the bulk of the flood waters of the Rhine to lie upon the lands to the eastward, and greatly increased the volume of Lake Flevo. By disastrous storms and extremely high tides acting in conjunction, a tremendous passage was burst through between the sea and Lake Flevo during the thirteenth century. More than eighty thousand persons perished in this catastrophe, and enormous territories in Friesland and North Holland were permanently washed away. A similar catastrophe was responsible for the formation of the Biesbosch or Forest of Reeds in 1421, and in this enormous flood seventy-two villages and one hundred thousand persons were drowned in a single night.

CHAPTER II

DORDRECHT

FAR down in the delta of the Rhine lies Dordrecht, a dying city, with all the touching signs of a great city's old age. It is made up of houses once proud and stately, now tottering toward their neighbors; of quays which for long years have not known the richly-freighted argosies of earlier days; of streets and canals no longer burdened with the profitable traffic of the Staple.

This is what the prosaic eye of the twentieth-century traveler sees in Dordrecht. The artist sees more. As he approaches its waterside he still sees across the broad streams of the delta the Dordrecht of old times, made familiar by a hundred paintings of the great and little Dutch masters. The same cathedral tower lifts like a red flame in the afternoon light; the same masts and windmills, together with the noble old water gate, make up its front toward the Dordtsche Kil; but only in externals does the old city retain its ancient characteristics. Its prosperity has departed, its commerce is no more, yet to the eye and mind of painter and poet it is still a dream city and retains the spell of long ago.

There is but one right way to visit Dordrecht, and that is by water from Rotterdam. Leaving behind us the patrician gables of the water front and the factories of the modern suburbs of Rotterdam, we pass the innumerable flotilla of Rhine boats, moored to the right bank, waiting for cargo or tow. Near the gasworks is the little church to which every Rhine skipper directs a prayer or a wish as he begins his new voyage. Suddenly the river bends sharply to the northeast, and we see before us an enormous expanse of water where the Ijssel of Holland joins the Maas. After making a landing we steer away from the mouth of the Ijssel and strike into the midst of a confusion of shipping which literally crowds the broad river.

Sloops under sail, some with canvas gleaming white and some propelled by cloths tanned to a ruddy brown, passenger and cargo steamers, long strings of Rhine barges under tow, seem almost to bar our way. As many as half a dozen vessels or tows are abreast of each other at once, and as all have to make way for a bunch of sloops tacking downstream against the wind, it would be natural to expect some confusion. There is none, however, and not even the sound of a whistle is heard. All the signaling is done by means of a blue flag hung out to right or left from the bridge, to indicate to the other steamer on which side of it we will keep. Only once did our captain use his whistle, as he headed out from a landing into a narrow opening

between a dike, stretching far into the river, and a long tow of barges. At the upper end of this we saw two steamers heading downstream into the same opening. As they were driven fiercely by the strong current eddying around the dike, it was our place to wait for them, which we did after the whistle had warned them of our presence.

We had plenty of opportunity to study the life on the Rhine cargo boats, for in a single day we passed hundreds of them. Long and low, with decks almost awash when fully loaded, the largest of them will hold beneath their hatches three thousand tons of goods, a large fraction of the cargo capacity of an ocean tramp. That they may clear the bridges, their masts are hinged and will drop almost flat to the deck, their houses are set well down and sometimes have no windows at all, and even the steering wheel is horizontal. It is from six to ten feet in diameter, placed within an iron pen, within which the steersman idly leans against the spokes save when a sudden change of course impels him to lively exertions around his little running track. A crew seems to be entirely lacking on these boats. Perhaps another steersman sleeps below while waiting his trick, but usually one sees only the man at the wheel, his wife about her household duties, and a child or two and a dog playing about the deck.

What these flotillas carry up and down the Rhine is not easy for the outsider to discover.

Basalt blocks for the armoring of the dikes they certainly bring from Germany, together with cement and coal and deck loads of lumber, but they must carry back under their closed hatches precious goods from overseas, for all the products of Holland would not go far toward filling their holds. The cargoes of the local steamers and sloops are easier to guess at, for much of their lading lies in plain sight on deck. Sand and brick and lumber, manure and hay, are frequently seen on the sloops, and on the little steamers we note not only casks and boxes and crates, but also such animate freight as horses and cows, sheep and swine.

All in all, the surface of the river affords a series of pictures of perennial interest and never-ending beauty. Can we wonder that generation after generation of painters has transferred it to canvas, to the increase of their own fame and the world's pleasure?

On land, the pictures which greet our eyes are as attractive and as familiar as those of the stream. Numerous little villages crown the great dike which confines the river. The houses are as neat as possible, with green fences and well-kept beds of flowers. Sometimes the houses press close to a single street, from whose outer edge the dike descends to the river in a steep slope, faced with basalt blocks, great polygonal masses broken from the crystalline columns of old lavas. From every

THE MOERDIJK BRIDGE, ROTTERDAM

house a flight of steps descends to the water's edge, a token that water joins rather than sunders neighbors among the almost amphibious population of Holland.

So we plough through the maze of channels: the Maas, the Ijssel, De Noord; and finally arrive in the Dordtsche Kil, a wide stream which washes the feet of the ancient town, where we are in sight of the wonderful Moerdijk bridge, by which the railway from Rotterdam crosses the Hollandsch Diep. This masterpiece of engineering has fourteen arches, each one hundred and ten yards in length, and cost $2,400,000, a sum not to be wondered at when we reflect that the soil of Holland affords no foundation of any solidity, even to unknown depths.

The picture which this great waterway presents today may be interestingly contrasted with that seen in the year 1828 by Sir John Barrow, who traveled with his family through the Low Countries and up the Rhine, leaving a record of his experiences in a little anonymous volume which contains many curious passages. In this he speaks of the Dordtsche Kil, by which he approached the town, as being a "narrow channel, more resembling an artificial canal than an arm of the sea, and it continues nearly of an equal width as far as Dordrecht or Dort, being seldom more than fifty to sixty yards wide. It has no visible artificial embankments, but both its sides, apparently on a

level with the water, are thickly clothed with tall reeds. Yet in this narrow channel were lying at anchor a long range of square-rigged vessels, Dutch, American and Norwegians, at least from one to four hundred tons burthen, but not a single English ship among them; a fact that was noticed with a sort of triumph, as indeed well it might, by a young American officer, who was one of the passengers, and who suffered none of his country ships to pass without calling the attention of the passengers to the stripes and stars. These vessels were chiefly laden with staves, lumber, tobacco, and other articles of American growth and produce."

When I made this trip, just before the war, you might have looked in vain for the "stripes and stars" on an American ship, sail or steam, in any port from Rotterdam to Odessa, though every quay was laden with "articles of American growth and produce," conveyed thither by the merchant ships of Germany, England and Norway. Since then, what has the American flag not meant to Europe, as it guarded and convoyed precious shiploads of food, troops and munitions sent by America to help save the world? I doubt not that in all years to come the Stars and Stripes on American ships will again fly over American cargoes on all the Seven Seas.

The same author observed not far from this spot, "among other shipping that were at anchor, one of the most extraordinary, and it will probably

turn out the most useless, and it may be added dangerous, vessels that was ever sent upon the ocean. A friend of ours had the curiosity to go on board, and ascertained particulars of her size and construction. She was a steamboat, named the *Atlas*, and intended for Batavia. Her length measured two hundred and fifty feet, breadth thirty-eight feet, and her calculated burthen nine hundred and fifty tons. She had three engines, each of one hundred horse power; four masts, of which her foremast was so calculated as to carry a fore-and-aft sail, square topsail, top gallant sail, and studding sail. The topsail-yard was seventy-four feet long; the other three masts were rigged alike, with fore-and-aft sails, and gaff topsails; her deck was described as rising considerably from the bow and stern toward the center, which gave her the appearance of being hogged; and this, the engineer said, was purposely done to enable her to bear the weight of the engines without breaking, but he expected they would bring her deck to a level. It would probably not stop there, but rather sink it to an inverted arch, and the ship itself to the bottom of the sea, if any person can be found careless enough of his life to carry her out upon that element. She is wall-sided, and appeared to have no bearing upon the water."

Evidently the writer was himself a sailor, who could not believe that steam would ever do the work of sails.

As our little steamer, doubtless built of iron, in spite of the views of the author just quoted, draws near the wharf, we find that this is crowded against a little patch of solid ground outside "the stately city gate," as Havard calls it, "built of red brick and white stone, reared upon antique pilasters, and adorned with busts of emperors, lordly escutcheons and grim lions." This Groothoofd Poort was built of brick in 1618 and though its architecture shows a multitude of styles, the details of its graceful dome and many carvings are thoroughly decorative if not warlike. On the landward side of this gate appears a carving of the city's coat of arms, a milkmaid under her cow. How this coat of arms came to be adopted is delightfully told us by a writer whose name we have been unable to trace.

"There is an admirable history concerning that beautiful and maiden city of Holland called Dort. The Spaniards had intended an onslaught against it, and so they had laid thousands of old soldiers in ambush. Not far from it there did live a rich farmer who kept many cows on his ground, to furnish Dort with butter and milk. The milkmaid coming to milk saw all under the hedges soldiers lying; seemed to take no notice but went singing to her cows; and having milked, went as merrily away. Coming to her master's house, she told him what she had seen. The master wondering at it, took the maid with him and presently came

THE GROOTHOOFD POORT

to Dort, told it to the Burgomaster, who sent a spy immediately, found it was true and prepared for their safety; sent to the States, who presently sent soldiers into the city, and gave order that the river should be let in at such a sluice, to lay the country under water. It was done, and many Spaniards were drowned and utterly disappointed in their design, and the town saved. The States, in memory of the merry milkmaid's good service to the country, ordered the farmer a large revenue forever, to recompense his loss of house, land and cattle; caused the coin of the city to have the milkmaid under her cow to be engraven; which is to be seen upon the Dort dollar, stivers and doights to this day; and so she is set upon the water gate of Dort; and she had, during her life, and her's forever, an allowance of fifty pounds per annum. A noble requital for a virtuous action."

If we care to, we may visit the interior of the gate and view a few relics of olden days, and from the dome may see that the waters of the Rhine and its branches almost surround the town. It was the citizens' proud and ancient boast that it was surrounded by four rivers—Maas, Waal, Linge and Merwede.

In 1549, Philip II made triumphal entry into Dordrecht, and his faithful subjects bore in procession an illuminated effigy of the city, on which was written the motto:

"ME MOSA, ME VAHALIS, ME LINGA
MERVAQUE CINGUNT;
AETERNAM BATAVAE VIRGINIS ECCE
FIDEM."
"I am girded by Maas, Waal, Linge and Merwede;
Behold the ever-faithful Batavian virgin."

Nevertheless, Dordrecht was not always an island. On the south side of the great bell-tower one may still read the terrible and laconic inscription:

"ANNO CHRISTI 1421 — NOVEMBRIS 18 —
SUBMERSAE MANSERUNT 72 VILLAE
CONTINUAE DORDRACAE."
"In the year of Christ 1421, on November 18, 72 villages in the environs of Dordrecht remained under water."

On the seventeenth of November the people of Dordrecht went to sleep in a town that was joined to the Duchy of Brabant, and the next morning they woke unhurt, with four rivers running under the walls of the town. The old legend is that the city does not occupy the same position it did before the terrible flood, but that it was moved bodily some distance from its former situation, and the French writer, Esquiros, has gravely maintained within recent years that the town did move, geological research showing that the clay on which

the peat bed of the city is built slipped, owing to the enormous pressure of the water. However this may be, the separation of the city from the mainland has doubled its commerce, trade and prosperity.

Just around the end of the old gate we find the beginning of the port, and here we have an excellent opportunity to study at close range the various kinds of vessels which fill the haven. Moored to the quay side, often many tiers deep, are dozens and sometimes hundreds of barges and tjalks, the former long, low and covered with a sloping deck, peaked at bow and stern, while the Dutch craft are shorter and stand higher above the water. They show the national fondness for cleanliness and bright hues, being sometimes varnished and sometimes painted, usually in stripes of various colors. The bow curves up, with the hawseholes painted in startling resemblance to great round eyes. The spotless deck is varnished smooth as glass; the mast, which is treated in the same fashion, is bound with numerous bands of shining brass. Everything about the boat is painted and polished as brightly as possible. Pots of flowers are on the decks and cabins and at the white-curtained windows of the deck house. Even the dogs, of which every boat possesses one or more, look as if they had just been washed and curled. Very noticeable features of these boats are the great round-bottomed leeboards on either side of the

deck, which are dropped overboard at will to prevent the boat from drifting ashore when the wind is on the beam. In spite of their lowly mission, and their constant immersion in muddy water, they are as gaily painted as the rest of the boats.

Dordrecht is the great center for breaking up the timber rafts from the Black Forest, and these enormous masses of logs furnish occupation for numerous windmills, mostly on the north side of the town, which saw up timber for the numerous shipyards which are to be found on the banks of the river between Dordrecht and the coast. The smaller material is used for piles, here and elsewhere in Holland. These piles in Dordrecht are usually armored, for some two hundred years ago the terrible teredo or shipworm was imported from abroad and serious measures were necessary to extirpate it. The use of these piles, and the fact that it is not always possible to drive them to a solid bottom, accounts for the appearance of the houses, which, like those of Rotterdam, resemble old men tottering along. Some bend forward as if saluting the outside world, while others lean backward as if to hide their age and weakness. Some bathe their feet in canals, and even possess no doors which open upon the land, so that we must arrive and depart by water. As in Venice, we see craft for both freight and passengers moored to piles outside the doors. Like Venice, too, the waterways are none too fragrant; though a current

exists, the flow is sluggish, and while all the refuse of the households which is not too large and bulky flies out of the window, supposedly to disappear in the dirty flood, it travels neither fast nor far, and soon offends the noses of those who have endeavored to get rid of it.

The most picturesque street of Dordrecht, the Wijnstraat, is full of houses which carry us back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They have curious fronts, with stepped roofs; white painted grilles of wrought-iron over the doorways and windows, forged in a style not too graceful and similar to the German Baroque; the windows arched or trefoiled, with curious volutes and spirals; all these details betraying a rather heavy Renaissance style. The red brick fronts lean in every direction, a witness to the marshy soil on which the town is founded, and show the present generation the persistent industry of the merchants who built this prosperous staple town amid the shifting and unstable mud of the Rhine delta.

The windows betray some unpleasant characteristics of Dutch character. All those of the lower stories are closely screened with white gauze, which effectually prevents the outsider from gratifying his curiosity as to the contents of the mansion, while giving the inhabitants full opportunity to gaze out at the passer-by. The upper windows are universally equipped with

hinged and adjustable mirrors, which are so arranged as to command every possible approach to the house, and thus enable the inhabitants to spy upon their neighbors unseen.

The pavements in front of the houses, which everywhere else in the civilized world are intended to be walked upon and lift the feet of the traveler above the mire of the gutter, are here private property, an object of show, and not to be trodden. Every few steps a chain, a spiked iron fence, or a high curbing divides the pavement of one house from that of its neighbor, and gives warning that the passageway is the street. Perhaps this fencing off is to lessen the labor of scrubbing off these spaces, which is performed every day. I do not know whether the inhabitants now sit on these parvises before their houses on hot summer evenings, but they did in the Middle Ages, here as in other Germanic lands, and the fencing probably arose from the characteristic Dutch desire for seclusion rather than society in hours of rest.

A rather attractive description of the streets of Dordrecht is given by G. C. Davis in the following paragraph. "A picture meets one at every turn at Dort. There are streets in which the street is a canal only, and the tall, many-windowed houses rise straight from the water, high above the masts of the barges in the narrow canal. Very many of the windows have projecting ledges, trays, or even little glass houses, all filled with gay flowers; and

"THERE ARE STREETS IN WHICH THE STREET IS A CANAL ONLY"

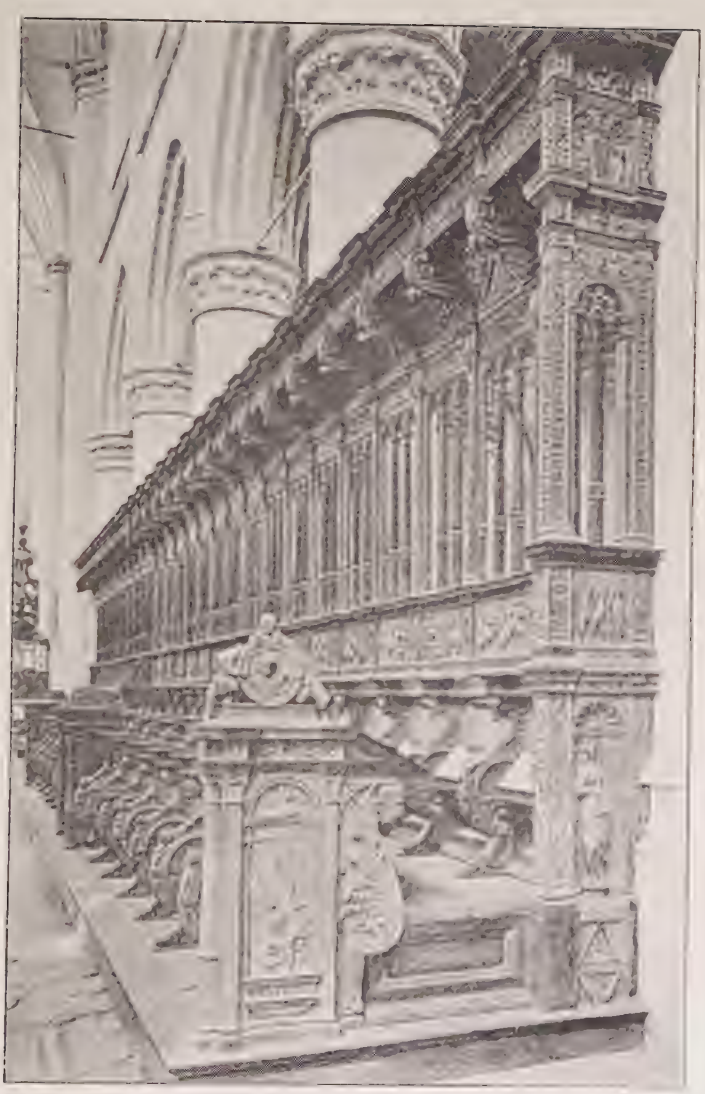
every house, old as it looked, and no doubt was, was as spruce and neat, externally, as possible."

Let us visit the Groote Kerk. In Holland, every church is old or new or great in the speech of the people. Dordrecht's cathedral, imposing in its gothic nakedness, though smeared with disfiguring whitewash, rises on fifty-six gigantic pillars, but these soaring arches make one long for the sensuous beauty of carven stone, lights and incense, music and painting, which rightfully belongs to a cathedral. We can still admire the choir screen, made of polished brass which gleams like gold, and in the popular legend is composed two-thirds of copper furnished by the caster and one-third of golden ornaments, cast into the melting pot by the pious worshipers of ancient times. There was a period in the Middle Ages when the golden jewels might have been forthcoming, but this screen dates back only to 1743, not a period of unselfish sacrifice for the church. It is an excellent piece of workmanship, though florid in design.

More noble than this, and once the loveliest carved work in Holland, are the sadly defaced choir stalls, the fruit of four years (1538–1542) patient labor of Jan Terwen Aertsz. It is cruel to think that a work of such artistic genius has been ruined by the axe of the iconoclast, and that what the rage of man and the tooth of time have spared has been further menaced by the unskillful restorer, who has cleaned the ancient woodwork so wickedly

that the time-hardened surface has vanished, with its beautiful patina and toolmarks, so that the remnant is slowly falling away in powdery dust. These are all that is worth looking at within the bare cathedral. We may spend if we will a few minutes in viewing the marble pulpit, a tomb or two, and possibly a few unimportant church vessels which the sacristan keeps under lock and key. Far more interesting is it, if we have the needful agility and courage, to climb the three hundred and sixty-five stairs of the great tower, to look far and wide over the maze of waterways which surrounds Dordrecht.

The modern mind grieves here as elsewhere in Holland and in other northern lands at what seems to us the senseless mischief done by religious zealots in converting the churches of the ancient faith to the uses of the new. The removal of altars and mass-vessels, the banishment of paintings which doubtless seemed idolatrous when placed in connection with the altars, are comprehensible, but the malicious and senseless hacking of decoration of every sort, in wood and stone, the beheading of tiny figures in the intricate tracery of wood carvings, the throwing down of statues on remote pinnacles which were never meant as more than adornment of the structure, seem so wanton that it is hard to imagine any people which had lived with such beauty from childhood being willing so to deface and ruin beautiful structures.



THE CHOIR STALLS, DORDRECHT CATHEDRAL

The people of Dordrecht, in especial, might have been supposed to be rather more favorably disposed toward works of art, for few cities in the world have been so favored in the number of painters born within their walls. A long series of great artists has given fame to a city which has been justly proud of them, between 1575, when Jacob Gerritse Cuyp was born here, and the nineteenth century, when Ary Scheffer added his meed of brightness to the city's lustre in the arts. In the list are included Aalbert Cuyp, one of the greatest Dutch masters and a finished artist, Ferdinand Bol and Nicolaes Maes, followers of Rembrandt, Schalken, a luminarist of a different school, Arend de Gelder, Arnold Houbraken, Holland's Vasari, Dirk Stoop, and a dozen others whose names are recited in the history of art, where they may be found by those who would have interest enough to seek them. Their pictures may be studied in the gallery here, but modern Dutch art will not be found well represented. All of modern importance in the city gallery are a few sketches of Van Gogh and Jan Toorop. These are but early works, and do not betray the master hand of these artists' later years.

Nowadays, as I said before, the principal industry of Dordrecht is the breaking up of the great timber rafts which come down the Rhine from the Black Forest and other wooded regions, but in earlier times a far more extensive trade was cen-

tered in the city, and it became a great and wealthy town because of its staple. Guicciardini, who wrote in the sixteenth century an Italian "Description of all the Low Countries, otherwise known as Germany Inferior," says: "The privileges of the staple of Dordrecht are so substantial that all who carry, both by way of the Rhine and by way of the Maas, wine, grain, wood and other merchandise past that town, are under obligation to unload their barges or barks in that port and there to pay all customs due and to store their goods in the warehouses of that town, or of its citizens, or to satisfy them in lieu thereof, and to obtain release from those who collect the customs and farm the tolls."

All the goods of this nature which were used throughout Holland were imported, and practically all came by way of the Rhine, so that it is comprehensible that "this great commodity and benefit" became "a rich revenue and large profit" to the town. Some of these benefits the city certainly obtained by desert, for it was well equipped with cellars, rare in Holland because of the nature of the soil, and these vaults had the reputation of being "cool and useful for the merchants descending from Germany with the wines of the Rhine, which they sell new and seasoned, by cargoes, casks, measures or glasses, according as one may desire."

The possession of cellars and a convenient situa-

tion alone would not have given Dordrecht any monopoly of trade, and the privilege of the staple was a "gift of happy accession" granted the city by the Counts of Holland, who were invested of their title in Dordrecht and habitually dwelt there in a now destroyed stronghold known as Het Hoff van Holland, the Court of Holland, an actual courtyard, circular in shape, surrounded with lofty buildings, which were connected each to the other and reached only by narrow and winding streets, leading to strong gates.

The town was fortunate enough to have the staple still recognized by the Princes of Burgundy and by the House of Austria, and it was even asserted and recognized after the liberation of the United Provinces.

On March 19, 1618, the English ambassador, Sir Dudley Carleton, wrote to Secretary Naunton: "Here is a troublesome dispute betwixt two towns, Dort and Rotterdam, touching the staple of wines, which Dort doth challenge by ancient privilege of the Emperor Charles V, and Rotterdam disputes the same, in regard of the French wines, which come now more frequently into those provinces than when that privilege was granted. Hereupon those of Rotterdam some weeks since took an armed boat from those of Dort, which lay upon the river to guard the passages. Those of Dort, in revenge hereof, have within these two days shot a passage-boat of Rotterdam, which refused to

strike sail to one of their ships, with a piece charged with musket-bullets, and therein killed one and hurt five or six. Betwixt unruly multitudes (as the people of these towns are), of small beginnings many times follow greater consequences, which makes me give your honour so particular an account of this accident."

Of course, Dordrecht could not maintain a fleet against all Holland, and so the staple had to lapse and the city's wealth went with it. It had been the first of all the cities of Holland, "rich and vast, fair and puissant, well built and stately," and also the most ancient. Its prosperity, of course, did not vanish all at once, and as late as 1663 John Ray, in his "Travels through the Low Countries," remarked on the prosperity of the town and the results thereof in language which does not seem to be outdated even at the present time, to wit: "All manner of victuals, both meat and drink, are very dear, not for the scarcity of such commodities, but partly by reason of the great excise and impost wherewith they are charged, partly by reason of the abundance of money that is stirring here. By the way, we may note that the dearness of this sort of provisions is an argument of the riches of a town or country, these things being always cheapest in the poorest places." The same author makes an observation which might also be considered pertinent in view of recent discussions as to the liberty of speech which

might properly be allowed to those desirous of subverting the social order: "The people say and print what they please, and call it liberty."

Because of the wealth of Dordrecht, hospitality was both generous and ever-present. In 1639 the Sieur de la Serre, historiographer of France, who was accompanying Marie de Medicis to Holland, wrote: "I must not fail to give the praise that is due to them to the magistrates of Dordrecht, on the occasion of the reception of her Majesty. They acquitted themselves so worthily of the duties of their station, to the honour of the country and of their city, and to the special contentment of her Majesty, that, if some others have imitated, none have surpassed them . . .

"For right pleasant, of a surety, was it to see all the citizens of the town richly armed and ranged in a long line, and yet more so to contemplate the infinite number of fair dames, all in sumptuous attire, who crowded the windows of the houses, while an agreeable noise of musketry, mingled with a thousand shouts of joy, charmed all hearts through all ears."

At supper time came a surprise: "A great number of tables were set out in different places for the entertainment of all the Court. The tables of her Majesty and his Highness, which were separate, were laid with incomparable splendour and every kind of abundance. All these banquet-halls were lighted up, and in the streets were

so many bonfires that the whole town looked from a distance like a huge pile of wood in flames; and the splendour of these feasts was all the more agreeable that they could be seen and heard on all sides, so that the merrymaking was general."

A modern writer, Havard, records that he experienced equal hospitality. Having arrived in a modest boat he invited Madame de Stolopine, the wife of the Russian ambassador to The Hague, to breakfast. In accepting, she intimated that she would bring some guests. The author planned to set eight covers and was overwhelmed to learn that she was bringing a party of ten. He told his troubles to M. Blusse, Director of the Museum, who said that he would have the Kastelein of his club order the provisions, furnish silver, linen, glass and china, and provide carriages to bring the guests. He promised fruit, and when a hand basket was sent for it, back came a hamper of enormous melons, pears, peaches and grapes. Emblazoned plate, china, cut glass and damask of the finest quality appeared, and the four landaus needed to convey the guests were requisitioned by M. Blusse from the first families of the town. It is needless to say that the breakfast in the cabin of the little tjalk was long remembered by the guests, and with full cause.

In the history of Holland, Dordrecht has a prominent place, for on July 16, 1572, the deputies of the United Provinces assembled here for their

first meeting, in which they determined to resist the mighty power of Spain, and invited William of Orange to command their armies. Again, in 1618, Dordrecht was the place where Holland decided to become Protestant. But against these glories must be set two stains, the Synod of Dort and the arrest of Cornelius De Witt.

No one has summed up the Synod of Dort any better than Havard: "I have no intention of discussing the Synod of Dort: that great act of intolerance would need to be studied at leisure, contemplated from every point of view, and considered under all its aspects, before one could venture to pass final sentence upon it. But is it not strange to find these emancipated pastors, on the morrow of their victory, on the morrow of their escape from a yoke which they denounced as all that was cruel, abusing the authority which they had arrogated to themselves, and calling in the sword of the civil authority to sanction their conduct? Is it not especially strange to find the followers of Arminius using the same arguments against their adversaries with which the Reformers opposed the Council of Trent, and the Gomarists putting forward their monstrous claim to be at once judges and suitors, refusing their adversaries not only the right of suffrage, but also the deliberative vote, and thus constituting themselves infallible, just after they had denied the infallibility of the Pope?

"In vain did the Arminians protest against the doctrinal judgment of so novel a tribunal, one which claimed to impose a religion by force, while it denied that God endowed anyone on earth with the gift of infallibly defining the dogmas of faith. The Arminians were regarded as heretics, and the selfsame ministers who had risen against censures and excommunications pronounced by the Councils, treated them as excommunicated.

"The Gomarists, having won a cheap victory over antagonists whom they had put to silence, drew up ninety-three canons, which were ratified on the 2nd of July by the States-General, and then was seen a political party availing itself of religious subtleties to crush its adversaries. The remonstrants were, in fact, pursued on all sides, hunted like outlaws, and expelled from the country, and the 'secular arm' was employed in the extermination of their tolerant sect. One hundred ministers and professors who refused to subscribe to the decree of the Synod were banished without appeal. Grotius, one of the most learned men of the age, and Hogerbets, Pensionary of Leyden, were both condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and confined in the castle of Loevestein. Gilles of Leydenberg was found dead in his prison, but his body was hung upon the gibbet at Voorburg, and the aged servant of his country, Oldenbarnevelt, the companion of William the Silent, laid his head upon the block when seventy-two years old!

What a hideous ending to all those fiery and eloquent orations!"

The other stain was a sin against Dordrecht's own, for John and Cornelius De Witt were born here. Though Cornelius was the elder, having been born in 1623, and though he did good service to the state, his fame is much less than that of his younger brother, who was born two years later. John De Witt was well educated, and his mind formed by travel and the practice of law, when in 1653 he became Grand Pensionary of Holland, at the age of only twenty-eight years. Three times he was re-elected to this office, and so for nineteen years he successfully guided the troubled affairs of Holland through foreign war and internal strife, for there was a constant pressure and intrigue on the part of the supporters of the House of Orange, who wished that the third William should become stadholder like the previous princes of his line. John De Witt's administration laid the greatest stress on internal prosperity. He restored the finances of the state by careful husbanding of its resources and by extending its commercial supremacy in the East Indies, whose precious cargoes made the burghers of Holland fat and indolent. While he spent money willingly on his navy, and successfully disputed the supremacy of the sea with England, he did not believe in preparedness on land, forgetting that a rich nation is ever an object of envy to its neighbors, at any time liable

to be laid under tribute, unless it possesses the undisputed military strength which will enable it to protect itself against even the most unexpected attack. As a final measure of protection for the state, he concluded at Breda on July 31, 1667, that Triple Alliance of the Dutch Republic, England and Sweden, which checked Louis XIV in his project of seizing the Spanish Netherlands in the name of his wife, the Infanta Maria Theresa.

In 1672, the French king, who had been biding his time and weaving a net of intrigue to detach Holland's allies, suddenly declared war, and invaded the United Provinces. De Witt had pinned his military faith on the line of the Maas, and had strongly fortified Maestricht. The armies of Louis, commanded by the greatest generals of the age, swung to the east, and took the crossings of the Rhine and the Ijssel almost without opposition. Fortress after fortress and town after town surrendered or were captured, and soon the enemy was master of half Holland. De Witt made desperate efforts to raise an army over night, but the spirit of the people had weakened through prosperity, and both money and men were hard to find. Nothing renders a government so unpopular as heavy taxation, even though it be imposed to save a nation, and so the people of Holland began to turn to the young and inexperienced William III as a leader, and to make demonstrations against John De Witt. Cornelius was at this time

JOHN AND CORNELIUS DE WITT

the governor of Brabant, and riots broke out at Dordrecht directed against him. On July 24 he was arrested on the evidence of a worthless barber, and after a secret hearing, was imprisoned in the Kasteleinij at The Hague. So secret were the proceedings that John De Witt with difficulty learned that his brother was accused of complicity in a plot against the Prince of Orange. He was shortly removed to the Gevangenpoort, and the hearings continued. The evidence was so flimsy that a word from William would have secured his acquittal, but the prince nursed an implacable resentment against the family which had so long, as leaders of the state, kept him from the dignity which he believed should be his by right of inheritance. John interceded with the prince, and threatened to resign if his brother were not freed. The prince coldly told him to carry his matter to the States-General, and accordingly on August 4th, the Grand Pensionary laid down his office and his resignation was accepted.

Meanwhile the judges, not being able to find evidence on which even a biased court might convict Cornelius, sentenced him to the question, and on the 19th of August he was brutally tortured. Even on the rack, strained and beaten, with broken joints and covered with bruises, he steadfastly maintained his innocence, and not an inculpatory word did he utter. The sentence was pronounced on the 20th, and though the word "guilty" was

not used, he was deposed from his offices and banished from the province. On the same day came the final act of the tragedy. Against the advice of all his friends, John De Witt drove in his carriage to the prison to remove his brother. A great mob assembled, and though some militia were sent to make a farcical attempt at protecting the prison, their efforts were not sincere and a portion of them were ordered elsewhere. The crowd battered at the doors of the prison, and when they were about to give way they were opened, and the crowd wreaked its will on the unfortunate De Witts. They were dragged out of the prison with the utmost brutality, beaten to death, and literally torn to pieces by the crowd, which then hanged their mutilated bodies by the feet to a lamp-post. Such was the gratitude of Holland to two of its greatest men.

Not far above Dordrecht, and conveniently visited on the same excursion, are the two towns of Gorcum and Worcum, on opposite sides of the river. To reach them by steamer we pass the Biesbosch or Reed Forest, which was formed by the terrible flood of the fourteenth century. Gorcum, or more accurately, Gorinchem, stands at the junction of the Linge and Merwede, and has an excellent harbor, whose possession made it a busy mart of trade during the Middle Ages. The imposition of certain duties in the case of the towns to the west directed its traffic more toward Ger-

THE HARBOR OF GORINCHEM

many, through which it exported its cloth. Its glory has now departed, however, and it is no longer a market town, though it has a certain amount of manufacturing, and some little trade in provisions. On the waterside of the town still stand parts of the seventeenth century fortifications, and both Gorcum and Worcum have much of interest to those interested in picturesque buildings and landscapes. The greatest object of interest in the neighborhood, however, is the famous castle of Loevestein, the prison of Hugo De Groot, commonly known as Grotius. This famous scholar was one of those infant prodigies who have occasionally astounded the world. He was evidently a stranger to the trivial play of ordinary youth, for he wrote Latin verses when he was nine, and Greek odes before he was twelve. He was in the University of Leyden and edited a Latin classic before he was thirteen. He successfully maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics and jurisprudence, was admitted to the bar at the age of seventeen, and was a member of an embassy to France at twenty-two, where Henry IV introduced him to his court as "the Miracle of Holland." Of the various works he left behind him one is still of major importance, even at the present day, his famous work on international law, called *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. Naturally, he took an important part in the political and religious disputes of his country, and was unfortunate enough to oppose the major-

ity in the Synod of Dort, so that he was sentenced to be imprisoned for life. His faithful wife assisted him to escape, and the story, which is full of interest, was thus translated by Bird from Caspar Brandt's Dutch *Life of Grotius*, published in 1727:

"The castle of Loevestein is situated on the west side of the island of Bommel, where the waters of the rivers Waal and Maas unite. Both nature and art have combined to render it a place of great strength, as may be seen by its position and the thick, high walls and double moats by which it is surrounded.

"Fortunately for De Groot, his wife had obtained permission to share his confinement with him, though under certain restrictions as to quitting and returning to the castle. De Groot entertained no hopes of being released, and amid 'so many doors, locks, warders, walls and moats' saw no means of escape; but his wife, who had exhausted all legitimate efforts at her command to obtain his freedom and soften the hearts of his enemies, at last hit on a plan which, though fraught with great danger of detection, was destined to be completely successful. Books were the chief solace of De Groot in his captivity; and a certain Professor Erpenius was in the habit of occasionally sending a chest containing such volumes as the prisoner liked best, to the house of his brother-in-law, one Daetselaer, living at Gorcum, whence it was forwarded to De Groot at Loeve-

stein. This chest was allowed to be carried to and from the castle as often as it was desired that the books should be exchanged. The commander of the fortress at first gave orders that the contents of the chest should be examined each time it passed in or out; but nothing having occurred to excite suspicion that any regulations were being infringed, the order was not regularly carried out, and the chest was frequently allowed to pass without being opened.

"This did not escape the notice of Madam De Groot, who immediately devised a plan for releasing her husband by conveying him as books from the castle; trusting that Providence would aid the attempt, and that the relaxed vigilance of the warders might afford the much longed-for opportunity for effecting De Groot's deliverance.

"She at once communicated her plan to her husband, who, after some reflection, expressed his willingness to risk the attempt; and they lost no time in making an examination of the chest. At first sight it seemed neither long nor deep enough to hold a man of De Groot's size, but on making a trial, he found he could just lie in it in a cramped position by drawing up his legs and placing his arms straight by his sides. He then tried to discover how long it would be possible for him to remain inside with the lid closed, and whether he would have difficulty in obtaining the necessary supply of air to enable him to breathe freely. To

test this, he lay shut up in the chest until the sand in the hourglass had run down twice; then the experiment was deemed satisfactory, and all fears of his being suffocated were removed. Matters being so far arranged, it was decided that Madam De Groot should take into her confidence the wife of Daetselaer, to whose house the chest would have to be conveyed. This she took the first opportunity of doing, and the result was favorable to their plan. She then obtained leave as usual from the governor of the castle, to send away, on a certain day, a chest of books, which she stated her husband desired to exchange for others; and now all that remained to be done was to obtain the co-operation of their faithful maid-servant Elsje van Houwening, a girl of twenty, who had been allowed to attend her mistress in the fortress. They had every confidence in Elsje's prudence and therefore did not hesitate to communicate their secret to her. She was asked whether she would accompany the chest and endeavor to have it safely conveyed to the house of Daetselaer at Gorcum, and she at once expressed her willingness to undertake the responsible and dangerous duty. All preparations were quickly made, and at length the eventful day arrived. When he rose in the morning, De Groot prayed earnestly that God would permit the undertaking to be successful, and having breakfasted and embraced his wife, he got into the chest. He was but scantily clad, and there was so

little space that his shoes had to be left out. Under his head, to serve as a cushion, the New Testament was placed, and other books were so packed about him as to prevent the possibility of his rolling about when the chest was moved. Madam De Groot again took an affectionate leave of her husband; and who shall say what were the feelings of that devoted woman as she took a parting glance at his face and shut down the lid! Hiding her emotion as well as she could, she locked the chest and gave the key to her maid, who stood ready to start on her anxious journey. Madam De Groot then retired to bed and drew the curtains around her, having previously placed her husband's clothes on a chair close by, so that the warder, on entering, might suppose De Groot to be with her and asleep. A male attendant, who had been deputed to wait on De Groot, was then summoned, and on entering he asked what was wanted.

"'I had thought to go myself to Gorcum,' said Madam De Groot from behind the bed curtains, 'but not feeling well, and the weather being so unsettled, I have decided to send Elsje instead. She will take the chest with her. Call a soldier to help to remove it.' The man retired, and shortly afterwards a warder and some soldiers entered. They saw De Groot's clothing on the chair near the bed, and having no suspicions concerning the safety of the prisoner, two or three of them took

hold of the chest to carry it away. The task, however, was not so easy as was expected; and one soldier was heard to say to the others,' What makes the chest so heavy? Is the Arminian (meaning De Groot) inside?' Thereupon Madam De Groot called out, 'There are Arminian books inside.'

"The soldiers then appeared to examine the chest as if to see whether any holes had been bored in it to admit air; and having apparently satisfied themselves that all was right, they again applied themselves to removing it. Half dragging and half lifting it, they contrived to get it down the long staircase and through thirteen doors, which one after the other had to be unbarred and unlocked to allow them to pass with their burden. While the soldiers were resting, one again said to another, 'I am sure the Arminian must be inside,' on which the wife of one of the men, being present, remarked, 'I know that some years ago a *Bergverkooper* (traitor) was carried out of the town in a box, so the Arminian can very well be inside.' A soldier then replied that if he thought De Groot was concealed in the chest he would get a gimlet and bore him through the body.

"Elsje van Houwening, who had hitherto kept silent, then quickly said, in a tone of affected gaiety, 'To do that you must get a bore that will reach from here to his chamber.' While this brief conversation was taking place, the wife of the governor (who was absent from the castle) made

her appearance, and inquired what was the matter. The men remarked that the chest was unusually heavy, and asked her whether they should open it to see what was inside. She inquired whether her husband was generally in the habit of having it opened before it was taken away. The men answered that it had not been his practice to do so for a long time. Then said the governor's wife, who evidently did not wish to appear more particular than her husband, 'Madam De Groot tells me it only contains Arminian books. Take the chest as it is to the ship.' The order was obeyed, and the box was then carried down to the water's edge, where a small Dutch vessel lay moored. The skipper, Jan Wouterszoon, was present, and he placed a plank to facilitate the conveyance of the chest on board; but the faithful Elsje perceiving that the wood was thin, and fearing that her master's weight might cause it to break, exclaimed, 'What is this! do you intend to use this thin plank to get the box on board? It may break and let it fall into the water, then all will be spoiled. The chest is full of valuable books which have been lent and must be taken great care of. Put a thick plank over the other.'

"The skipper complied with her request; and to her great relief the chest at last was deposited safely on board. As a preconcerted signal between the maid and her mistress, who was anxiously watching from a window of the castle, the former

threw her handkerchief over her head, and waved it once or twice to show that all went well. A sailor observing this, inquired why she did it. She readily replied that some one had dared her to venture on the water in such rough weather — the wind being very high at the time — and it was a signal that she was going. The chest had been placed on deck, but was left unsecured; and with perhaps an excess of caution Elsje said to the skipper, 'Make this chest fast. It might fall overboard, in which case the books would not only be spoiled but lost.' During the progress of the voyage the girl was again made anxious by seeing some men sitting on the box, thus pressing down the lid, and, as she feared, depriving its occupant of air. They were also kicking it with their heels— a proceeding that must have been anything but agreeable to De Groot.

"She begged them to seat themselves elsewhere, declaring that besides books the chest contained china that would easily break. At last the ship arrived safely at Gorcum. When she was moored the skipper began to discharge the cargo, and other goods were landed before the chest, which might have remained on board a considerable time, had not Elsje persuaded the master to have it speedily removed.

"A barrow was obtained, and assisted by his son, the skipper placed the chest on it. They were wheeling it away when the former exclaimed,

'Father, there is something alive inside this chest!' On which the skipper, turning towards Elsje, who pretended not to have overheard the remark, said, 'Do you hear what my son says? He says there is something alive in the chest.'

"'Yes,' replied Elsje, in as careless a tone as she could assume, 'books have life.'

"The matter then dropped, and at length the chest, with its precious contents, was deposited at the house of Daetselaer, where it was taken in as privately as possible, by the back entrance.

"The carriers having been paid and dismissed, Elsje went in search of the occupants of the house. She found Daetselaer and his wife, with some other persons, in a front room, busily engaged in packing some goods. Going up to the woman, she whispered softly in her ear, 'I have my master here behind in a chest! You must see how you can get him away.'

"For a moment Vrouw Daetselaer looked both much astonished and agitated on hearing the news, and her face became white as a sheet. She, however, soon recovered her presence of mind, and followed Elsje into the room where the chest had been deposited.

"Before unlocking it the maid knelt down, and in a loud whisper called, 'Master! Master!' several times; but there being no reply, she looked round sorrowfully at her companion, and exclaimed, 'Alas! my master is dead!' The other woman

replied, 'Your mistress has done a clever thing. Formerly she had a live husband, now she has but a dead one.'

"Hearing their conversation, De Groot now tapped the lid of the chest with his hand, and called out, 'No, I am not dead. I did not know the voice.' The chest was then at once opened. De Groot had lain inside for about two hours, and he came out of it looking like a corpse restored to life. He was then asked to go upstairs, and he ascended, followed by Vrouw Daetselaer and the girl. Observing the agitated manner and pale face of the former, De Groot asked her if she always looked so white. 'No, sir,' she replied, 'but I am frightened to see you here. You are no ordinary person. The whole world knows you. I am afraid of getting into trouble, and that my husband will be arrested and set in your place.' De Groot answered, 'I have prayed so much to God, who has thus far been with me, and I have so heartily thanked Him for permitting me to escape, that, if it be His will, I am ready to return to my chest, and be again conveyed back to prison.' The woman, now more at her ease, replied, 'No, we have you here now, and whatever comes of it, we will help you.' Seeing that he could hardly stand, she gave him a glass of Spanish wine, which appeared to revive him. He then asked to speak with her husband. She went to fetch him; but, on her telling him of the matter, he replied, in a fright,

'I must know nothing of it. I must neither see nor speak with Mynheer De Groot, or I shall be implicated.' She then ran to the house of her brother-in-law, who being let into the secret, obtained a suit of clothes from a laborer, in which De Groot disguised himself, and with the assistance of his kind friends, finally escaped to Antwerp, where he found refuge in the house of a clergyman named Nikolaes Grevinkhoven, who had previously lived in Rotterdam. Madam De Groot, after some time, was permitted to rejoin her husband; and the noble devotion of herself and of her trusty maid, Elsje van Houwening, will long live to be recorded in the annals of the Netherlands."

CHAPTER III

LEYDEN

LEYDEN is one of the most ancient towns of Holland, and bears testimony to its antiquity in its very name, for Lugdunum, the Latin form, comes from the Celtic word *lug*, which means a lookout, as indeed it does in German to this day. The original nucleus of the town stood just at the junction of the Old and New Rhine, just as that other *lug* at Lyons, the Roman Lugdunum Galliae, commanded the meeting of the Rhone and the Saone. To further strengthen the site the Roman Corbulus dug the ditch which bore his name, the Fossa Corbulonis, which later became the Oude Vliet.

Some antiquaries have desired to identify the town with the Roman settlement of Lugdunum Batavorum, but there seems to be no doubt that this name was really applied to the settlement also called Arx Brittanica, a camp which stood where now is open sea, far out beyond Katwyk, and which was engulfed by the breaking of the dunes. The ruins of this settlement have frequently been seen at extreme low water, and im-

portant relics have been recovered, sufficient to show that it was a permanent town.

The center of old Leyden is that strange stronghold still known as the Burg, a curious circular building, not very high nor, in its present form, extremely ancient. The mound, which is high and steep, is undoubtedly wholly artificial, and on it the Celts had one of their palisaded strongholds, which the Romans converted into a prætorium of the usual type, as was proved by remains which have been excavated. Their camp also was only of clay and timber. After the Romans came the Saxons, the Frisians, and the Angles, moving on to their invasions of Britain, under Hengist and Horsa. Then came the Norsemen, who arrived in 856, and they are said to have replaced the old wooden Burg, which they doubtless burned, with another made of brick, parts of which are said to survive in the present structure.

While the stronghold on its moated mound had undergone these various vicissitudes, a trading settlement had arisen on the other side of the river, and by 1100 this was well walled and moated, the Burg being on a separate island. Century by century the city grew. It was enlarged a dozen times, each increase involving a new moat and the tearing down of the inner walls. By 1609 the final enlargement took place, the new fortifications being bounded by the Singel, the broad moat which still completely surrounds the old city.

Within this compass there is ample housing space for the population of more than a hundred thousand souls, which many chroniclers assert was the number of inhabitants who dwelt in the city at the height of its prosperity, though others say that at no time during the Middle Ages did the population exceed half this number. It is hard to see why the city grew so enormously, for its external market was soon lost by the silting up of the mouth of the Rhine; and, though it became the commercial center of the district of Rijnland, this would hardly seem to be a sufficiently wealthy region to support a great commercial city as its capital. The foundation of the city's wealth was the manufacture of woolen cloth, which flourished amazingly until the end of the eighteenth century. After the Napoleonic Wars, the industry was reconstructed for the manufacture of linen, and later of cotton. Today, Leyden again boasts of more than fifty thousand inhabitants, has a lively market, and uses the Old Rhine to a considerable extent in internal commerce, so that the city's waterways are always full of boats and barges. As a result of the way the city was built, it is a northern Venice, for fully half its streets seem to be waterways and it contains more than one hundred and thirty bridges crossing its numerous canals.

Whoever wanders through the streets of old Leyden with an eye to the picturesque, whether he be photographer or painter, will find innumer-

"AN OLD MILL, LAZILY MOVING ITS ARMS"

able subjects for his plates or canvas. Of the graceful Dutch architecture at its best, both municipal and domestic, he will find innumerable examples. Its waterways are full of subjects; here the bustling life of the crowded canals, especially in the neighborhood of the Vischbrug, there a quiet and tree-shaded stretch of the Outer Singel, again an old mill, lazily moving its arms above a drawbridge which slowly opens to let a barge drift through in the lazy current. The old Burg, with its grand trees and charming vistas of near and distant church towers, and its little surrounding gardens and courts, is another interesting and picturesque spot. Churches and *hofjes* abound, and give a religious touch to many of the streets which makes comprehensible the many allusions to religious feeling and disputes which abound in the annals of the city. An air of academic quiet hangs over whole quarters, and renders Leyden a singularly fitting place of repose for any who would seek for a while to leave behind the over-strenuous life of today.

Leyden is famed especially for four things: its siege, its university, its Elzeviers and its religious history. It also has a special interest to Americans, for in 1610 there arrived from Amsterdam, under the leadership of John Robinson, the first party of Pilgrims banished from England. Holland offered to the founders of Independency, or, as we call it today, Congregationalism, a refuge

from the persecution which was their lot in England. The English sovereigns desired that their subjects should worship in the appointed way, and if they did not do so they persecuted and imprisoned them, and denied them leave to go elsewhere to worship as they would. So it was only after many attempts that John Robinson and William Brewster, with their associates, at last escaped to Amsterdam in 1608, and a year later moved to Leyden, which they discovered to be "a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation." Robinson entered the university and its privileges enabled him to preach both to his English fellow exiles and to the residents of the town. Though their religion was an offence to the monarchs of England, "such was their single heartedness," it has been written, "and sincere affection one towards another, that they came as near the primitive pattern of the first churches as any other church of these later times has done." The Pilgrims found temporal prosperity in Leyden, for the city was growing rapidly, and even though they were unskilled farmers and laborers for the most part, they readily found employment, and were able to purchase dwellings in the best part of the old city. But even though their lives were comfortable in a worldly sense, they did not feel at home in a land of foreign tongue, and so they endeavored to obtain the sanction of either the States-General or the English king, to found a

settlement in the New World. In this they failed, but nevertheless they turned their faces toward the west and determined to make themselves a new home in America, relying only upon God's guidance of their own exertions. It is probable that neither the Dutch stadholder nor the English king attached overmuch significance to this act, which was fated to be the seed from which came forth one of the mightiest growths in history. And so in 1620 the little band of religious enthusiasts said farewell to their revered leader at Delftshaven and sailed on the first lap of that journey which was to be the true foundation of the mighty American republic. What Holland did for the Pilgrims was well stated by Chauncey M. Depew, who said, in an address delivered in 1886:

"The Pilgrim who went to Holland and there learned toleration, there learned to respect the rights, the opinions, and the liberties of others, there learned the principle of the common school and universal education, when he got to Plymouth Rock never burned witches, never hung Quakers, never drove out Baptists; always fought against all this. It was the Puritan, twenty thousand strong, who came years afterwards, who did those things; and except for the Pilgrims who had been to Holland, the Puritan would not be celebrated here tonight. Four hundred of them went to Holland, every man with a creed of his own, and anxious to burn at the stake the other three

hundred and ninety-nine, because they did not agree with him. But being there enlightened, they discovered the magnificence of the universe. All over Holland they saw compulsory school education sustained by the State. They found a country in which there was universal toleration of religion, in which the persecuted Jew could find an asylum, in which even the Inquisitor could be safe from the vengeance of his enemies . . . Holland, at a time when there was no light for man anywhere in the world, preserved the principles of civil liberty. Holland, at a time when learning was crushed out, or buried in monasteries, had her asylums, her libraries, and her universities. Holland, at a time when the bigotry of the Church crushed out all expression of conscience and individual belief, had her toleration and religious liberty. For a century Holland was the safe deposit company for the rights of man."

The terrible siege of Leyden began on October 31, 1573, and lasted until March 21, 1574. At that time, Count Louis of Nassau effected a partial relief, dying with four thousand men in the attempt. This did not last long, however, for in May ten thousand Spaniards returned and built or remanned sixty-two forts, again completely isolating the city. There were no regular troops in Leyden, but only a few mercenaries under the command of John van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck, together with the civic guards. The

Spanish commander, Valdez, offered them amnesty if they would surrender, but the message they sent back was thus couched in Latin:

"*Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit anceps,*" which is, being freely interpreted:

"Sweetly trills the fowler's pipe as he decoys his bird."

The people of Holland had had enough experience with the Spaniards to put little trust in their promises, and in spite of the privations of the siege, the citizens of Leyden still trusted to William the Silent. He saw that the only way in which release could come to the town would be through the terrible sacrifice of opening the dikes, and drowning the whole fertile Rijnland. But he had great difficulty in persuading the States-General to consent to this desperate measure. Finally, it having been found possible to cover the expense by means of an issue of bonds and by patriotic offerings, it was voted on August 3 that the dikes on the Ijssel should be cut, and the gates at Rotterdam and Schiedam opened. The result seemed disastrous. William was taken sick, and the wind refused to blow in the proper quarter, so that the water at Leyden rose only ten inches above the normal level. This caused no discomfort or danger to the Spaniards, and they taunted the besieged, who began to despair. Day after day passed, and still relief came not. At last, early in September, the watchers on the Burg saw white

sails floating up from the south, and two hundred ships began cannonading the Spanish forces. When they got within five miles of Leyden, however, the wind fell, and the waters retreated so that the fleet stranded ingloriously at North Aa, just too far away to be of any value. Then the people gave way to frantic despair, and demanded from the burgomaster, Van der Werf, that he open the gates and allow the Spaniards to enter and bring food, no matter what else they brought. His answer was one of those memorable speeches to which great men rise on great occasions, and which ring through the ages as unforgettable messages to posterity:

"I have sworn to defend this city, and by God's help I mean to keep that oath. Bread I have none; but if my body can afford you relief and enable you to prolong the defence, take my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Let those who are most hungry among you share my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

Again the people manned the walls. Of sixteen thousand inhabitants in the city when the siege began, eight thousand died of hunger and pestilence. The grass that grew between the stones of the empty streets, the very leaves of the trees, had been eaten, when on October 1 a violent southern gale brought back the waters in fury, lifted the stranded fleet from its ignominious

resting place, swept it, amidst mountainous waves and the victorious salvos of its cannon, over the Spanish breastworks and through the Spanish forces, into the canals of the city, bringing food and relief to the emaciated people, who were too feeble even to cheer. The city was relieved on October 3, and on the following morning not only was there no trace visible of the Spanish army, except their devastated camps, but the wind had shifted and blown so strongly that the whole inundated land was cleared of water overnight and the dikes could be at once repaired.

After the siege was over William the Silent, in recognition of the heroic defence of the city, offered the inhabitants either exemption from all taxation for a period of years, or the establishment of a university in Leyden. They chose the latter, and it was founded in 1575, being endowed with the revenues of the Abbey of Egmont. In order to attract illustrious men as teachers, it was decreed that every officer of the university should be free from all taxation and should receive, free of all duty, his wine, beer, salt, soap, coffee, tea, and books. In spite of the difficulties caused by the war, the opening of the university was a function of great pomp, participated in by most of the high officers of the state. The festivities included a great procession of allegorical, classical, religious and mythological characters, numerous speeches, the first lecture on theology, accompanied by

WAYNE, NEBR.
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

music, to the entering class, and a banquet. The foundation thus auspiciously begun, became a landmark of learning. Its fame soon extended to every part of Europe, and its roll of alumni contains more than seventy thousand names. Its greatest professor was undoubtedly Boerhaave, whose fame stretched so far that he received a letter, forwarded from China, which was inscribed simply, "To the illustrious Boerhaave, Physician in Europe." His writings were not only read throughout Europe, but were translated even into Arabic, and Peter the Great felt that a visit to him was one of the greatest privileges of his sojourn in Holland. He died in 1738, and left to his heirs a fortune of two million florins, together with a volume on whose title-page was inscribed: "Within this book are all the secrets of medicine." His executors, simple souls, supposed that he had inscribed within this precious book his best recipes, and quite likely, some universal panacea, so they eagerly searched its pages, disappointed to find them all blank as they thumbed them over, to the very last, on which was inscribed this sage epitome of a lifelong study of human ills, a sentence which has never been improved upon: "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels open."

Among the other famous names connected with the university are those of Evelyn, Fielding, Goldsmith, who was refused a degree, Lord Stair, Lip-

A SCENE IN LEYDEN

sius, Scaliger, Arminius, Gomar, and Grotius. The memory of the famous professors is kept alive by the wonderful series of portraits which still adorns the Senate Hall of the university building. From the very first years of the school to the present day, the pictures of the teachers are hung in serried rows up to the very ceiling of the room, alike in shape and size, all with dark frames and uniform dark backgrounds, in themselves individual, but in the whole effect as similar as a set of Dutch tiles. How this long series of honored likenesses must stamp itself on the souls of impressionable youth! The history of Harvard University is not as long, its series of portraits by no means as complete, yet I know what a great stimulus the magnificent series of portraits of benefactors and alumni in Memorial Hall at Harvard is to those who, through the years of a collegiate training, have the opportunity of studying these noble faces three times a day. Niebuhr, in his Roman history, expresses the opinion that there is no room in Europe more famous in the history of science than this glorious hall.

Though Leyden has been so famous in its university, it has never been noted as a center of art, nor has it within its walls a single painting of importance by any of its famous sons, among whom are included Jan Steen, Gerard Dou, and Rembrandt van Ryn, as well as such less important lights as Lucas van Leyden, Gabriel Metsu, Jan

van Goyen, Frans van Mieris and numerous others. If it possesses little in the way of paintings, however, it is not lacking in museums, and its museum of antiquities contains treasures of the greatest value, especially in the Egyptian and Indian departments.

The fame of Leyden was spread perhaps as much through the output of its printing presses as by the verbal instruction given in its academic halls. It was not long after the university itself was founded, in 1581 to be exact, when Louis Elzevier, a Flemish binder from Louvain, bought a house opposite the university. His venture did not succeed very well, and he was forced to sell the house, but in 1587 he obtained permission from the university to build a shop on its land in which he might sell books. Louis had six sons, four of whom became publishers, two starting for themselves at Utrecht and The Hague, while Mathieu and Bonaventure assisted their father. In 1617, on his death, they took over his bookselling business, and adopted the famous motto: *Ex officina Elzeviriana*. Isaac, the son of Mathieu, was the first of the family who printed the books which he sold. On February 9, 1620, he agreed with the university, which had previously patronized Plantin and other Antwerp printers, to set up a press for the use of the professors, on which he would either print their works when authorized by the university, or would print pam-

phlets and extracts for use in the courses. For this work he received at first fifty florins per year, but the remuneration was increased by degrees until it became three hundred florins. In 1625, Bonaventure admitted to partnership his nephew Abraham, and also acquired the Oriental types of Erpenius. Then began the most flourishing period of the famous firm, and for more than a quarter of a century their reputation was world-wide, and their prosperity unbounded. In 1629, they began the publication of that famous series of Latin classics which was their chef-d'oeuvre, and became the "Everyman's Library" of its time. Whereas books before then had been heavy, clumsy, and enormously expensive, they produced in irreproachable typography and with the most careful editing a series of pocket duodecimos which were sold at a florin, and which soon included all that was worth while in the classical authors. These books bore on their title-pages various printer's marks, of which the most famous, the sphere, was first used in 1626. It was imitated by many other printers, but none could produce books as well and as cheaply. In 1641, they added to the series French classics and Oriental books. When the modern books began to be added to the series the inclusion of one of his works greatly redounded to the fame of any author, and so it happened that the most famous writers of the day, instead of complaining of the piracy of

their works, were most grateful that they were included in the collection. The famous Balzac discovered in 1648 that his *Lettres Choisies* had been counterfeited by the Elzeviers. Instead of taking legal proceedings against them he gave them full power to reprint his *Oeuvres diverses*. When this book was published in 1650 it included a letter from the publishers expressing the wish that if he were satisfied with their work he would do them the honor henceforth to give his writings publicity through them. To this he replied as follows:

"To Messieurs the Elzeviers, booksellers and printers at Leyden.

Messieurs:

I am obliged to you, and perhaps more than you think. The right of Roman citizenship was somewhat less in value than the favor which you have done for me. For what do you believe it means to be counted among your authors? It is to take one's place among the consuls and the senators of Rome. It is to mingle with the Ciceros and the Sallusts. What glory it is to be able to say: I am part of that immortal republic; I have been received into that society of demigods! In fact, we all live at Leyden under a single roof. By your grace I sometimes face Pliny, and sometimes stand beside Seneca, sometimes even I stand above Tacitus or Titus Livius; and although like them, I am not given to pride of place in such good company. At least, I am wholly there, even though I

may be somewhat crowded. Homer, our patriarch, is much more crowded than I: though the man who was able to put his works into a nutshell was an even better artisan than you with the paper which he used. Art expands or contracts with equal credit to the workman. There have been artisans whom pyramids and colossi have brought unto fame. There have been those who were rendered celebrated by rings and by seals. Does not history speak with approbation of a four-horsed chariot which a fly might cover with its wings? Since that is so, and as perfection of workmanship is found rather in the good use of the material, than in the profusion of its employment, it is not for me to complain that you have put me into a little volume; and even if I have not been printed in folio, I am none the less, Messieurs,

Your very humble and obliged servant,

BALZAC.

I must confess that when I first read this letter in its archaic French with its profusion of unnecessary s's and its quaint phraseology, and came to the signature, I was for a moment amazed, for to tell the truth the only Balzac of whom I knew was the author of the *Comédie Humaine*. I wonder how many readers of today have ever seen the delightful letters of this earlier and, in his day, not less famous nor less widely read Balzac. There is a fund of delightful expression and charming con-

tent in them which might render their resurrection worth while.

The finest period of the Elzeviers ends about 1650, though books continued to come from the press until 1712, when Abraham, the last of the race, died, and his only daughter broke up the establishment, and sold the type-founding material. The books were early collected, and their acquisition became a passion, so that tales are told of men who sold their all and deprived themselves of the necessities of life to collect Elzeviers, boasting of their early dates, their red initials, and the number of copies which they possessed. Today, the fashion for collecting classics has passed, and the enormous prices which Latin and Greek authors of the famous presses once brought are things of the past. Even today, though, there are few book lovers who would not prize a fine example of an Elzevier of the sixteen hundred thirties, with its beautiful paper, its clear if tiny page, its rubricated ornaments, and its vellum binding, as beautiful as old ivory. While you may pick up a cropped copy here and there for a few dollars, fine specimens will always be loved by those who know good books.

Leyden has been a place of considerable importance in theological history, for here began one of the most bitter and hard-fought religious controversies in Protestant history. Arminius and Gomarus were both members of the faculty of Leyden,

and the polemics in which they engaged spread to every circle of the country. As religious disputes have a tendency to do, this one entered the field of politics and, leading to the Synod of Dort, it brought Oldenbarnevelt to the scaffold and caused the followers of Arminius to be banished. I do not feel that I am competent to discuss the merits of his doctrine except to say that the spirit of toleration which he taught seems to me to be of great importance in theological matters. His favorite motto was: "A good conscience is Paradise," which is a pretty good working rule of life.

A possibly more picturesque religious figure, whose name is forever connected with Leyden, was the famous or infamous tailor, John Beukels, usually known as John of Leyden, because he was born in this city in 1510. Along with John Matthias, a baker of Haarlem, he became a fervent Anabaptist, and was soon infected with an ardor for making converts which turned into religious mania. The two found fertile soil for their doctrines at Munster in Westphalia, where they soon gained many converts, among whom were Rotham, the first Protestant preacher in the town, and a well-to-do citizen named Cnipperdoling. It was not sufficient for them to gain converts; they desired to establish their beliefs as a state religion, and so attempted to gain possession of the temporal power. Raising a considerable force in the town and the adjacent countryside, they succeeded

one night in taking possession of the Arsenal and the Senate House. Thus armed, they paraded the streets with drawn swords, calling upon the population to repent and be baptized. The town authorities and wealthy inhabitants abandoned the town to the fanatics, who set up a form of government of their own, naming two consuls, one of whom was Cnipperdoling. The consuls were but straw men, however, for Matthias directed all of their proceedings, asserting that he was a prophet and that to disobey any of his commands was punishable with death. Their proceedings were not dissimilar to some of which we have heard in Russia in recent times, for they pillaged the churches, confiscated and sold the property of all those who had fled, and used the wealth thus amassed ostensibly for the common good and certainly to further their own projects. They conscripted their followers to defend the town, and sent out emissaries to their co-religionists and sympathizers in Holland and elsewhere, inviting them to rally to the common standard. The bishop of Munster endeavored to recover his lost authority and marched on the town at the head of a large army, which, however, was attacked by the forces of Matthias and defeated. Thereupon, the latter declared that he was ordained to defeat the ungodly with a handful of men, as did Gideon of old, and set forth with thirty followers to destroy the bishop's army. Naturally, the inevitable

happened and the trained warriors annihilated the thirty fanatics. The Anabaptists were dismayed by the loss of their prophet, but John of Leyden took up the robe of the dead Matthias, declaring: "There are four prophets, two true and two false; the true are David and John of Leyden; the false, the Pope and Luther, but Luther is worse than the Pope!" He declared that Luther was a dangerous enemy to the true faith, because he had stopped too soon in his Reformation.

Though John was less daring than Matthias, and waged war only to defend himself from attack, he went to far greater lengths of fanaticism than his former associate. He declared that clothing was not sanctioned by the Scriptures, and went through the streets naked, preaching "that the kingdom of Zion was at hand; that whatever was highest on earth should be brought low, and whatever was lowest should be exalted." To literally carry out this preaching he had the highest buildings in Munster demolished, and deprived of their offices the members of the government who had been appointed by Matthias. Cnipperdoling, who had been consul, was required to fill the office of hangman, a change which he accepted with joy, because of his enthusiastic belief in the prophetship of John. The new government was composed of twelve judges, corresponding in number to those of Israel, and John declared himself to be a reincarnation of Moses the Lawgiver. This soon

failed to satisfy him, and he called the multitude together and publicly received a call from heaven to become King of Zion, and sit upon the throne of David. The deluded multitude accepted this revelation, and he assumed the pomp and state of royalty and appeared regally crowned and robed, carrying a Bible and a sword as the symbols of his power. He coined money in his own image and soon became completely intoxicated with women, wine, blood and gold. He announced that polygamy was among the privileges of the saints, and married three wives, one of whom was the beautiful widow of Matthias, whom he crowned as his queen. He added to his household every woman whose looks pleased him until he had married fourteen. Thus fifteen months passed, until the spring of 1535, when the bishop of Munster again sent a heavy force to assault the town. Failing to take it by storm he sat down to a blockade, which soon began to cool the ardor of some of the faithful. Whoever doubted John's mission was executed; even one of his wives had her head severed from her body while kneeling in the public square, after which the joyous multitude joined hands and danced in rings around the bleeding corpse. But famine at last did its work, and a renegade opened the gates to the enemy. John and Cnipperdoling, who had been raised again to the position of governor, were spared in the ensuing massacre and carried around the country

loaded with chains, as objects of public derision. John was eventually brought back to Munster and given the form of a trial. In order that he might be forced to recant, his torturers pulled off his flesh in bits with red hot pincers for two hours, but he said only: "Father, have pity on me!" His sufferings were finally ended by a dagger thrust, after which his body was enclosed in an iron basket and hoisted, under the personal supervision of the bishop of Munster, to the top of the cathedral spire, where it remained until the carrion crows and the elements had left only a collection of bleached bones.

Let us end the chapter with something more pleasant. Leyden is not behind the rest of Holland in its passion for cleanliness, and the scrubbing-brush and the mop are forever in evidence. Yet a French traveler in 1868 recorded that he saw the military musicians at guard-mount here, with their instruments in the most filthy and tarnished state imaginable. This was so unbelievable in Holland that he made inquiries as to the reason for it. He was informed that the army musicians had been in the habit of polishing their instruments so vigorously that they wore them down to the thickness of paper, and finally destroyed them, so that the Ministry of War finally issued an order that no musical instrument belonging to the army should be cleaned.

CHAPTER IV

UTRECHT

THE first thing which strikes the eye of the visitor wandering about Utrecht in search of the picturesque is the fact that many of the streets are on two levels. The houses stand high above the plane of the canals, and far below the main streets runs another set close to the water's edge. On this lower level is performed the loading and unloading of the numerous barges, and while most of the vaults and cellars opening on the canal bank are used for the storage of wares, yet here and there we find shops and even dwelling houses, over the roofs of which rumbles the ordinary traffic of the town. These lower levels afford picturesque views in every direction. The graceful arches of the bridges, over which from almost every quarter of the town can be seen the pleasing spire of the cathedral, the life of the quays and the canals, the shimmering reflections of tall buildings in the quivering waters, are all delights to the eye. The town, like Leyden, is everywhere intersected by canals, though it is not quite such a northern Venice as Leyden or Bruges.

UTRECHT AND ITS CATHEDRAL

Utrecht seems to have been a Roman foundation, for no trace of an earlier Celtic city has survived. It was originally Castellum Antonia, one of the fifty camps built by Drusus, and the choice of site showed the usual Roman acumen in selecting a strategic point, for here in those days the Rhine divided, one mouth flowing into Lake Flevo and the other into the North Sea. Here also was the last point at which it was possible to ford the Rhine, and thus the Romans designated it also by the names of Trajectum ad Rhenum and Ultra Trajectum, the Ford of the Rhine or the Farthest Ford.

After Roman times the town took the name of Wiltaburg and became an important seat of the Frisian and Frankish powers. Here in 638 Dagobert, King of the East Franks, founded the first Christian church in Friesland, and an Anglo-Saxon missionary, Willibrod, became the first bishop, in 696. Thence Christianity spread far and wide, and here occurred in the eighth century the famous incident of which Radbod is the hero. Charles Martel had defeated the Frankish King Poppo, Radbod's son, and insisted that all his followers should give up paganism and become Christians. The naked swords of the conquering army were excellent missionaries, and soldiers and chieftains marched down the river in rows to be inducted into the new religion. Radbod had just reached the bank and was about to make the plunge

when it unfortunately occurred to him to ask, "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" Bishop Wulfran, who was officiating, with more promptness than tact, replied, "In hell, with all other unbelievers." Radbod promptly turned away from the water and remarked, "I will rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Odin than dwell in Heaven with your little starveling band of Christians." And so it happened that swords once more had to flash before the gospel took permanent root in Friesland.

In spite of this rather inauspicious beginning, the bishopric of Utrecht became one of the most powerful in Christendom, and was celebrated for the beauty of its churches. The bishops became temporal as well as spiritual princes, and did not hesitate to assert their rights of sovereignty against the Counts of Holland, by force of arms if necessary. The town was an appanage first of Lorraine and later of the German Empire, and was frequently the residence of the emperors, two of whom died here.

Water-borne commerce helped much in the upbuilding of the town, but the closing of the mouth of the Rhine at Katwyk was a terrible blow, for this necessitated putting in locks at Wijk-bij-Duurstede, and left only the passage through the Vecht to the Zuyder Zee unobstructed. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a new channel was cut to the eastward to connect with the Rhine,

but this was not sufficient to restore Utrecht's foreign trade, which passed to Dordrecht and Rotterdam.

In 1579, the representatives of seven provinces, Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Gelderland, Overijssel, Friesland and Groningen, met here and formed the Union of Utrecht, a league whose purpose was to resist foreign tyranny and to develop, as far as possible, full civil and religious liberty throughout the Netherlands. This was really the Declaration of Independence of Holland, and led to the formation of the Dutch Republic, a fact which was not diplomatically recognized until the signing of the Peace of Westphalia, sixty-nine years later. The States-General met here until 1593, when the seat of government was transferred to The Hague. Aside from this, Utrecht was fortunate enough to have little part in the wars with Spain. There was, however, one remarkable occurrence during the war, which Motley well describes, the phantom battle which was seen here in 1574:

"Early in February, five soldiers of the burgher guard at Utrecht, being on their midnight watch, beheld in the sky above them the representation of a furious battle. The sky was extremely dark, except directly over their heads, where, in a space equal in extent to the length of the city, and in breadth to that of an ordinary chamber, two armies, in battle array, were seen advancing on each other. The one moved rapidly up from the north-

west, with banners waving, spears flashing, trumpets sounding, accompanied by heavy artillery, and by squadrons of cavalry. The other came slowly forward from the southeast, as if from an entrenched camp, to encounter their assailants. There was a fierce action for a few moments; the shouts of combatants, the heavy discharge of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the tramp of heavy armed foot-soldiers, being distinctly heard. The firmament trembled with the shock of the contending hosts, and was lurid with the rapid discharge of their artillery. After a short, fierce engagement, the northwestern army was beaten back in disorder, but rallied again after a breathing time, formed again into solid column, and again advanced. Their foes, arrayed, as the witnesses affirmed, in a square and closely serried grove of spears and muskets, again awaited the attack. Once more the aerial cohorts closed upon each other, all the signs and sounds of a desperate encounter being distinctly recognized by the eager witnesses. The struggle seemed but short. The lances of the southeastern army seemed to snap 'like hempstalks,' while their firm columns all went down together in a mass, beneath the onset of their enemies. The overthrow was complete — victors and vanquished had faded, the clear blue space, surrounded by black clouds, was empty, when suddenly its whole extent, where the conflict had so lately raged, was streaked with blood,

flowing athwart the sky in crimson streams; nor was it till the five witnesses had fully watched and pondered over these portents that the vision entirely vanished."

The witnesses testified separately on oath before a magistrate, and it was considered that the portent predicted the result of the battle about to be fought between Louis of Nassau and the Spaniards. As this in reality ended in the absolute rout and total destruction of the former army, which occupied the southeastern ground, the superstition of the people seemed to be confirmed.

"The prince who has left the most memories in Utrecht," says Edmondo de Amicis, "is Louis XIV. The French say, you must go to Utrecht to see the reverse of the medal of the great king; and this reverse of the medal is the war of 1670, during which he made a long sojourn in that city.

"On the reverse side of the medal of Louis XIV is written one of the most glorious and pathetic pages of the history of Holland.

"France and England entered into an alliance for the conquest of Holland. For what reason? There was no reason. To the States-General demanding the wherefore, the ministers of the King of France replied alleging impertinences in the gazettes, and a medal struck in Holland with an inscription wanting in reverence towards Louis XIV. The King of England, on his side, adduced as pretexts a picture in which English vessels were

represented as captured and burned, and the failure of the Dutch fleet to salute an English ship. They spent fifty millions of francs in getting ready for the war. France sent out thirty vessels loaded with cannon, and England added a fleet of one hundred sail. To the French army, one hundred thousand strong, men disciplined and accustomed to war, and accompanied by a formidable artillery, were joined the army of the bishop of Munster and the Elector of Cologne, numbering twenty thousand swords. The generals were Condé, Turenne, Vauban, and Luxembourg; Minister Louvois presided over the staff; the historian Pélisson followed with the task of writing down the actions; Louis XIV, the greatest king of the century, surrounded by a splendid court, escorted, like an Asiatic monarch, by a phalanx of gentlemen, cadets of noble houses, and plumed and gilded Swiss, accompanied the army. All this force and this greatness, enough to crush an empire, threatened a little country abandoned to itself, defended only by twenty-five thousand soldiers and by a Prince only twenty-two years of age, unprovided with munitions of war, torn by factions, infested by spies and traitors. War is declared; the splendid army of the great king begins its triumphal march; Europe looks on. Louis XIV, at the head of thirty thousand soldiers commanded by Turenne, scatters gold and favors all along the way, like a god. Four cities fall at once into

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XIV

his hands. All the fortresses of the Rhine and the Ijssel fall also. At the approach of the pompous royal vanguard, the enemy melts away before it. The invading army crosses the Rhine almost without encountering resistance, and the passage is celebrated as a marvelous event, with the army, at Paris, and all over France. Doesborgh, Zutphen, Arnhem, Nosemburg, Nymwegen, Schenkenschanz, Bommel, fall. Utrecht sends the keys of her gates to the victorious king. Every hour of the day and night brings news of a victory. The provinces of Gelderland and Overijssel submit. Naarden, near Amsterdam, is taken. Four French cavaliers advance even to the gates of Muiden, which is only two miles from the capital. The country is a prey to despair, Amsterdam is preparing to open her gates to the invaders, the States-General sends four deputies to implore the clemency of the king. To such a pass is reduced the country that was once the arbitrator of monarchs! The deputies arriving at the enemy's camp, the king will not admit them to his presence, and Louvois receives them with derision.

"Finally, the conditions of peace are intimated to them. Holland is to cede all the provinces beyond the Rhine, and all roads by land or sea by which the enemy can penetrate into her heart; to pay twenty millions of francs; to embrace the Catholic religion; to send every year to the King of France a gold medal, upon which it shall be

inscribed that Holland owes her liberty to Louis XIV; and to accept conditions imposed by the King of England and the Princes of Munster and Cologne. The announcement of these outrageous and insupportable pretensions produces in Amsterdam an outburst of despair and fury. The States-General, the nobles, and the people, resolve to defend themselves to the very last. The dikes of Muiden, which restrain the sea, are cut, and the sea, breaking in upon the land, is received with shouts of joy, as an ally and a savior; the country around Amsterdam, the innumerable villas and flourishing villages, Delft, Leyden, and all the neighboring cities, are inundated; everything is changed; Amsterdam is a fortress encircled by the sea and defended by a bulwark of ships: Holland is no longer a State, it is a fleet, which, when every other hope of safety shall have perished, will carry the wealth, the magistrates, and the honor of the country to the remote ports of the colonies. Admiral de Ruyter scatters the French and English fleets, makes secure the coasts of Holland, and introduces the Indian mercantile fleet into the port of the island of Texel. The Prince of Orange gives up his property to the State, inundates more lands, startles Spain; moves the Governor of Flanders, who sends him some regiments; wins the heart of the Emperor of Germany, who sends to his help Montecuccoli at the head of twenty thousand men; gets aid from the Elector of Branden-

burg, and persuades England to peace. Thus he holds front against the French until the winter, which covers Holland with ice and snow, and checks the invading army. But at the approach of spring the fight begins once more on sea and land. Sometimes fortune smiles on the French arms; but neither the care of the great king, nor the genius of his famous generals, nor the efforts of his powerful army avail to wrest victory from the Republic. Condé in vain attempts to penetrate into the heart of the submerged country; Turenne cannot prevent the Prince of Orange from making a junction with the army of Montecuccoli; the Dutch take Bonn and invest the Bishop of Munster; the King of England withdraws from the league; the French army is constrained to retire from the enterprise. The invasion had been a triumphal march: the retreat was a precipitous flight. The triumphal arches which were being built at Paris to celebrate the victory were not yet completed when the vanguard of the discomfited army arrived there; and Louis XIV, upon whom Europe smiled at the beginning of the war, found himself opposed by all. Such a triumph did little Holland carry off over the *Grande Monarque;* love of country over the rate for conquest, despair over arrogance, justice over force."

The last bit of secular history which it is necessary to mention in regard to Utrecht is that the Wars of the Spanish Succession were ended here

by the famous Treaty of Utrecht, which was signed April 11, 1713.

Ecclesiastically, Utrecht is rather remarkable, for it is the seat of two Catholic bishops. This is because the city became the headquarters in Holland of the sect which counts itself within the Church of Rome, and which is variously known as the Jansenists, the Old Catholics, and the Church of Utrecht. The founder of the sect was Cornelius Jansen, who became bishop of Ypres in 1636, but died of the plague in the same year. He left in manuscript at his death a book called *Augustinus*, containing five theses on the necessity for divine grace in salvation, according to the tenets of Saint Augustine. This work was condemned by a bull of Alexander VII in 1656 as heretical. The church in Holland was inclined to insist upon its own rights of administration, and so in 1686 the chapter of Utrecht elected a bishop by the name of Codde to succeed Neercassel, and he was recognized and confirmed by the Holy See, which, however, reversed its decision, named Th. de Cook in his place as vicar, and by the bull *Veneam Domini* deprived all the churches in Holland of their old franchises. The chapter refused to submit, and named an archbishop, whose election was annulled by the Pope. The chapter decided to assure the Apostolic Succession, and so named bishops of Deventer and Haarlem. Since then, whenever a bishop dies, the chapter elects a new one, and

the nomination is submitted to the Pope for approval. He regularly replies by excommunicating the incumbent. The nominee is installed, the excommunication is read from the pulpit, and matters proceed as usual.

The sect was suppressed in France in 1713 by the bull of Clement XI, entitled *Unigenitus*, but this had no effect in Holland, and the quiet, retiring sect still exists, with a membership at the present time of six or seven thousand communicants, in twenty-six parishes. Their churches bear over the door the simple inscription, "Deo."

Utrecht boasts of three lions for the sight-seer, the Antiquarian Museum, the Cathedral, and the Maliebaan. The museum has many things which can be seen elsewhere, but it has one which is almost unique, a doll's house, made by Moucheron in 1680. It is far better than that of Amsterdam, which was made for Peter the Great by Brandt, who spent twenty-five years of his life at it, and then had the humiliation of seeing his work refused by the Russian sovereign, who thought that thirty thousand florins was too much to pay for a toy. The Utrecht doll house reproduces in every detail the domicile of an Amsterdam tobacco merchant, with all the comforts of home, in exact proportion, though minute in size. The miniature house stands in an English garden, laid out with shrubbery and flower beds, and containing a bathhouse, a sleeping room facing the garden, and a kitchen

with all its dishes. On the first floor of the house is a vestibule in two parts, an antechamber containing a clock which shows the days of the month, and a reception and workroom. In this, the merchant sits at his desk in a dressing gown, surrounded by samples of his goods, pipes, tobacco, and so forth. In the dining room there is nothing lacking, from a silver stove to an agate teapot. On the wall are tiny pictures, exact copies of paintings by Ruisdael, Van Mieris, and others, and a number of tiny blue delft plates. In the salon a young woman dressed in a gown with paniers and wearing a noble coiffure sits playing the clavecin, while two young musicians accompany her on a viola d' amour and a contrabass. The furniture is all beautifully carved and gilded in the elaborate fashion of the time. The walls and ceilings are painted, and light is furnished by a chandelier adorned with copper balls. The second floor is as exact in its detail. The portraits in the sleeping rooms are like the finest miniatures; the dressing table has a mirror with a carved amber frame, and tiny Japanese vases and Delft porcelain are arranged on a heavy carved chest. The baby's room has a fireplace, a little bureau, a tiny bed for the little one, and a large one for its nurse. This floor also contains a well-furnished pantry and a laundry, with a linen press, a mangle, and even a mousetrap.

The cathedral of Utrecht, which, when complete,

was one of the largest and finest churches in Holland, was built between 1254 and 1267 by Henry of Vianden, the sovereign bishop of Utrecht, on the site of the original church, which was built by Saint Willibrod about 700, on the ruins of a chapel destroyed by the Danes. This fell into ruin and was rebuilt by Bishop Adelbold in 1015, but afterwards burned down. Bishop Henry's building was seriously damaged by a terrific hurricane on August 1, 1674, which blew down the nave. As this was never reerected, there is a wide gap between the belfry tower and the rest of the church. The debris was left where it fell for a hundred and fifty years, and it was not until 1827 that the choir was repaired and the rubbish removed. The interior is disfigured by pews, so that the effect of the Gothic architecture is almost entirely lost. The only objects of interest which it contains are a few monuments.

The graceful tower, which was built in the fourteenth century, is supported by a handsome vaulted passage through which the tramway runs. It contains four hundred and fifty-eight steps, and forty-two bells, one of which weighs sixteen thousand pounds, and by long tradition is tolled only for the death of the sovereign. The ascent is well worth making for the view, and the charm of this climb is as great now as when Ann Radcliff wrote the following description, in 1794:

"The substantial remains of the cathedral are

one aisle, in which divine service is performed, and a lofty, magnificent Gothic tower, that stands apart from it. The ascent of this tower is one of the tasks prescribed to strangers, and, laborious as it is, the view from the summit sufficiently rewards them. A stone staircase, steep, narrow, and winding, after passing several grated doors, leads into a floor, which you hope is at the top, but which is little more than halfway up. Here the family of the belfryman fill several decently furnished apartments, and shew the great bell, with several others, the noise of which, it might be supposed, no human ears could bear, as they must, at the distance of only three, or four yards: after resting a few minutes in a room, the windows of which command, perhaps, a more extensive land view than any other inhabited apartment in Europe, you begin the second ascent by a staircase still narrower and steeper, and, when you seem to be so weary as to be incapable of another step, half the horizon suddenly bursts upon the view, and all your meditated complaints are overborne by expressions of admiration.

"Towards the west, the prospect, after including the rich plain of gardens near Utrecht, extends over the Province of Holland, intersected with water, speckled with towns, and finally bounded by the sea, the mists of which hide the low shores from the sight. To the northward, the Zuyder Zee spreads its haziness over Amsterdam and

A SCENE IN UTRECHT

Naarden; but from thence to the east, the spires of Amersfoort, Rhenen, Arnhem, Nymwegen and many intermediate towns, are seen amongst the woods and hills, that gradually rise towards Germany. Southward, the more mountainous district of Cleves, and then the level parts of Guelderland and Holland, with the windings of the Waal and the Lek, in which the Rhine loses itself, complete a circle of probably more than sixty miles diameter, that strains the sight from this tremendous steeple. The almost perpendicular view into the streets of Utrecht affords afterwards some relief to the eye, but increases any notions of danger you may have had from observing, that the open work Gothic parapet, which alone prevents you from falling with dizziness, has suffered something in the general decay of the church."

The ancient ramparts of Utrecht have been removed, as is the case almost everywhere in Holland, and instead of walls and towers, frowning with loopholes and artillery, the town is now surrounded by a series of pleasing promenades everywhere bounded by flowing water. Crossing these on the east side of the town, we reach the famous Maliebaan, an avenue of six rows of linden trees, more than half a mile in length, which was spared in 1672–3 by the French armies at the express command of Louis XIV. Of this, Mrs. Radcliff says: "The Mall, which is esteemed the chief ornament of Utrecht, is, perhaps, the only

avenue of the sort in Europe, still fit to be used for the game that gives its name to them all. The several rows of noble trees include, at the sides, roads and walks; but the center is laid out for the game of *mall*, and, though not often used, is in perfect preservation. It is divided so as to admit of two parties of players at once, and the side-boards sufficiently restrain spectators. The Mall in St. James's Park was kept in the same state till 1752, when the present great walk was formed over the part, which was separated by similar side-boards. The length of that at Utrecht is nearly three-quarters of a mile. The luxuriance and loftiness of the trees preserve a perspective much superior to that of St. James's, but in the latter the whole breadth of the walk is greater, and the view is more extensive, as well as more ornamental."

A French writer, Montégut, in 1869, wrote as follows of the same picturesque avenue: "Compare with these modern plantings the sole specimen of a promenade in the ancient manner, which exists, I believe, in Holland, the Mall of Utrecht. It is said that this promenade was laid out before the Spaniards came into the country, which gives it, as you see, respectable historic ancestry, and takes us back to the last days of the rule of the former prince-bishops. It possesses the first and most essential characteristics of aristocracy, antiquity and immutability. It possesses also the second and the most moral, severity and nobility. Our

Louis XIV, who was well acquainted with it, did not make before this promenade the disdainful gesture which had escaped him before Dutch paintings, and he who had said about the works of Teniers and Van Ostade, 'Take those grotesques out of my sight,' ordered, when his troops entered Utrecht, that they should respect this avenue whose majestic character so well accorded with his own tastes. How beautiful it is, but also how sad and silent! Eight rows of lindens, nobly spaced, four on each side, separated by a wide roadway, stretch straight away over a distance of almost three-quarters of a league. It would be impossible to imagine anything more imposing, yet to walk under these overarching branches is truly a meagre pleasure. Vast as are the spaces, one feels as if there were no air to breathe; it seems as if the soul experiences a sort of constraint, and that it loses all its elasticity. Beneath your feet there is not a blade of grass, but only waves of dust, slowly piled up through centuries; so, when you brush off your garments you are privileged to say to yourself that you have at least been nobly soiled: the dust which you shake off is not a plebeian dust of this morning or of yestereve, it is dust which dates perhaps from the sixteenth century, and which was once kicked up by the partisans of the Duke of Alva. Yet this promenade possesses verdure, since its trees have foliage; but this verdure hangs so high that only the fowl of

the air can enjoy it. Oh! how we sigh for the petty shrubberies of our modern parks, for their little trees planted last week, and how true seems to us the ancient saw which asserts that gaiety is not the companion of grandeur."

CHAPTER V

SOME CITIES OF THE LOWER RHINE

WE have seen what is most romantic on the Old Rhine, and must now make our way up the more frequented reaches of the river, where we will not find romance at every turn; for, whatever may be the blindness of our vision, it is indisputable that, to the modern man, romance lies in what is past and in what is to come, rather than in what is vitally concerned with the life of the present day. Kipling has seen romance in steel and steam, but even he could find no romance in the thousands of petty beings who "rose up to buy and sell again." And so, as the cities of Lek and Waal and the lower reaches of the German Rhine have a vivid and vital commercial life of today, they have destroyed or forgotten much of the romance of their past.

The Kromme Rhyn, on which Utrecht is situated, joins the Lek at Wijk-bij-Duurstede, which is remarkable for nothing but its locks. A few miles up the river is the little village of Amerongen, which possessed so little interest to the traveler that it is not even named in the latest Baedeker.

To find any mention of it whatever, we must go back to some of the old books of travel of the coaching days, which mention every village through which the traveler passed on the grand tour, because there was no escaping the necessity of passing through everything on the road. In one of these we may find a mention such as the following: "On regaining the road, we come afterwards to Amerongen, a village containing one thousand five hundred inhabitants, and where the cultivation of tobacco is principally followed; here is the chateau of the Count Athlone, defended with towers and elevated ramparts." We imagine that no future guidebook will be complete without a more extended mention of this chateau, which has recently become famous as the home of Count Bentinck, where the whilom German emperor after his flight from Germany spent his time in sawing logs and reflecting upon the vicissitudes of fortune.

Let us pass on toward Arnhem, through a pastoral country where the people have not changed their habits for centuries. They still measure distances here as they did more than a century ago, when T. Cogan, M. D., wrote the following little dissertation: "Throughout the Seven Provinces and in those parts of Germany where I have visited, distance is mostly calculated by *hours*. The general idea affixed to a Dutch *hour* and a German *stund*, is the distance of a league or three

GENERAL VIEW OF ARNHEM

English miles. But this mode of computing is extremely precarious; and the quantity of ground varies in every province according to the prevailing mode of traveling. In the province of Holland, where the passage is mostly made by *boat*, an *hour* is equivalent to three miles and a half. In *Guelderland*, where there are no boats and few carriages, the measure is taken from *walking on foot*. Among the peasants, distance is computed by *smoking of their pipes;* and they tell you that from village to village is about *a pipe and an half, two pipes, half a pipe*, etc., etc."

The traveler in search of the romantic will not find much to detain him at Arnhem, though the town is both a popular summer resort and a favored place of residence for East Indian nabobs. It stands on the south slope of a low range of hills, which accounts in part for its popularity among the Dutch of the flat country. The city is of extreme antiquity, for it is mentioned in a charter as early as 977. It became a free city in the thirteenth century, and in the fourteenth entered the Hanseatic League and built a harbor upon the Rhine. It still enjoys considerable benefit from the Rhine commerce. The principal building is the Groote Kerk, the magnificent tower of which is three hundred and eighteen feet high, with a view as extensive as might be expected in such a flat country. In the choir of the church is the marble monument of Charles van Egmont, the last duke

of Guelderland, the indefatigable opponent of the Emperor Charles V, who bravely resisted for forty-five years all the power of the House of Austria. This shows a recumbent mail-clad figure on a finely carved sarcophagus. East of the church is the Stadhuis or Town House, which is popularly called the House of the Devil. This was built at the end of the fifteenth century as a palace by the noted Martin van Rossum, a general of Guelderland, who pillaged The Hague in 1528, and, having entered the service of Charles V, made the inhabitants of Paris tremble lest he should do the same to their city. "The horrors of war seem to have been congenial to the humor of this man, and having caused his house to be ornamented with strange grotesque figures, a superstitious dread of the people at the inexorable character of the warrior, conjured them up into the shapes of infernal sprites, the general being esteemed the worthy representative of their father." The neighboring suburb of Velp is well worth a visit because of its delightful situation and the great number of attractive villas and estates which there exist, architecturally charming and decorated with all the adornments of the landscape gardener's art.

Three leagues south of Arnhem, across the fertile island of Betuwe, we reach the ancient city of Nymwegen, situated on the south bank of the Waal, in the bosom of an amphitheatre of seven

hills. Here was a Roman military station, which appears to have escaped demolition during the barbarian invasions, so that it became one of the favorite residences of the Frankish emperors, and boasted of a Christian church as early as 692. It thus escaped becoming subject to any local petty tyrant, and was a free imperial city and a member of the Hanseatic League, until in 1579 it joined the Union of Utrecht. It was captured by the Spaniards in 1588, by Maurice of Orange in 1591, and by the French in 1672. Its historic fame is largely due to the fact that here was signed the Peace of Nymwegen.

The fortifications of the old town have been destroyed, save for an isolated tower, but at the eastern end, near the river, there still stands in its shady pleasure grounds, on an eminence above the river, the remnant of the Valkhof, an ancient palace of Charlemagne, which Eginhard, that monarch's biographer, says was as extensive and beautiful as the celebrated palace of Ingelheim. For almost a thousand years this fine relic of antiquity stood intact, until the French Revolution. It was then sold for ninety thousand florins, and razed to the ground, save for one small arcaded niche. Another venerable building near-by is the Castle Chapel, a sixteen-sided tower, which was consecrated by Pope Leo III in 799, and is the most venerable building which still stands in Holland.

The city of Cleves was first mentioned in exist-

ing records in the year 1020, but neighboring towns are spoken of much earlier, and it is possible that the Romans had a watchtower on one of its hills. The legends take its origin much farther back, for they ascribe its foundation to a Roman family of Trojan origin, at least four hundred years before Christ. This family is supposed to have continued as rulers of the neighborhood until finally the last male of the line, named Dietrich, lived at Nymwegen in the year 711. He had married Beatrice, the heiress of the Count of Tiesterband, and his only child was a daughter of the same name. As the heiress to two lordships, the lady's hand was much sought and she could with difficulty escape the importunities of her various lovers. One day, as, full of care, she sat at a window of the castle in Nymwegen and looked across the smooth waters of the Rhine, she saw a beautiful white swan swimming in her direction, drawing a little boat by a golden chain which was fastened about its neck. In this skiff stood a noble youth, with a golden sword in his hand, a hunting horn slung over his shoulders, and a precious ring on his finger: he bore a shield of red, on which was painted a smaller silver shield, charged with eight golden sceptres adorned with fleur-de-lis and united ir the center by a golden boss, which was set with a great oriental emerald. This youth was named Elyas, and is said to have come from the Earthly Paradise, which some call the Land of

the Grail. He stepped out of his boat before the castle, and beckoned to the maiden to approach and speak with him. She immediately went out of the building and down the hill, welcomed the youth, and invited him into the castle. They talked much together and pleased each other well. He told her that he had been sent to protect her land and to conquer and drive away her enemies. The maiden had herself had a vision in which she had learned that she would have a husband from whom would descend an ever-victorious progeny. So she fell in love with the beautiful youth, who told her that he was destined by heaven to marry her, and that they should have many descendants, who would always be adventurous and victorious, and consequently noble and powerful, but he warned her most solemnly that she must never ask him what was his origin or whence he had come, for, said he to her, "In that hour in which thou shalt ask where I was born or from whence I came hither, shall I depart from thee and be lost to thee forever." Yet he told her this much, that he was Elyas and had been dubbed knight.

So Beatrice and Elyas were man and wife; he was as beautiful as she, but tall as a giant, proud and pious. Wheresoever he fought he won, and so became powerful and was gladly received by all princes, dukes and lords; the Kaiser Theodosius made him a count and elevated the land of Cleves to the dignity of a county, which Count Elyas, for

himself and his successors, received as a fief of the Holy Roman Empire.

For twenty-one years Elyas enjoyed this dignity, and his wife bore him three sons, Derick, Godard and Conrad. To Derick, the eldest, he gave his shield of arms and his golden sword, and said to him that he should be Count of Cleves, so that the young man was enabled to marry the daughter of a count of Hennegau. To Godard he gave his horn, and with the help of the princes, found for him a bride who brought him the county of Loyn. To the third son went the ring, and he became Landgrave of Hesse. But fate will not be forbid, and so, after twenty-one years, one night Beatrice said unthinkingly, "My lord, shouldst thou not tell our sons of what race their father comes?" No word spake Elyas, but he rose from his bed and went down to the Rhine, where the swan was newly come with his boat, and before Beatrice could find it possible to reach the bank, he was gone, and no living man saw him again. His wife soon died of grief and her wraith haunted the Castle of Cleves for centuries, appearing as a white-clad dame whenever misfortune or death threatened the land or the race. She appeared as late as 1779, and some of the townsfolk were prosecuted in 1815 and 1816 because they claimed they had seen the ghost. The legend of the Knight of the Swan is not localized at Cleves alone, for it was told much earlier, and, without the bird as an

adjunct, it refers to the origin of the Angles and is found in the old Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf. Told in many forms, it was crystallized forever by the genius of Wagner in the opera of *Lohengrin*.

No reader of English history can fail to remember the tragedy of Anne of Cleves, who was married to Henry VIII on the strength of a picture by Holbein. Unfortunately, the painter had flattered the lady, and concealed the ungainliness of her figure, so that the king entirely forgot his good manners when he saw her, and spoke scarcely twenty words, leaving the room almost immediately in a towering rage because he was being mated to a great Flanders mare. Political considerations determined him to go through with the marriage, though he said, "I must needs, against my will, put my neck into this yoke. If it were not to satisfy the world and my realm, I would not do that I must do this day, for none earthly thing." The result was that Cromwell, who was responsible for the marriage, lost his head, and Anne, married in January, was divorced in July. She lived in Richmond Palace on a pension till her death, seventeen years later.

Cleves occupies a very picturesque situation on three hills, and while the old castle, now turned into a law court and prison, is not of any particular interest, the park and waterways about the town are full of beautiful views, and make Cleves an attractive summer resort. That chatty traveler,

Dr. Cogan, was much interested in the town, of which he says: "You know that the city of Cleves is the capital of a duchy of the same name. Both town and country have suffered a fate similar to many others placed in the vicinity of contending powers; which necessarily become objects of dispute among rapacious Princes. Like the inferior city of Kraanenberg, Cleves and its duchy have been the sport of interest or caprice. In consequence of wars and of marriages, frequently have they changed their master. Sometimes they have portioned out a Princess; or, like a sop to Cerberus, have soothed a vindictive enemy into a seeming friend. The town, as its Chronicles report, was almost destroyed in the year 1372, and again in the year 1528, by the devastations of contending parties. — The inhabitants were rudely handled by the Spanish in the year 1624, until the enemy was expelled by Prince Mauritz of Nassau. — It sustained a smart bombardment in 1635; when the Spaniards took the adjacent fort of Schenken-Schans by surprise. — In 1639, it was most heavily mulcted by Imperial troops. — In 1640, conquered by the Hessians, and the year following, dreadfully plundered by the Imperialists!

"Thus, O Cleves! though thou art placed as in the bosom of Paradise! — though thou art formed for tranquility and rural joys! — though abundance smiles around thee! — though thy river pours forth its stores of fish, and bears every dis-

THE APPROACH TO CLEVES FROM CALCAR

tant luxury on its surface! — though thy fields yield their pasturage, and their corn, to the industrious husbandman; thy poultry increases under the fostering care of the housewife; thy orchards abound with fruits, thy gardens with salutary herbs, and thy woods with a diversity of game! — Yet, through the unrelenting ambition of Princes, is the history of thy past years, naught but the history of thy Calamities! The history of thy labors is like the labors of the industrious bee and the skillful spider, destined every instant to repair the mischiefs which rude hands have brought upon their peaceful workmanship!"

After this amazing piece of eloquence he descends to the particular in a description of the attractions of Cleves and mentions the park. "This Park, or *Deer-guard,* as they term it, is about six miles in circumference; of which space nearly half is mountainous, and the other half is in a lovely vale. It is separated from vulgar land by *palasados;* but it benevolently gives access, by four gates placed at convenient distances, to all, excepting the canine species, — whose love of venison might tempt them to a breach of decorum." He tells about the discovery of a mineral spring in this park by a certain Professor Schutte. When he found his spring it was so weak that in order to give it a sufficiently disagreeable taste he found it necessary to place liver of sulphur in the conduits each day. "Notwithstanding the laud-

able pains taken by the Professor to discover, and the skill displayed in analyzing, and sanguine hopes concerning its qualities, and the self-deceived ideas entertained of its efficacy in the first essays; notwithstanding the pardonable artifice used; notwithstanding the assistance given to these efforts by the power and policy of the late Frederick, the spring does not rise into high repute. The mineral taste of the water itself is too weak to support its credit, or to make it the bond of union between the gay and the dejected, the idly healthy and the infirm, the young and the aged. This place must otherwise have been the principal resort of those who seek either health or rural delights. Its agreeable situation; — the extensive and beautiful prospects that abound in every part of its neighborhood; — the number and variety of pleasant walks; — its proximity to one of the finest rivers in Europe, and to the finest part of it, where the current is swoln to its summit of grandeur; — all conspire to render it peculiarly inviting, and would certainly have given it the preference to most other mineral springs upon the Continent.

"I had almost forgotten to mention, that a strict prohibition of Gaming is another considerable impediment to the efficacy of the waters; it being the opinion of two classes of persons, who frequent these public places the most, — the *Genteel world*, and *Sharpers*, — that no mineral

spring can have virtue, that does not furnish a metal much superior to vulgar *iron*."

There is an interesting church in Cleves, and another one far finer, at Calcar, but we must go to Xanten to see one of the finest pieces of ecclesiastical architecture in the lower Rhineland. I reached Xanten on a day of popular festival and was amazed at the outpouring of travelers from my train and from another one that came in from the opposite direction at the same time. What the occasion was I did not learn, but the long street from the railway station to the town was black with humanity. When I got to the market place it was full of booths and shows of all descriptions. In spite of the multitude which crowded all of the public rooms of the inn, I was given an excellent chamber; but its windows opened out on the crowd, and as half a dozen mechanical pianos, attached to merry-go-rounds, kept up "Ach, du lieber Augustin" and other popular melodies, until three o'clock in the morning, I spent most of my night watching the dancing and merrymaking, rather than in sleeping. Strolling around the town after nightfall, I found a very remarkable vaudeville performance going on in the open air in the churchyard, and this wound up about ten o'clock with one of the most marvelous performances of juggling which I have ever seen. Three athletes swung on giant trapezes, at the same time juggling double ended torches about six feet long, blazing through-

out almost their whole length. The whole air seemed full of great gushes of flame as each of them kept half a dozen of these fearsome playthings in the air, and swung back and forth at the same time.

When I woke up in the morning there was scarcely a sign of the booths of the night before. With only a couple of exceptions the owners had packed up their stock and departed in the night, probably for some other fair in a neighboring place. So the little town had its usual empty and deserted look as I traveled about to see its points of interest; the mediæval gates, the Roman remains, and, above all, the grand old church. Approaching this through an arcade from the market place, we get an immediate glimpse of the wonderfully carved south façade and portal, flanked by five beautifully sculptured mediæval Stations of the Cross, the most striking of which is the great Crucifixion with its three life-size statues. The church is named for Saint Victor, who was one of the martyrs of the Theban Legion, slaughtered by order of the Emperor Maximian, as were their fellow-soldiers at Trèves, whose story shall be told in a later chapter. The saint's bones rest in a golden chest under the high altar, and the relics of his three hundred and thirty companions are arranged in glass cases around the choir, each bone carefully sewed up in an embroidered covering, all of which were made by the pious women of Xanten in 1489.

Xanten is of great antiquity. In the Nibelungen Lied, the birth of Siegfried is said to have taken place here, though this is the only mention of the town in the poem. The origin of the city goes back to Roman times, for the oldest fortress on the Rhine, Castra Vetera, was founded by the Emperor Trajan just outside the present boundaries. This camp was besieged by the Batavian patriot, Claudius Civilis, in his famous insurrection against the Roman power. He might have captured the camp by surprise, but failed to do this and besieged it, slaughtering the garrison to the last man when he captured it. Of course the Roman power could not submit to this reverse, and Vespasian sent forces which soon put down the insurrection and restored his domination. What became of Civilis we do not know, for the history of Tacitus breaks off just at this point.

This old camp at the east of the town was afterwards given up and another one built to the west, and it was in front of the south portal of this later camp that the first church of Saint Victor was built by Saint Helena in the year 327. The Huns burnt this in 451; the Normans destroyed its successor in 864; a conflagration burnt the third church in 1109; the fourth one, Romanesque, was dedicated in 1213. Hardly was it finished when the Gothic style suddenly blazed forth in France. In 1248 the Archbishop Conrad of Cologne laid the corner stone of the cathedral of that city. His

brother Frederick, as proud as he, was archdeacon of Xanten. Fifteen years later he laid the corner stone of a Gothic church, and the work progressed slowly for centuries. It took almost two hundred years to complete the choir; then nothing was done for fifty years, the church consisting of a high Gothic choir to the east, and a low Romanesque apse and nave. Then the builders pulled down the north half of the nave and rebuilt it, next the south half, and later the middle aisle. Finally, after much deliberation, it was decided to tear down part of the front and put in a Gothic portal and window between the old Romanesque towers. The church was finished in 1525, almost two hundred and sixty years having been required for the work.

I had been told that there was another fine church to be seen at Wesel, and also some mediæval fortifications. I found them both and one was as interesting as the other. The church has been scraped outside and wrecked inside, and looks like a plucked fowl. The fortifications consist of a remarkably bad Renaissance gate, surrounded by a vast expanse of paving stone. One thing only did I see in Wesel which partially made up for my waste of time, and that was the shop of an antique dealer who owned some twenty-five or thirty Gothic and Renaissance carved wooden chests which were a delight to the eye, and comprised the finest specimens which I have ever seen.

GENERAL VIEW OF DÜSSELDORF

He told me that they were the cream of more than four hundred chests which he had found in thirty years' travel through all the Low Countries, and that the lowest price he would take for one of them was three thousand dollars. Probably the former owners had been well pleased to receive one-tenth of that sum.

From Wesel I found nothing on the banks of the Rhine to appeal to the romantic pilgrim for many miles. The surrounding districts are rich and prosperous, but their very prosperity has caused the destruction of anything ancient that the various towns may have possessed, and save for business reasons no traveler is likely to stop between Wesel and Cologne, unless he desires to waste his money in riotous living at Düsseldorf. It is a city of some antiquity, but it is ashamed to be old. Its buildings are imposing, its streets are wide and adorned with flowers, which are even set in boxes halfway up the electric light and trolley poles, its parks and gardens are beautifully laid out, and its hotels and restaurants are (or were) crowded with millionaires, who would not be satisfied if they did not pay fabulous prices for what they bought. So I looked the town over in a day and fled to Cologne for the night, where travelers were robbed in the hotels only on the basis that they were foreigners, and not as German iron magnates.

The accounts which were given of Cologne by travelers in the eighteenth and early nineteenth

centuries are quite different from what would have been written in the fifteenth, or might have been said ten years ago. During the Middle Ages the wealth of the Indies as well as of Germany flowed through the city. All the products of the east, brought by Venetian and Genoese barks across the Mediterranean, flowed over the Alpine passes and down the Main and the Rhine, and were distributed through Cologne to the Hanse towns and Scandinavia, the Low Countries and England. Woolen cloth and salt fish, flax and wine, the work of smiths in noble and ignoble metals, passed up and down the same channels of trade, and the merchants of Cologne waxed rich and fat. Their city walls were nine miles around, and churches, chapels, and convents abounded in extraordinary profusion in this rich city. Then something happened. What was it? This is what an educated man, Doctor Cogan, wrote in 1794. "The ruling members of the holy Church, wanton in their power; inattentive to the means by which she was enriched, or attributing their abundance to the smilings of Providence, upon the Orthodoxy of their faith; or taking it into their heads that no man could be a good merchant, that was not a good Christian, in the year 1425, published an edict of banishment against all the descendants of *Abraham*. The poor Jews were ordered to quit the city, and to hold no further commerce with the faithful. This plan, however it

might operate respecting the good cause, proved very detrimental to trade: a large portion of which followed and comforted the oppressed Israelites.

"But the fatal stroke was not given until nearly two centuries after the above edict. In the year 1618, a pious hierarchy, finding other methods ineffectual, to check the growth of Protestantism, employed the pruning knife of persecution. To profess Christianity, was no longer sufficient for commerce. Its profits ought alone to be divided among those who professed the true Catholic faith, as by law established, and all the *Protestants* were expelled as dangerous innovators. About *fourteen hundred* of the most industrious and opulent families were obliged to leave the city. These planted themselves in the adjacent cities of *Mulheim, Düsseldorf, Elbeveld, Creveld,* etc., became powerful rivals, enticed those lukewarm Catholics who preferred success in business to unity of faith, and effectually ruined the city. From this period it fell into decay. It is true, the Regency perceiving their error, endeavored afterwards to compromise affairs between their interests and their consciences. The Protestants were invited to return; were promised personal security from all molestation on account of religious opinion, though they were not indulged in the exercise of public worship, nor re-admitted into a share of the government. This partial plan produced a very partial change. It is said, that not more than

fifty or *sixty* individuals returned; and as if there was something baneful to trade in the Catholic faith, the descendants of these individuals now share the larger portion of the small remains of commerce.

"Before either Jews or Protestants were disturbed, the city contained upwards of *thirty thousand* effective men, capable of bearing arms. In the armory of the citadel, are deposited helmets, coats of mail, etc., for *twenty-five thousand* warriors. At present, the total number of inhabitants does not exceed *forty thousand*. A recent inquiry into the state of population, has discovered to them, that of this number, *six thousand* alone are Burghers or citizens, that live decently upon their fortunes, or are comfortably supported by commerce. Clergy of various descriptions, and the inhabitants of religious houses, amount to *two thousand five hundred*. The remaining *thirty-one thousand five hundred* are low mechanics, menial servants, or public beggars. Two-thirds of this large city are fallen into ruins. Streets and squares are converted into kitchen-gardens and vineyards. The single enclosure belonging to the Charter-house, comprehending its gardens and vineyards, is as large as the whole city of *Mulheim*. These, O Persecution, these are thy triumphs !!!"

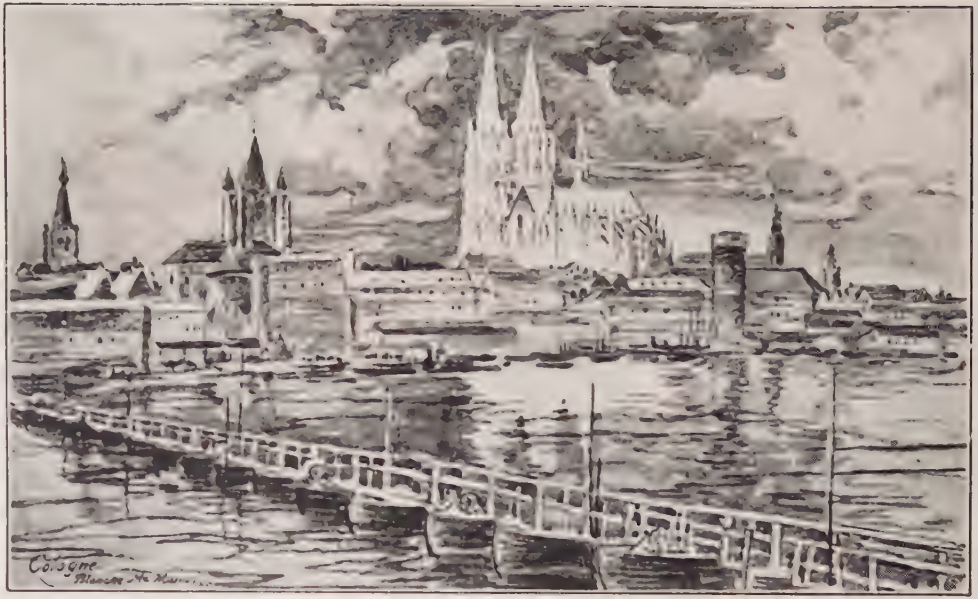
It is probable that the expulsion of the two classes of citizens mentioned did remove from the city a certain amount of wealth, industry and in-

tellect, but the cause of the ruin of the commerce of Cologne, and of Frankfort and Augsburg and many another continental mart as well, was the shifting of trade routes caused by the discovery of America and the circumnavigation of Africa. Thereafter, the countries of Europe's western seaboard rather than the Mediterranean reaped the great harvests of trade with the Indies, West and East, and sea power rather than land power ruled the destinies of the world.

Another writer of the eighteenth century, Baron Riesbeck, also described the town similarly. "Cologne, brother, is in every respect the ugliest town in all Germany. There is not a single building worth seeing within its walls, which are nine miles in circumference. Most of the houses are falling to the ground; a great part of them stand empty. In the streets dung lies piled before the houses on every side. You may walk there for an hour without seeing a single human creature. A third part of the inhabitants consists of privileged beggars, who form a regular corporation. Another third is ecclesiastic. There are thirty-nine nunneries in this place, about twenty convents for men and over twelve hospitals. The last third of the inhabitants consists of some patrician families, and of merchants and mechanics, on whom the two other parts live."

Today, what a contrast! Here is a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants, well built and

prosperous to the highest degree. It has far outgrown its ancient walls, of which only the massive gate towers remain standing. Its cathedral, which stood unfinished for almost a millennium, was completed between 1824 and 1880, on the original plans for the most part. It is a noble structure, but not the only ecclesiastical edifice in Cologne which is worthy of our admiration, for the city abounds with grand churches. But on the whole, Cologne is a modern city, and the sightseer will view it as such. Few will believe that the skulls ravished from Milan, and so long shown to myriads of pilgrims as the true relics of the Three Kings who adored Christ at Bethlehem, were more than an imposture. Few will do more than wonder at the mountains of bones said to belong to Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, here slaughtered by the Huns. No one today would think that the wondrous tale of the cathedral builder, who sold his soul to the devil for the plan, and then outwitted him by exorcising him with a bone of Saint Ursula, only to be cursed by the baffled archfiend with the prediction that his work should forever remain unfinished and his name forever unknown, is more than a variant of a popular folklore tale, which is connected with half the great buildings of Europe. Few will do more than smile at the house of Richmodis, where two carved horses' heads, looking out of a garret window, testify to a miracle performed when a



COLOGNE AND ITS CATHEDRAL

rich woman, supposedly dead of the plague and buried in haste, was found alive by grave robbers: her husband finding her at the door in her shroud, refused to accept her as a living woman, saying, "I would sooner believe that my horses were stabled in the garret than that you are not a ghost," whereupon the horses stuck their heads out of the garret window and whinnied at him!

In other words, though legends have clustered around Cologne as about so many other towns of the Rhine, the city is too modern for us to accept the miraculous or the mythical as proper to such a modern and bustling city, and so we will go farther up the river to more romantic regions, to feel the spell of legends which wild rocks and ruined keeps, fairy landscapes and moonlit streams, shall put us in a mood to believe.

CHAPTER VI

FROM BONN TO COBLENZ

IT is at Bonn that the beauties of the Rhine are popularly supposed to begin, and here it is that most people leave the train which has brought them from Rotterdam or Flushing or whatever may have been their last stopping place, and embark upon a steamer for the picturesque trip through the Rhine gorge. The town itself, despite its nearness to Cologne, has always led an independent and prosperous life, and contains some few things to merit our attention. It was founded about the year 40 of the Christian era, and was wholly a military settlement. The old Roman camp lay at the northern end of the town, and the positions of its gates are still marked by monuments. After Roman times, the city almost disappeared from view, and was of no importance until Cologne ejected Conrad of Hochstaden, who retired to Bonn, built a castle there, and surrounded the town with walls and towers, breaking down the Roman fortifications to obtain material. Until the Reformation, the career of the town was prosperous. Then came troubles. The archbishop-elector of Cologne from 1567 to 1577 was Count Salentin of Isenburg. In spite of his eccle-

siastical position he was never consecrated; so, when he fell in love with a beautiful countess, he gave up his ecclesiastical positions and married her. In his stead Count Gebhard Truchsess of Waldburg was elected, and to prevent the occurrence of a similar scandal, he was required, before his investiture, to take a written oath of allegiance to the Catholic church, and to sign an agreement that if any cleric of the diocese should abandon the Catholic religion, he should automatically be deposed from his benefice. Gebhard, however, had no sooner signed the oath than he began to violate it by encouraging Calvinistic preachers. He soon did worse than this, for while walking through the streets of Bonn one day in a solemn procession he saw in a window the fair nun, Countess Agnes of Mansfeld, who was a canoness of the aristocratic convent of Geresheim, which received within its walls none but noble ladies. He immediately fell in love with her, carried her off to the castle, and made her his concubine. Naturally, this created a great scandal, and the brothers of the lady required him first to betroth himself to her, and four years later, in 1583, to marry her by a Calvinistic wedding in the rose garden of the castle of Bonn. He then openly declared himself a Calvinist, and the scandal became even greater. The estates of the electorate deposed Gebhard and ordained in his stead Duke Ernest of Bavaria. Gebhard and his brother Carl resisted this action.

One took all of the money and vessels of the see, together with his Agnes, and fled to Westphalia, while the other took possession of Bonn with a body of soldiers and blackmailed not only the town, but the whole electorate. Carl was captured; Gebhard retired to the castle of Godesberg, where Agnes' father lived. Ernest besieged it, laid a mine under it and blew it up so completely that it has never been inhabited to this day. However, the loving pair had escaped before this happened, and Gebhard sent Agnes to England to obtain financial assistance from Queen Elizabeth. Instead of devoting her attention to the queen, however, she got entangled in a love affair with the Earl of Essex, which so incensed Elizabeth that Agnes was shipped back to Holland without a penny. So Gebhard gave up the struggle, retired to his deanery of Strasburg, and died there in 1601.

The one magnet of Bonn for the modern visitor is a low old house in a narrow street near the river, the birthplace of Ludwig van Beethoven. The family from which he was descended was originally Dutch and both his father and his grandfather were musicians. The house is now fitted up as a museum and contains numerous portraits of the great musician, his family and his contemporaries, as well as various of his musical instruments, his ear trumpet, and many of his papers. The garret in which the musician was born, in the rear or garden house, has been preserved unaltered.

Bonn also contains a university, which has been a favorite with the Hohenzollerns, and about which much has been written on this account. Aside from this it has been more noted for the quality of its dueling and beer drinking than for its scholarship. Almost the only other sight of Bonn is the Poppelsdorfer Allee, a beautiful quadruple avenue of chestnut trees, the favorite promenade of the townspeople, which leads to an ugly palace and a famous church and monastery on the Kreuzberg. Years ago there used to be shown in the vault of this church a number of open coffins, each containing a monk, all dressed in the habits of life but dried up to natural mummies. The soil was so dry and sandy that it preserved the bodies, some of which were as old as 1400, in a most unusual manner. This spectacle is no longer to be seen, but visitors are shown instead the Scala Santa of Italian marble, a copy of the staircase of the same name in the Lateran at Rome, and like it to be ascended only on the knees of the faithful. Both these staircases are said to be exact copies of that in Jerusalem, up which Jesus was conducted into the presence of Pontius Pilate. During the French Revolution a French trooper tried to spur his horse up this staircase. The horse slipped on the marble and killed his rider, and this quite natural accident became a miracle sufficient to attract more pilgrims.

Above Bonn we enter the portal of the Rhine

gorge, the group known as the Seven Mountains, which lies in a circle on the east bank of the river, broken, rugged and picturesquely castle-crowned. On the opposite side of the river is the ruin of Godesberg, from which we may get an attractive view of the mountain region. Little remains except the tall keep and a few jagged walls. From Godesberg it is only a short walk to the ferry which will carry us across the river to Königswinter, a little town which is thronged with tourists in the summer because of the easy access it offers to the various mountains. The most popular excursion and the easiest to make is that to the Drachenfels. Once the climb was long and tedious, but now a rack-and-pinion railway whisks the visitor up the steep slope in a few minutes, and drops him on the terrace just below the castle. The latter is now but a fragment. It stands on the edge of a perpendicular cliff, made by the work of quarrymen whose blasts have brought down not only the face of the rock, but most of the castle with it. The structure was built in the year 1117, by the Archbishop Frederick I of Cologne, who also built other castles in the neighborhood to help him in opposing the troops of the Emperor Henry V. Archbishop Arnold sold the castle, which was not yet completed, to the chapter of the Cassius Monastery at Bonn, in 1149. The monastery found the maintenance of the fortress too expensive, and in 1193

The Ruined Castle of Godesberg

transferred one-tenth of it to a burgrave, Count Claes, on condition that he would pay all the expenses of defending and maintaining it. As usually happened in such cases, in a generation or two the burgraves had become sole owners, and they continued in possession until 1806. One of them, Henry, in the fifteenth century, furnished the stone for building the cathedral at Cologne from his quarry at Dombruch. Of this count the story is told that at a great banquet many of the knights and nobles were vying with each other in praising the worth of their rings set with precious stones. The lord of Drachenfels showed his, set with a bit of dull mountain rock, and remarked, "Mine is worth all yours put together." To prove it he said, "From this stone I get a vast yearly revenue. I sell a hundred gulden worth from the quarry to the chapter of Cologne alone."

Halfway up the southern face of the Drachenfels is a cavern which popular legend names as the lair of the dragon slain by Siegfried. This grim monster was so protected by his glittering scales on back and sides that no weapon had any effect upon him. But Siegfried noted the track by which the monster crawled down to the Rhine to drink and dug in it a pit in which he hid. When the creeping terror was over his head he thrust his good sword Balmung up through the soft underskin into the dragon's heart, and then was almost drowned by the black torrent which flowed from

the writhing worm. His bath in the dragon's blood rendered his skin invulnerable to any weapon save in a single spot where a linden leaf fell between his shoulders as he bathed. We all know the rest of the story, how he confided the secret to his wife, and how she embroidered a cross over the vulnerable spot so that Hagen might hold his shield over it, and thus enabled Hagen to stab Siegfried as he bent to drink.

The legend of Siegfried is also localized elsewhere, and is only one of the forms in which the dragon legend is told of this spot. Another form makes the vanquisher of the dragon not a knight, but a Christian maiden, captured by pagan warriors and tied to a stake in front of the dragon's cave as a sacrifice to the monster, who was wont to come for his meal at sunrise. She spent the night in prayer, and when the dragon roared forth to seek his prey, she thrust the crucifix in front of him, whereupon he fled to the Rhine, plunged into it, and was never seen again. Naturally, this miracle caused the sudden conversion of all the neighboring pagans to Christianity and the marriage of their prince to the maiden, a union from which came the counts of Drachenfels.

East of the Drachenfels and separated from it only by a saddle of rock is the Wolkenburg, once the highest of the Seven Mountains, and crowned by a castle which was far larger and more imposing than that of Drachenfels. The hammer and pick

of the quarryman have done their work, however, and not a trace of this castle remains. In due course of time, doubtless, the whole hill will have gone, for there is little likelihood that the Germans will pass any such law for the protection of natural beauty as that which has saved the Palisades of the Hudson. Everywhere along the Rhine valley the scars of the quarrymen are to be seen.

Pursuing our stroll, let us take the path over the mountain tops to the basaltic cone of the Great Oelberg, from whose summit may be seen the most extensive prospect on the whole lower Rhine, which is visible from here as far as Cologne. Descending from this hilltop we soon reach Heisterbach, where still stand the ruins of one of the most famous of the Cistercian monasteries. Little remains but the picturesque end of the choir of the old church, for the building was sold by the French government in 1809 and the rest was torn down to build the fortifications of Wesel. But there are left many memories of the abbey, even if its material remains are few. Here once stopped Walter Mapes, the friend of Thomas à Becket and Giraldus Cambrensis. He was ill of a fever at Heisterbach and the monks tried to induce him to join their order. But he preferred the freedom which he enjoyed as an archdeacon of Oxford. He wandered all over Europe, and wrote many curious stories and also, perhaps, some rather light Latin songs, one of the most remarkable of which

is supposed to be the confession of the author writing under the *nom-de-plume* of Golias. I quote a sample Latin verse from this effusion, and also a free translation by the Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould:

"Meum est propositum in taberna mori;
Vinum sit oppositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius hujus potatori."

"In a tavern may I die!
My last sigh
Breathed o'er cups of Rhenish wine,
Drink divine!
When the angel choirs descend
At my end,
May they twitter, God will wink
At a lover of such drink."

A famous prior of Heisterbach was the story-teller Cæsarius, who wrote a collection of miraculous tales of the Rhine, which is most interesting reading. One of his stories is of a knight of Bonn who made a retreat here. Before leaving, he asked the abbot how much he would have to pay for a certain stone in the wall of the church, which he pointed out. The abbot desired to know why he wanted that particular stone, and the knight said, "When I am at home I can't sleep nights, but while your reverence was preaching I leaned my head against that stone and slept like a top."

Another of his stories tells of one of the novices to whom was smuggled a letter from a nun with whom he had been acquainted before he entered the church. She wrote that she was sick of prayers and vigils and would like to have him run away with her and get married. The proposition seemed attractive, but the novice decided to think it over in bed. So when all was quiet he stuck his foot out from under the bedclothes and said, "Look here, old devil, if you really want me, pull my leg." The devil did not appear to accept the invitation, so the novice decided he would become a monk after all.

Another: A penitent, after confession, had imposed upon him a penance so severe that he told the confessor he could not possibly perform it, and was set one somewhat easier. He returned next day and said it was absolutely impossible for him to perform even the amended penance, and when a still lighter one was set, objected to that also. The confessor became wrathy, and said, "Set yourself a penance, then." After some cogitation the man said, "I hate garlic in every form, taste and smell and even sight. Give me for a penance abstention from garlic." And so it was appointed. As the penitent was walking home he came by chance to a garden in which grew garlic. The odor came over the fence to him, so he took a look and another sniff. "That isn't such a bad smell after all," he said to himself. "I

always thought I hated garlic, but I don't believe I ever gave it really a fair trial. I really think my prejudice against it is unreasonable, and it is certainly a meritorious act to conquer an unjust prejudice. I don't think I'll be weak any longer. That garlic probably tastes better than I supposed, so I'll just hop over and get a couple of bulbs and try them."

Finally, it is from Cæsarius that Longfellow took the story of the monk Felix, which he has so delightfully versified in *The Golden Legend*. Felix could not understand how the words, "A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday," could be true. While meditating on it he walked under the beeches and heard a bird sing. When the song was over he walked back to the abbey, but the porter refused to let him in. There was no one in the abbey who knew him, but an aged monk recalled that a hundred years before a certain Felix had gone forth from the abbey and was written on its rolls as recusant, since he had never returned.

"And they knew, at last,
That such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!"

Across the river from Drachenfels rises the ruin of Rolandseck and down below it in the stream is

the green isle of Nonnenwerth, with its ruined convent. No legend of the Rhine is better known than that which pertains to this stretch of the river. Of the castle, there remains hardly more than a single arch, through which may be seen a most charming view of the valley. The castle is said to have been built by the famous Paladin Roland, the friend of Charlemagne, though it is not historically mentioned until about 1040. It was restored in the twelfth century by one of the archbishops of Cologne, but had fallen into complete decay by the fifteenth century. The legend goes that the knight-errant Roland, traveling along the Rhine in search of chivalrous adventures, was overtaken by night at the castle of Count Heribert, lord of the Seven Mountains and master of Drachenburg. As was the custom of the castle, the azure-eyed Hildegunde, daughter of the host, knelt at his feet and offered him the customary oblation of bread, wine and fish. The poet says that her hair was like a golden cloud, her cheeks blushing with the pink of a tropic shell, her lips red as poppies among the wheat, and her hand and arm as fair and graceful as the swaying blossoms of the wild rose. And so Roland not only pledged the health of the lord of the castle, but yielded to his entreaties to tarry, forgetting that he was in search of adventure, for he had found the greatest adventure of his life.

The two were affianced, and for days Roland

lingered in the perfect bliss of youthful love, wandering in the spring over the mountain sides and through the perfumed valleys. Soon, too soon, came the time of parting, for royal Charlemagne summoned Roland to take a hero's part in the Empire's war against the infidel Saracens, who were wasting northern Spain with fire and sword. Swearing eternal fidelity, the paladin departed and Hildegunde waited long for news. Finally, it came, and terrible it was. Roland had fallen, fighting for Christ against the Moor, so Hildegunde, inconsolable, no longer finding savor in life, took refuge from the sorrows of the world in the quiet cloister of Nonnenwerth.

It seems, however, that though Count Roland fell beneath the heathen swords, his faithful squire found him still breathing after the rush of battle had passed over, bore him from the battle field, and tended his wounds in a lonely hut for many weary months. And so, at length, one winter's night, he blew his blast before the gate of Drachenburg. Old Heribert had not courage himself to tell Roland that his beloved was lost to him forever. But Roland learned the news, and then he, too, lost desire for worldly life, and built this lonesome tower of Rolandseck high over the river, where he could look down upon the walls which immured his beloved. Sometimes he saw her form in the garden or marching to the chapel, but at last her well-known figure appeared no more. Suspense held

him for a few days until, one terrible midnight, he heard the mournful tolling of the passing bell, and in the cold, grey light of dawn he saw a palled bier silently borne into the chapel, while on the breeze came the faint intonation of the mass for the departed soul. His squire found him at the window, his hands clasped in prayer, and from that moment no word was heard to pass his lips. Ever he sat at the tower window, gazing at the convent chapel where his beloved was entombed, until one morning they found him sitting there, dead, with his glassy eyes still turned toward the tomb of Hildegunde.

The legend is beautiful, but perhaps not very ancient, and is certainly a minor variant of the Roland legend, for in most of the accepted forms the death of Roland is placed at Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, valiantly holding the rear guard, until he was crushed under the weight of an enormous army of Saracens, truly a more fitting death for a paladin and a hero than to weep out his eyes for unrequited love.

After passing Nonnenwerth the hills begin to grow higher, and we are really in the gorge of the Rhine. We pass the little town of Remagen, interesting mainly for its church of Saint Apollinaris, who was bishop of Laodicea in the fourth century. He held some very wild doctrines, and ultimately suffered martyrdom. In the year 1164, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa presented the relics of

this saint and other martyrs to the archbishop Reinald von Dassel of Cologne, on the same memorable expedition on which the latter carried off the heads of the Three Kings from Milan. It was his intention to put all these heads in his own cathedral at Cologne, but when he arrived opposite Remagen, his vessel became miraculously fixed in mid-current and obstinately refused to move until the head of Saint Apollinaris had been deposited on shore on the spot where the present church stands. Remagen is a convenient point from which to visit the romantic scenery of the Ahr valley, which would be worth some descriptive digression did not space forbid our taking up in detail all of the interesting tributaries of the Rhine.

We are now reaching the region where castles are plentiful, and for the rest of our trip through the gorge of the Rhine we shall never be out of sight of one or more. They are described in Baedeker, and about each of them some legend may be found in the little books of legends which are sold on all the Rhine steamers. I cannot mention them all and can only repeat here the legends or history of the most remarkable ones. Before we reach Andernach we pass Ockenfels, Saalhof, Arensfels, Tempelhof, Rheineck, and Hammerstein, of which the latter alone is especially interesting.

There is no more picturesque approach to any

GENERAL VIEW OF ANDERNACH

town on the river than that to Andernach as it slides into sight, building by building, while we swing round the mountain corner. First appears the old crane house, then the great watchtower, round at the base and octagonal above. Then come the twin square turrets of the old Byzantine church and, in a rush, the Roman Rhine gate, the bastioned walls, the Franciscan church, the gabled houses, and all the other details of the picturesque city. One of the oldest towns on the Rhine, it still retains most of its mediæval fortifications, its narrow streets, and its picturesque timbered house-fronts. It was one of the fifty fortresses of Drusus, founded in the year 12 B. C. After it had been a flourishing Roman center, the Merovingian monarchs established a palace here, and the bishop of Poitiers, Venantius Fortunatus, describes how he visited the palace and sat in the balcony to watch the fishers catch in the river the very salmon which he shortly ate for his supper. After this, the town developed an industry in millstones, and obtained a monopoly in this trade, so that it waxed exceeding prosperous. When it joined the Hanseatic League, it was able to furnish two thousand infantrymen and five hundred mounted troops. As it could equip such a force, it had little difficulty in holding its own against the robber knights and other disturbers of trade. It had the usual share of fighting during the Middle Ages, a characteristic incident being its destruc-

tion in 1198 by the Emperor Philip of Suabia, in revenge for its having adhered to the side of his rival, Otto of Brunswick. Otto's mercenaries, who were encamped before the city, decided to change sides, but the citizens refused to follow suit and were besieged. The mercenaries, while waiting for Philip, one day caught a nun and stripped her to amuse themselves. They then dipped her in honey and rolled her in feathers, and paraded her through camp astride an old horse. Philip arrived at this juncture, and being intensely religious, he had the ringleaders themselves dipped, not into honey, but into boiling water. Having finished with them, he took the town and burned it to the ground. The city was burned again by the French in 1688.

There is a certain interest attached to a visit to the church and the Rathaus, but I must confess that my interest in these old towns is more in the walls, the ancient streets, the bustle of the courtyards, and the pictures of life of today and of the past, which I find in wandering about the streets and ways in and near the towns. Here at Andernach, while strolling in the grove of poplars which grows outside the walls at the lower end of the town, I saw the greatest Rhine raft which it was ever my fortune to behold. On it was a whole village, gaily decorated with innumerable flags and green boughs to celebrate Whitsuntide. I made one or two photographs of it, but without

much success, for the mountainous background on the other side of the river was not satisfactory in the unfavorable lighting. It was just at this place that Stevenson saw his rafts in 1827 and his description is interesting enough to quote:

"Between Andernach and Bonn I saw two or three of those enormous rafts, which are formed of the accumulated produce of the Swiss and German forests. One was anchored in the middle of the river, and looked like a floating island. — These *Krakens* of the Rhine are composed of oak and fir floated in smaller rafts down the tributary streams, and, their size constantly increasing till they arrive hereabouts, they make platforms of from four hundred to seven hundred feet long, and one hundred and forty feet in breadth. When in motion a dozen boats and more precede them, carrying anchors and cables to guide and arrest their course. The navigation of a raft down the Rhine to Dort in Holland, which is the place of their destination, is a work of great difficulty. The skill of the German and Dutch pilots who navigate them, in spite of the abrupt turnings, the eddies, the currents, rocks and shoals that oppose their progress, must indeed be of a very peculiar kind, and can be possessed but by few. It requires besides, a vast deal of manual labor. The whole complement of rowers and workmen, together with their wives and children, on board one of the *first-rates*, amounts to the astonishing

number of nine hundred or a thousand: a little village containing from forty to sixty wooden houses is erected upon each, which also is furnished with stalls for cattle, a magazine for provisions, etc. — The dwelling appropriated to the use of the master of the raft and the principal supercargoes was conspicuous for its size and commodiousness. — It is curious to observe these rafts, on their passage, with their companies of rowers stationed at each end, making the shores ring again to the sound of their immense oars."

Almost opposite Andernach is the town of Neuwied, which is a comparatively modern place, having been founded no farther back than the Thirty Years' War. It stands in the ugliest part of all the Rhine, for the great plain which surrounds it is wholly given over to brick factories. We are glad to leave this ugly spot behind us and approach the beautiful city of Coblenz and the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein towering above it.

GENERAL VIEW OF COBLENZ

CHAPTER VII

THE VALLEY OF THE MOSELLE

COBLENZ sits at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, is connected by a famous bridge of boats with the east bank of the Rhine, lies in the shadow of the once impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and is generally considered to be a Rhine city. As such, it has been the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation and the great mediæval fortress opposite it, to which as Baedeker says, "Visitors, foreign officers excepted, are admitted," is, as I write, an American army post.

Not always was Coblenz a Rhine city. The town of the Middle Ages lay on the Moselle, with the Moselle Bridge at one end and the Corn Gate, the eastern extremity of the town, a mile or two from the point at the junction of the two rivers. In this small compass, a very minor fraction of the modern city, lies what remains of the ancient town, and while the guidebooks have little to say about this, I for one find a stroll through the narrow, crooked streets far more interesting and romantic than a survey of the "imposing" imperial monument on the point between the rivers, which

the German believes to be "one of the most impressive, purely personal monuments in the world." The old town had a suburb, Little or Lützel-Coblenz, with which it was so intimately connected by the Moselle Bridge that the two formed practically a single town. The bridge was the chief center of public life of the connected cities and the population resorted to it for exercise and fresh air. An old locksmith who lived to the age of one hundred and twenty, believed that the length of his life was entirely due to his daily walk on the bridge, and that if he had not been prevented on one occasion from taking this daily exercise, he might have lived to a much greater age. Various ceremonies took place here on festival occasions, such as New Year's Day and Walpurgis Eve. On the first occasion the chief magistrate received tribute in food and merchandise from various communities which owed him allegiance, and after the formal ceremonies were over the senators and magistrates had the privilege of indulging in the sport of snowballing each other, an exercise in which, however, the Emperor's bailiffs were not allowed to take part.

Far beyond this bridge, a memorial that the Rhineland, now occupied by the Allies, does not for the first time know the tramp of foreign armies, is the mournful and ill-cared-for French cemetery, where are buried soldiers of more than one of France's wars. Here is the high black pyramid

EHRENBREITSTEIN FROM THE COBLENZ PIER

which serves as the monument of one of the heroes of France. "Here," we read in faint gold letters, "rests Marceau . . . a soldier at sixteen, a general at twenty-two, who died fighting for his fatherland on the last day of the year IV of the French Republic. Whomsoever thou mayst be, friend or enemy of this hero, respect the ashes." In another land we might regard this prayer as superfluous, but the French have known from of old the brutality of their age-long enemies, which has respected neither living nor dead.

The sights of the modern town of Coblenz are few and unimportant. Everybody has heard of the fountain erected in 1812 by the French, to commemorate Napoleon's campaign in Russia, which was, as the inscription shows, ironically "seen and approved" by the commander of the Russian forces, who took possession of the town two years later. If the visitor is addicted to churches he will find it worth while to spend a few minutes in that of Saint Castor, founded in 836, but mainly thirteenth century, where the organ pipes are said to be made of remains of the Roman water system. If he is given to fortresses and views, he can climb up to Ehrenbreitstein, though I do not recall that it seemed especially worth while to me in either respect. Far more profitable would it be to cut short his stay in Coblenz, to leave for a time the noisy and bustling Rhine, and to explore the winding curves, the picturesque

views, the mediæval towns, and the romantic castles of the Moselle.

Wine country though the Rhine may be, the Moselle is even more so. Like the gorge of the Rhine, the course of the Moselle is bounded by banks of the steepest character, but as the course of the river in its lower reaches is, generally speaking, from west to east, the northern banks on which the wine is mostly grown receive such a continuous flood of heat rays, with scarcely an interruption from cooling breezes, as no section of the Rhine is favored with. And so the Moselle valley in summer is blessed with a heat more tropical in its nature than that of any other portion of Europe north of Italy. These conditions are eminently favorable to grape culture, and so we find these forbidding heights, running up at angles of thirty, forty, or even fifty degrees, terraced and cultivated to a seemingly impossible extent. It is an actual fact that the contour maps show that the slope in some of the cultivated vineyards of the Moselle is steeper than in the most abrupt portions of any path which exists up the Matterhorn, the steepest climb in Europe. Up these abrupt slopes, sometimes an hour's climb from the valley, the peasants clamber with their great baskets on their backs, frequently carrying up the weight of a man in fertilizer, or rock and shale to repair their walls and make a heat-reflecting covering for the precious soil.

Down these same slopes in the fall is carried in the same baskets every pound of the precious grapes, so precious that in olden days the gatherer who left as many as five berries on a stalk was publicly whipped by his or her companions of the opposite sex. Poets and romancers have written much of the merriment of the harvest and the vintage festivals, but in these prosaic and scientific days every ray of sun is known to add to the worth of the grape, and the harvest is prolonged till the latest possible moment. So it is in late November when the frost-stiffened fingers pluck the last withered and misshapen berries, and weary limbs drag them down the flinty slopes in a cold and frosty twilight.

It is incredible to what an extent the reclamation of these hillsides can be carried. Mile after mile of perpendicular walls runs along the face of the steepest crags, and behind them is placed earth, laboriously brought up from the valley to give sustenance to the vines. In some of the most favored situations these terraces are so tiny that they give space to but a few, even a pair of vines, and sometimes even to a single plant. That this is worth while is shown by the fact that the famous vineyard whence comes the exquisite Bernkastel Doctor contains four thousand vines, which in 1860 were sold at four dollars and a half apiece, and in 1900 for twenty-five dollars each, a hundred thousand dollars for a piece of land whose product

is so variable that in one recent year its whole crop was sold to whoever would take it away, for a penny. On the other hand, a single *fuder* or cask of a Moselle wine has sold at first hand for eighteen hundred dollars.

The hard work, the troubles, the anxieties, the poor harvests of six years out of seven, are the lot of the peasants, who get a desperately hard living, while the profits all go to the rich companies which own or mortgage the vineyards, to the buyers at the auctions, the middlemen and the wholesalers. The romance of the vine and its products is as insubstantial as the bubbles of its fermentation, and like them the cause of innumerable headaches and heartaches.

The valley of the Moselle can be seen in various ways. Like the Rhine it is navigated by steamers, but the fleet is small, and leaving the boats to visit the villages and make excursions back from the river makes a trip in which one can thoroughly see the Moselle rather time-consuming. The railway runs through so many tunnels that many of the most picturesque parts of the river are not seen at all. Travel on foot, even for the automobilist, is necessary to visit many of the most interesting and delightful viewpoints. In short, the difficulties of communication are such that the Moselle is comparatively little known to tourists, and consequently one of the most unspoiled as well as romantic regions of western Europe. It is

full of picturesque castles, churches, and towns and almost every spot throughout the valley has one or more interesting legends.

Turning our faces westward from Coblenz, we pass through gardens and orchards and soon reach a bold cliff or "lay" which has given its name to the village of Lay across the river. Because of the narrowness of the river at this point, ice and flood have wreaked havoc on the ancient houses, so that it contains nothing to interest the traveler except the legend explaining the curious custom of the use of "*Miseräbelchen*," which are very small glasses now used instead of the small wooden cups in which the inns of this region once served free wine to their guests. The tale is that Saint Peter was once sent to obtain wine for himself and his thirsty companions, and received a brimming wooden pot. Being unable to resist the temptation to slake his own thirst he drank somewhat more than he had intended. As he was then not pleased with the appearance of the partly emptied measure he drew his sword and cut off the useless top of the pot. As the way was long and the sun was hot, the Saint could not resist another sip, and again the sword did its work on the mug. When he finally got back to his companions they were so astounded at the tiny cup which was all that remained of the tall wooden jug, that they expressed their feelings strongly about the "miserable little thing" (*Miserabelchen*).

Just above we see the infamous Dieblicher Berg, around the base of which the river swings to Dieblich, the witchcraft village. On this rounded hilltop were built the terrible fires in which women, old and young, were burnt because of an insane superstition. Within a short time twenty-five witches were burnt on this evil spot, and nearly twice that many during the whole period of the persecution. In the Moselle valley for years there was an average of one witch burning a week, and two of the villages were so thoroughly "cleansed" during a single year that only two persons were left alive. In Trèves and its neighborhood three hundred and sixty-eight witches were burned in six years.

Witch finding in Germany was mostly the result of the Bull of Innocent VIII in 1484, and reached the height of its fury after the publication in 1489 of the *Malleus Maleficarum*. Wächter quotes a German writer in regard to this volume: "This is that book by means whereof *several hundred thousand* human beings were robbed of their honor, their goods and chattels and of life and limb, and were put to a horrible death after ghastly tortures." Children of eight and ten years old were burned; and a single witch judge, Balzer Voss, boasted that he had caused over seven hundred persons to be burned and hoped to raise the number over the thousand. It was impossible for anyone accused of witchcraft, whether through

malice or superstition, to escape. "If the accused person tried to escape, it was proof of a bad conscience; if he or she stood fast, it was proof of reliance on the Devil's aid. If the accused confessed, they were burned at once; if they denied, they were tortured until a confession was extorted." Almost two centuries this diabolical superstition existed in the valley, and it was not until 1660 that the Margrave of Baden ended the witch findings because of a fruitless attempt to force a confession by torture from a wealthy citizen of Winningen, named Friedrich Mölich, who was forced to undergo all three degrees of the torture on the accusation of being a "witch master," but who adhered to his denial "without shedding a tear or sweating in any part of him."

The next village, Cobern, gives us more pleasant views and thoughts than Dieblich. It is overlooked by a superb castle ruin, in fact two of them, the upper one now containing the chapel of Saint Matthias, approached by a pilgrim's way, which is truly a way of pain because of the loose gravel in the path. Unlike most of the Moselle castles this one is well worth visiting for the beautiful view, though not particularly interesting in itself.

The castles of the Moselle were true robber nests, and while impregnable enough in the days before artillery, they were such pestiferous nuisances to both overlords and underlings that whatever armed force first trained a big gun on them

usually made the destruction complete enough so that they today present little picture of strength. Such a castle was usually seated upon a ridge running parallel with the river, and also commanding some side valley through which commerce flowed between the river and the fertile uplands behind. It was thus enabled to take toll of and do violence to both general and local commerce, and the records show only too plainly that mercy or pity rarely entered the heart of knight or retainer when booty was in sight.

The last knight of Cobern was Johann Lutter, "who was caught and held by eight stout knaves of Gillenbeuren what time he lay in wait with gag and cord and sack, to seize and rob wayfarers from Cochem." He was beheaded at Coblenz in 1536, and it is said that his dead body was hung on a rope stretched high above the river, as a warning to other malefactors.

A landmark of the valley at Gondorf is the great castle of the ancient house of Von der Leyen, restored in 1809, but now cut in two by the railway which passes directly through it. It was once one of the most important castles of the whole Rhineland, but now is not worth visiting.

Above Alken, an old and picturesque town with mediæval houses and fortifications, stands high on the ridge the great castle of Thuron, "the throne castle," once perhaps the most impregnable fortress on the Lower Moselle. You will doubtless

climb to it as did I, but if you do you will see nothing but some rather uninteresting towers, which is only to be expected, for the castle, built by the Count Palatine Henry in 1209, was demolished within half a century. The count received from his brother, the Emperor Otho IV, sovereign power over the regions about the Moselle. In exercising this he frequently clashed with the archbishops and electors of Trèves and Cologne, who finally laid siege to the castle in 1246. Only a siege it was, for no assault was delivered, and the besiegers made themselves extremely comfortable while trying to starve the garrison into surrender. They searched the whole countryside for wine to drink, and as they emptied the great casks they piled them up till their heap approached in dimensions the fortress itself. They threatened to drink the whole countryside dry, and to build a fortress of casks larger and stronger than Thuron itself. In fact, by the time the garrison was ready to capitulate, the besiegers had drunk three thousand cartloads, six hundred thousand gallons, of good Moselle wine. When the garrison finally surrendered it was given its liberty, with the exception of a village magistrate who had served the besiegers as a spy. Zorn, the commander of the garrison, who managed to lay hold of this unfortunate individual, stretched a rope running through blocks across the deep gulf between the castle and an outwork on the next

ridge, and the soldiers amused themselves by hauling the unfortunate wretch back and forth across the gulf for several hours. At last, the rope stuck and the bailiff managed to crawl hand over hand to the Blidenberg, where in after years he erected a votive chapel in gratitude for his escape. He was extremely fortunate to get away, for the robber knights of the Moselle would have thought that starving to death, while hanging on a rope over a deep gulf, was a very amusing form of punishment for anyone to whom they had taken a dislike.

Somewhat farther up the river than Thuron rises a castle built by the Archbishop Elector Arnold of Trèves, the conqueror of Thuron, which affords one of the most popular and picturesque views of all the ruins of the Moselle. This is Bischofstein, a single dark tower with a great white ring around its middle, perhaps the best known and most attractive ruin in the valley, and which draws more visitors than any other single feature except Burg Eltz. Do not be misled into climbing to visit the uninteresting ruin, but remain content with the fine picture you can see from under the trees of the opposite bank.

Even if Bischofstein is not worth a scramble, it is by all means recommendable to walk for half an hour up the ravine behind Brodenbach, a little village with several timbered houses, to the great tower of Ehrenburg, an almost unapproachable ruin, once one of the greatest castles of Europe,

EHRENBURG

magnificently situated on an isolated peak. Stripped of all its outworks and pinnacles, it is now a gaunt, bare remnant. The rock on which it stands was precipitous on all sides except to the south, where a narrow ridge connected it to the hill above. This the knights cut away to the depth of ninety feet, and in the midst of this tremendous gap they built a great rock pillar which carried a double drawbridge.

On entering the Rampenturm we discover one of the greatest surprises which even those familiar with castles are likely to have met with in their architectural researches. We would expect inside this great tower the usual series of vaulted rooms and spiral staircases, but what we actually find is a most magnificent architectural conception, the most startling road in Germany, a carriage way fifteen feet wide, winding around and around the tower up to the very battlements, supported by a great hollow central pillar which is pierced with windows all the way up and acts as a huge ventilating shaft. Up this winding way the armored knights could trot at ease to reach the inmost recesses of the castle. Naturally, the destroying troops of Louis XIV blew off a bit of the upper part of this road when they ruined the castle, but the gap has been filled with stairs, so there is no difficulty in reaching the top. What we find above is rather disappointing. The knights' hall is now turned into a kitchen garden, and while

there is a wide view from the tower it is not especially beautiful. The Moselle river is invisible, and the eye ranges far over the rolling fields of the great plateaus.

The guides tell us that the hill under the castle is honeycombed with passages through which the old castle dwellers were able to escape in time of trouble, for one still runs it is said, to Schöneck, higher up the valley, and others to other distant outlets. From the great well, which is not a water supply, but an oubliette, it is actually asserted that sixty thousand pounds of human bones have been taken since 1830. Think of the sum of human misery represented by these sad remains of "merchants and such like, whom the knights captured, robbed, and threw into the prison to starve."

The legends of the castle are various, but the most romantic is that of the last lord of Ehrenburg and his adopted son, a plot which with very little change would furnish an excellent motive for light opera. It seems that Frederick of Ehrenburg had adopted the babe of a distant kinsman and feudal tenant, who in the year 1386 was a young terror of eighteen. Having been taught that murder is no murder if the victim is warned, he had slaughtered peaceable merchants in the neighboring valleys till this was no longer amusement, and so one day he informed his father that he was ready for some fun in the big city, and a look at the fair maidens

of Coblenz. Frederick was unwilling to let him go, for he and the burghers of Coblenz were living under a truce and gave each other a wide berth, but he finally permitted the boy to go to the Carnival on his promise that he would meddle with no one and avoid all disputes or quarrels. The youngster traveled down to the city with a couple of men-at-arms to attend him, and found quarters at the Star Inn on the shore, for the first class hostelries were all full to overflowing. It happened that the young Count of Isenburg was standing in the window of this hotel with a beautiful girl, while numbers of his servants loitered about the doors. He sneered at the lad's scanty retinue, but young Walter from Ehrenburg only laughed and said nothing, remembering his promise to his father not to start a fight. An hour later Walter was watching the Carnival scenes on the old bridge, from his window, when the door opened softly and the beautiful maiden appeared and announced to him that it would be advisable for him to disappear, as Isenburg had started forth to rouse the townspeople and bring them down to the hotel to settle their quarrel with Walter's family. The legend says that Walter spent the next half hour in courteous conversation with the damsel, being greatly impressed by her neat ankles and pretty face, not to speak of her other charms. The prosaic facts are probably, considering the danger of the situation and the

boy's fighting training, that he simply picked the girl up in his arms and said: "You come along with me; you're too good for that sneak."

At any rate, he had his arms about the maiden when the count opened the door, a naked sword in his hand and fury in his eyes. He attacked the woman first as being easier to handle, but Walter began sword play also and disabled the count with a thrust through the neck. His manners being also knightly (of the robber type), he promptly got into his saddle and made away through the crowd after a sharp set-to, leaving the girl behind to take care of herself. Naturally, the Count of Isenburg and a part of the burghers of Coblenz followed hot on his heels and besieged him in his father's castle, while the balance of the citizens amused themselves by putting the girl Wallrade and her father in the city dungeon. The burghers tried to storm the castle and got well punished, so revenged themselves by burning houses, murdering peasants, and doing all the mischief they could in the countryside. This was bad for taxes, so the Pfalzgraf Rupert decided to settle the quarrel with a troop of his cavalry, and did so by taking the Lord Mayor of Coblenz in tow and galloping him home on foot, at the end of a hundred feet of new rope. Shortly afterward, Walter ended the opera bouffé in handsome fashion by swooping down on Coblenz, burning a few suburbs, executing several dozen citizens, and rescuing the

damsel from durance vile, after which he took her home and neglected to marry her.

When you visit the Moselle, do not fail to leave train or steamer at Moselkern and stroll up the narrow, tortuous valley of the Eltz, along the stream and through the trees and over the hills, till you suddenly turn a sharp corner and get through the foliage your first view of the most beautiful dwelling house of Europe, the Castle of Eltz. For this is still a dwelling house, a home of man for eight centuries, and except for the Marksburg above Braubach, the only castle in the whole Rhineland which has never been captured or destroyed. Its immunity it owes to its remote situation, and especially to the fact that never could any gun be brought up the narrow hilly roads of ancient times, save once when they were not used. It is a most picturesque castle, a tower of romance and faëry, with its innumerable pointed roofs and turrets and bays, its towering and massive walls, and its beautiful setting in the remote valley, completely surrounded by hills.

It is a castle of a type which does not exist outside of Germany, for it was the home not of one knightly family, but of four. It is a specimen of that curious structure, the *Ganerbenhaus*, inhabited by several families of a single tribe, each responsible for the defense and maintenance of its own part of the *enceinte*, each having its own doorway and stairs, men's quarters and women's quarters,

kitchen and bower and vaulted hall, but enjoying the courtyard in common and being in common responsible for the safety of the main gate. Platt-Eltz and Eltz-Rübenach, Eltz-Rodendorf and Eltz-Kempenich, they all lived in houses which were cold and gloomy, even if they look picturesque from the outside.

Centuries ago the houses of Eltz banded together for mutual help, but even if they set a common face against the world, their ways to each other were hard, cruel and devious. Many a bloody blow passed from kin to kin, but ever and again they came together and wrote their treaties among themselves to make common cause against the world outside. Once they divided up the family arms; they cut the golden lion in two, and Elias took one half and Theodoric took the other half, while Lancelot and William treated the silver lion likewise. Again, a solemn treaty was signed, the most wonderful ever made between brother and brother, binding them ever to assist each other against the common enemy, and making them blood brothers as well as brothers in blood, by this magnificent promise: "And whichsoever of us three shall slay his brother or his brother's children within his castle or its liberties, so God be witness, shall he depart in that hour from the House, neither shall he nor his heirs have lot nor part in Eltz till the death blow be avenged. He of us who shall strike his brother or his

brother's wife or his brother's child, to maim him in limb or member, the same shall depart out of this House forever. Also, if one of us shall strike or stab the other, he that doeth this thing shall depart out of Eltz and abide a month beyond its bounds." No little punishment for a robber knight to fend for himself, houseless and homeless for a month, in a land full of his enemies.

Such a castle as this is full of tales and legends. Wraiths walk by night about its wicked corridors and many a tale of robbery and rapine might be found in its archives or those of the valley towns. The most pathetic tale belongs to the steel breastplate which hangs in the armory. The metal is bright and polished as the day it was made, save over the left breast, where a great square hole turns the rusted edges of the steel inward. Through that gaping wound sped to its sure aim the square-headed quarrel of a Genoese bow, but the blood that was shed and the life that fled was not that of grizzled knight or noble squire, but that of a maiden, Agnes of Eltz.

The tale is obscure. The books do not tell it all, and what they tell is doubtful, even to the name of the lady, who is sometimes called Bertha. It seems, however, that Elias the Second, son of the Great Elias, had married late in life and to the mighty grief of father and uncles, had but a single child, a maiden, to bear the burden of Eltz. When she was five years old the great Archbishop

Baldwin of Trèves had set up a new castle, Trutz-Eltz, "A-Fig-for-Eltz," across the road of access and facing the gateway of the castle, and there the catapults were loaded with great stones and strained for the work of demolition. Eltz had no stomach for a fight. Its lords were ever ready to sign a treaty, for a treaty was but a scrap of paper, to be forgotten or torn up when the peril was over, while sword blades and catapult stones were very ugly and damaging facts. So Baldwin's parliamentary, the Lord of Braunsberg, entered the archive room of the castle and there Eltz signed away its freedom, bound itself to quit robbery, and paid homage to the Electorate of Trèves. For this they were given Trutz-Eltz, and became Counts of Balden-Eltz. This was enough for the great archbishop, but Braunsberg had to have his commission, and so the old brothers signed away to him the hand of their niece, to be given to him as soon as she should be old enough to marry.

Nine years later, Braunsberg arrived at the almost undefended castle to claim his fiancée. She was not to be found, but an hour later, riding away in anger, he came upon her, sitting by a spring and listening to the love songs of a wandering poet. He was not the man to let a wild girl thwart his will, so back to the castle she went, willy-nilly, on his saddle bow, and in the courtyard she heard his way of wooing, which was much

more masterful than courtly. The end of the love-making was three slashes from her whip across his face, so that the dark blood spurted and ran from the cuts, and Agnes fled to her bower before the infuriated lover could recover his balance and his wits.

That night Agnes showed her mettle, for when the guests were seated in the hall and furious Braunsberg waited sullenly for his bride, knowing that no pretty rebel could withstand the solemn treaty of her kin, or the force of the great archbishop which stood behind and supported him, the one thing happened which could have foiled his purpose. When Agnes entered the hall and Braunsberg, standing at the head of the table, drew back her chair, the proud heiress of Eltz turned her face the other way and sat at the foot of the table among the menials, in token that she renounced family and heirship rather than wed her hated lover. Then uprose the pride of Eltz. Swords flashed in the narrow hall, and the treaty was broken and the bethrothal dissolved. But no blood flowed, for Braunsberg was in no mood to take a wife without lands, and expected to gain by time and waiting what fighting would not then have given him.

He was deceived. Three years passed, and then the archbishop summoned the sons of Eltz to fight for him the battles which their allegiance required. Scarcely had they gone when Braunsberg

rode up and summoned the castle to surrender. A vain fight followed. The unerring aim of his archers stripped the battlements of their defenders, and then the drawbridge fell and Eltz opened her gates. Two by two the victorious men-at-arms crossed the bridge and trailed up the heights within, almost to the heart of the castle. Then the bolt fell. Old men and armed women, headed by a veritable fury in armor, plunged down upon them, dragged half of them from their horses before they could recover, and sent the rest, reeling in disorder, down to the gate, through the guard-house, and back across the drawbridge, bearing their mortally wounded leader with them. Then the defiant Agnes stood at the corner of the stairway, a victorious fury, red in the glare of the torches that blazed back from her shining breastplate and her gleaming sword. But not for long. As the sullen host turned the angle of the path, the last Braunsberger let fly the bolt of his cross-bow at the maiden's breast, and the fatal shaft sped straight to its mark. So Braunsberg lost his bride and his life in the same hour.

Since this chapter was written, on Sept. 29, 1920, at two in the morning, fire broke out in Burg Eltz and all night the flames raged through the mighty towers and pointed roofs of the beautiful castle. Hours later firemen toiled up from the river towns, but could do nothing but watch the roofs fall in

and the flames die out for lack of further fuel. The house of Eltz-Rübenach escaped and the stout walls still stand intact, so that the promise is made that the castle shall be rebuilt in its former beauty.

CHAPTER VIII

THE UPPER MOSELLE VALLEY

FROM the standpoint of most Rhine travelers the Castle of Eltz is the greatest attraction in the Moselle valley, and it is therefore visited by many who do not know of anything else worth seeing on this river, and immediately turn back after seeing it. There is, however, much that is beautiful and interesting in the upper reaches of the Moselle between Eltz and Trèves, which was the center of Roman civilization in northern Europe, and possesses Roman remains of great importance. The Roman civilization extends more or less all the way down the river, and the next village we reach, Carden, is one of the oldest Roman settlements east of Trèves. It is also one of the oldest Christian villages, for it acquired a hermit, Saint Castor, soon after Constantine made Christianity a state religion. The town was not able to keep his bones, which were carried away to adorn or enrich foundations dedicated to him in Coblenz and elsewhere. The village itself has numerous picturesque bits of architecture.

Opposite Carden lies Treis, another picturesque town at the junction of three valleys; especially

beautiful is the wonderful picture of the ruined castle of Treis on its pyramidal rock, just where the three valleys come together. Treis was also a Roman station and once had a Roman bridge, while excavations about it have revealed quantities of Roman relics of various kinds.

We are now in the very midst of the Moselle castles. There are half a dozen of the finest character on this stretch of the river, though the next one, Clotten, just above the village of the same name, is now but a broken tower and a few fragments of wall. The town lies in a particularly beautiful stretch of the valley and is piled house above house to the foot of the handsome Gothic church, which is one of the most remarkable of the tree churches of the Moselle valley. These structures, of which there are so many along the river, are supported by a single great pillar, from which the Gothic vaulting springs, and this central support is frequently likened to a tree. In this case, there are twelve branches running into as many ribs of the groining.

Clotten Castle, ruinous as it is today, was once the home of a queen, Richenza of Poland. Her miserable husband, Mieczislaus II, was a physical and mental wreck, and therefore Richenza had to govern the kingdom during his life, and became regent after his death. The Polish nobles, with their usual turbulence, soon forced her to flee from the realm, and she settled down at Clotten to a

life of piety and good works, becoming happier than ever when her son took monastic vows. The Polish nobility soon felt the need of a king to lead them, however, and Casimir renounced his vows and returned to sit on his perilous throne, while his mother, broken hearted, built a hermitage in the village, to which she retired.

It is said, though I have not seen it, that in the Rathaus of Clotten there is preserved a historical relic of a rather gruesome character. About 1580 a Spanish freebooter from the Netherlands raided the Rhine valley at the head of eight hundred horsemen. Cologne was too strong for him, but Bonn and Andernach were burned and sacked, and as he had successes his band grew in number. Some of the Moselle villages ransomed themselves; others, endeavoring to save their property by resistance, lost all, even to the lives of their men and the virtue of their women. Finally, he came to Clotten, where the villagers, being unable to pay the ransom demanded, bade the freebooter come and take it. At nightfall they began with feverish haste to build a low wall, and when Tempelius set his troops on the march, long after midnight, the soldiery knew nothing of this unexpected defence. Just before dawn they reached the low wall, over which the villagers loosed a flight of arrows. Tempelius laughed and charged the wall at the head of his men. As he sprang into the ditch a Clottener drove a knife through

the middle of his right hand, and arrow and sword felled two hundred of the freebooters at the first onset. They retired in dismay, and the Moselle knew them no more. The relic of the fight, so carefully preserved, is the dried middle finger of the right hand of Captain Oliver Tempelius.

From Coblenz to Clotten the Moselle, though it has an occasional twist or turn, is not exceptionally crooked as rivers go, but from this point almost to Trèves occur the famous windings, which make it one of the most tortuous streams in existence. Just ahead of us we see, at the tip of the first great bend, the picture-city of Cochem stretched along the banks of the river, with its wonderful castle perched on a wooded hill far above it, exactly in the middle of the scene. The town is not especially picturesque in detail, for it possesses practically no old timbered citizens' houses, on account of its destruction by the French in the time of Louis XIV. Its more pretentious houses were mostly erected from the ruins of Monroyal, but its gates and walls and bastions give it an external appearance of antiquity, which is most prepossessing. The castle has been reconstructed with an eye solely to the picturesque, and possesses a wealth of decorative detail which renders it perhaps the most satisfactorily reconstructed castle in Europe.

Cochem in the valley possesses a reputation like that of Gotham. This is the town where the

Amtmann found the cage of his canary empty, and immediately sent his warders to shut and bar every gate of the town wall. This is the place where the town contracted for the laying of water pipes which should withstand a pressure of seven atmospheres. To be sure that the contract was properly executed the commissioners borrowed a pair of bellows from a blacksmith and pumped air into the pipes till they were sure they had put in at least a dozen atmospheres. It is even the town whose town clock is an ancient sundial carefully placed under a spreading roof to protect it from the weather. There is full historical authority for the statement that in the fifteenth century the town officials instituted a legal process against the moles which so infested the scanty gardens of the town that the burghers were hampered in raising their garden truck. The trial was duly held, and the moles were represented by counsel, who made a valiant argument that they were but following their natures. But alas! they did not appear in person, were convicted by default, and sentenced to be buried alive! To be sure, they say that this trial at Cochem was but a jest, a parody of the real trials of animals which happened elsewhere. Nevertheless, the jest has rebounded on the town and so has the simple earnest of a great Christian missionary, Father Martin of Cochem, who is a byword to this day because he wrote to convince simple folk, and actually "measured

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hell." "And the length and the depth and the height thereof be not very great, some German miles each way by my reckoning. And the sinners that lie there be packed very close and tight together. Yea, they fall hard upon each other, for each as he is cast in falleth toward the middle, and there is no stay for him until he reach the bottommost hell or fall upon another that hath already been cast in." Many a writer and painter had been as literal, but had not the misfortune to live in that absurd town, Cochem.

But all about Cochem is not absurd. It is marked in history as the scene of a massacre surpassed in terror only by Tilly's abominable sack of Magdeburg. In the wars of Louis XIV the city was taken five times by the troops of the Empire, the Archbishop of Trèves, Spain, Sweden and France, but of these the last were the worst. For a year it was occupied by one force after another, but in August, 1689, Marshal de Boufflers brought down twelve thousand troops from Monroyal, who thrice assaulted the city in vain with terrible losses, and then brought up artillery to batter down the gates. At four o'clock in the afternoon the French troops came through the breach and then they fought for hours, from street to street, from house to house. Four hundred Brandenburgers defended a convent, and the very last man was bayoneted across the altar. Finally, in the market place, the last soldier in the city was cut

down, and then the Frenchmen took their vengeance. "For two hours," says the chronicler, "they reaped their inhuman rage on the inhabitants thereof. Soldiers and citizens, men and women, even the young girls and aged cripples who had crept into the houses for safety, were hauled out and butchered in the streets. Every soul the raging Frenchmen met was shot or pierced or hewn in pieces, even the tiny children were spitted on the lances in the streets, or hurled from the windows into the flames that had broken out everywhere. The river ran red with blood and floated corpses down to the Rhine; the hills all round flamed in the light of the burning city. Everything that the soldiery could not take with them they burned."

The buildings on the castle hill date back, in their foundations at least, to Roman times. In the ninth century there was a monastery here, and in the eleventh it belonged to Richenza, who preferred Clotten to Cochem as a residence. She left it to her cousin, Count Heinrich, but Archbishop Hanno of Cologne assumed possession and when Heinrich besieged it, excommunicated him, fined him heavily and imprisoned him for three years as a penance. The mind of the unhappy man gave way, and when he reached Cochem on his return, he went raving mad as soon as he entered the hall, seized an axe from the wall and beheaded his wife Matilda, screaming that that was

the head of his enemy Hanno. It was his last day of freedom, and he died insane not long after. Thereafter, the castle passed through the hands of various robber knights, and acquired an unpleasant fame because of its possession of a great chain which was stretched across the river to intercept the vessels of passing merchants. It went up in flames on May 17, 1688, when it was burned by Lieutenant de Saxis because of its inability to pay the ransom of thirteen thousand, six hundred and sixty-six rix-dollars, demanded by the French.

Four miles up the Ender valley from Cochem stands another castle ruin, which also stands to the credit of Lieutenant de Saxis. This is Winneburg, one of the numerous castles whose robber history was so cruel that there seems little injustice in the local legend that gives the devil a hand in its construction. It seems that the knight who was building the castle returned from his wars with a bride and a few dozen handmaids as captives, and finding no place to bestow them and his other spoils, succinctly informed the architect that if the castle were not complete by daybreak on the following morning, he would lose his position, which implied being tossed over the most convenient precipice. The distracted builder wandered about the hilltops until midnight when a persuasive voice whispered in his ear: "As thou hast so long and so well served me, I will build thee thy castle by daybreak and will not exact my usual payment

of thy soul (which is doubtless mine already), but instead thou shalt wall up in the foundation thy pretty little daughter. On this foundation shall the castle be built." The legend has the grace to remark that the builder hesitated, but it was not for long, and the knight entered his new fortress in pomp soon after sunrise. Whatever truth there may be in the legend, the manners of the castle in later days were fully as gentle as at its beginning, as is evidenced by the record of the lord of Berglei on the opposite bank of the river, who was captured in a raid by a knight of Winneburg and hung in an iron cage like a blackbird outside the walls of the castle, where he remained as a show till he died of hunger, and then till his bones dropped out through the bottom of his cage.

A somewhat more pleasant memory attaches to another little town near Cochem, Ebernach, where once stood a little Gothic guest-house of the Abbey of Maria Laach, wherein the Archbishop Matthias of Mainz and his physician Rembert took refuge after the astronomers had predicted a solar eclipse in 1327. The superstitious archbishop insisted that his physician should give him a prescription to ward off the evil influences of the fearful phenomenon, and Rembert, after much urging, penned his famous "Recipe against the Eclipse:" "Recipe one Hubertus glass (three pints) of good Hochheimer before the eclipse, and one Hubertus glass after the eclipse, for the comforting of the stomach.

It avoideth all evil consequences of the eclipse, more especially all witchcraft and influences of the planets. *Probatum est.*" And Hessel, who tells the story, adds: "So wisely is this our world ordered that in superstitious times enlightened and reasonable spirits do arise for the discountenancing and putting to naught of vain imaginings."

The traveler by rail, on leaving Cochem, plunges almost at once into the great Emperor William Tunnel, which is nearly three miles long and occupies six minutes in its traversal. It cuts off a great bend of the Moselle, fifteen or twenty miles long, and prevents the traveler from seeing one of the famous beauty spots of the river, the town and castle of Beilstein. The story of Beilstein is in general outline like most of the other episodes of the Moselle. It dates back to Roman times. It throve under the protection of its castle; it eventually fell under the sway of the Elector of Trèves; and was finally battered, sacked, and burned by the French. The visitor today usually looks at the castle ruins and ignores the picturesque town below.

Beilstein is too mediæval to be popular as a show place. It reproduces too exactly life as it was so often lived in the Middle Ages. Its streets are narrow and dark; its buildings are cramped and huddled together in the little space between the walls and the river; its wonderful market place is too small to be wholly theatrical, and so it does

not draw crowds, as does, for instance, that picturesque survival of antiquity, Rothenburg ob der Tauber. Here one could not stage a festival play with troops of cavalry, and trains of artillery, and thousands of visitors, as does Rothenburg every Whitsuntide. But Beilstein has more than Rothenburg, for the little shops which fill the needs of the inhabitants, and pretend to be nothing more than the booths of the village mercers, look as if they had the fittings and furnishings of the sixteenth century still unchanged. In Lübeck and Nuremberg old shops have been brought together and fitted up in museums at considerable cost. Here is one which might well be transferred to a museum just as it stands.

Beilstein is pre-eminently a home of Jews, and for four centuries or more has been a harbor of refuge for that persecuted race. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there came to Germany hard times, crop failures, famine and the plague. The Jews were thrifty and wealthy. Superstition and avarice combined to declare them guilty of all miseries, and so pogroms occurred in numerous places, the valley of the Moselle not excluded. The lords of Beilstein did not, however, believe in killing Jews to propitiate Heaven, and in robbing them afterward, so they made Beilstein, or what part of it they owned, a city of refuge for Jews, where they protected them, of course against suitable payment. The part of Beilstein between

the two streams was subject to Archbishop Baldwin of Trèves, and they were granted free residence here. Consequently, the town filled up with them. They became so prosperous that they were able to help the lord of Beilstein out of serious difficulty in the middle of the seventeenth century. The lordship had been mortgaged both to Trèves and to Cologne, and when its owner endeavored to borrow still more money on a mortgage to the Palatinate, naturally the previous creditors objected, and the sum necessary to clear his property of all prior liens was set at seventeen thousand, four hundred and seventy-six pieces of gold, which enormous sum was easily found by the Jews of Beilstein.

At the time when the French were building Monroyal and raiding the Moselle valley so effectually, Beilstein was not omitted. The castle was completely destroyed and the town was raided and apparently thoroughly plundered. Naturally, the town house of the Metternichs, fronting on the market place, did not escape. In their hurried removal the family had not been able to carry away their treasure of silver plate, both table furniture and personal adornment, which was hastily concealed in the vaults. In destroying the walls of the town, the cellars were choked, and the family never thought of reconstructing the house or clearing up the ruins. The French did not find the treasure and naturally assumed that

the family had had time to remove it, but the family, which had not saved it, never even dreamed that the marauding soldiery had failed to find such magnificent booty. So it was an innkeeper of Beilstein who broke into the forgotten vaults while he was repairing his own cellar, a few years ago, and resurrected the magnificent treasures. Naturally, both the state and the Metternichs immediately appeared as claimants for the treasure trove, and obtained most of the goods. Fortunately, the innkeeper was allowed to keep a certain portion of his find.

One good story has at least one of its homes here. It seems that once upon a time the last elector of Trèves came to Beilstein, and was naturally greeted with orthodox small-town hospitality by both townsfolk and officials. The elector, being no longer in the first flush of youth, was in a mood to be wearied by the long addresses of welcome, which were naturally delivered by everyone who had a possible excuse for edging into the limelight. During the proceedings the town miller's ass, who was accustomed to carry his corn and meal back and forth between the river barges and the mill, day after day, without human guidance, came ambling through the market place and tried to find his well-known way through the crowd. He got to the center of the square, but was there held up by the zealous guardians of the public peace. After waiting what he consid-

ered to be a reasonable time he lost patience, and lifted up his voice in protest. By this time the elector was as weary as the donkey, so looking toward the official who was in the midst of a lengthy peroration, he remarked sweetly, "Would you mind speaking one at a time?"

The next bend of the river is occupied by the picturesque little town of Senheim, so lacking in shade and so fully exposed to the sun that its vines never fail to yield a crop, even in the years of worst catastrophe. In Roman times it was one of the great centers of the river, for here was the great ford over which passed all of the traffic from Trèves to Andernach on the Rhine, then the great fortress of Antonaco, founded by Drusus. Once a ford always a ford, and so through the ages the armies came through here, Roman and German, Hun and Frank, Spaniard and Frenchman, mercenary and freebooter. Pillage and rapine and flame took away one rebuilding after another, so that Roman and mediæval relics are now scarcely to be found. But still the sun glints on timbered houses, vines and orchards, and the remnants of the old Roman way, now useless and forgotten, for no man desires to travel across the high uplands from the Moselle to the Rhine.

This great stretch of the river, left to one side by the railroad, unknown to the tourist, virgin territory to all modernity, is called the Krampen. There is still much worth seeing here which I have

not space to describe, Ellenz and Poltersdorf and Mesenich, and the wondrous rock church of Ediger, clinging to the hillside, with floors and arches and groinings uneven, unequal, adapted to the irregularities and accidents of the rock to which it clings. It has two tree pillars, and not one, and it has some of the most amazing Gothic corbels which are anywhere to be seen. It is as well that they are half destroyed, for even the French soldiery found them too obscene to remain intact.

Everywhere the Krampen is a gorge, the steepness of whose rock walls and of the vineyards which grow on them can hardly be conceived by those who have not seen them. In some places there must be as much perpendicular wall as there is cultivated ground held up by it, and every bit of land which can be utilized for the planting of a vine is dedicated to that use. Even the graveyards cannot have space which is needed for the vines, and so they stand either on the tops of the hills, above the slopes which receive the warm and beneficent rays of the sun, or across the river from the villages on some flat which is not favored with a warm southern exposure. To us these lonely graveyards seem inexpressibly sad, but the river is not a separation in the Moselle valley; it is a safe and easy road, and so the graveyards seem very near to the peasants. You may hear a mother say of her dead son: "I am glad he is safe over there," for the grinding toil and the frequent

bad harvest have taken many thousand sons of the Moselle to far-off lands, whence perhaps letters come rarely or never, and one knows not whether they live in forgetfulness or shame, or lie forever forgotten beneath stranger soil. So we can understand the mother heart which feels comfort in knowing that her son at least lies where her prayers can be directed to a known location.

One of the most romantic spots in Moselle land is the isle where stands what remains of the convent of Stuben, set in a landscape so picturesque and in a location so little secluded, that immurement here was for many a noble lady a time most delightful while it lasted, but ending in a way most scandalous. For down the river floated many a barge, freighted with gay knights and nobles on the way to one or another castle, and across the meadows pranced many a charger carrying a youthful form fit for love. So Stuben's windows often sent forth invitations, and her doors stood too freely open; and more than once the archbishops of Treves had to pass stern judgment on the cloistered ladies of Stuben. "For that the nuns, vowed to chastity, poverty, and prayer, do more mind the worldly pageant passing by their island, and do neglect their bedes; and for that it hath come to our ears that they be not mindful to keep themselves unspotted from the world, therefore the nun-sisterhood at Stuben is dispersed." Over and over it happened thus that the frail

ladies were exiled from their delightful island, or floated down the river back again to a world that has never shown itself too friendly to frail ladies.

From the mists of time there peeps out but now and again a real picture of Stuben. In the beginning we have the legend of Gisela the Fair, the first abbess, who in her youth waited on the river bank for her knight coming from afar in a gaily decked barge. When he saw his fair one his ardor could not be restrained, and he leaped in full armor from the deck toward the land. But, alas! the boat's way was checked too soon, he miscalculated his leap, and the steel harness weighted him down to rise no more. And so the gay barge took Gisela and her dead Sir Nicholas to the peaceful isle, where she and four virgins founded the abbey, which became so popular and wealthy that the number of its nuns had later to be restricted to one hundred.

The scene shifts. There comes upon the stage Saint Bernard, journeying to Himmerode, where monks were leading dissolute lives, unmindful of the strictness of his rule. The good saint arrived and spent a long hard day lecturing prior and monks, but his arguments fell on stony hearts, and without getting promise of amendment he retired at nightfall to sorrowful slumber. It seems, though, that even sleep was not vouchsafed him, for when the moon rose peacefully in the skies throngs of nightingales sent up their chants of love and

joy in the forest without. Then the saint perceived why his monks were so rebellious, for even unto him came earthly thoughts, which would not be banished until, with a magnificent anger, he rose in the night and from his casement cursed the nightingales and banished them forever from the surroundings of Himmerode. Thus it came about that a new rule was given to the convent, and the monks thereafter (for a time at least) led blameless lives. The abbess of Stuben heard of the sentence imposed on the poor birds and took pity on the homeless creatures, inviting them to settle in the meadows and groves surrounding her cloister. They did so and it is said that their chants and songs, which had led the wicked monks into mortal sin, exalted the thoughts of the pure-hearted nuns to adoration. It is to be feared, however, that the record of the convent shows that the nightingale was as much a bird of love at Stuben as elsewhere.

Other pictures we see on the mists surrounding Stuben, when the lord of Arras came down the river in his war boats, with sword and axe and crimson flame, and knocked at the doors of Stuben with a hammer of iron in a cold December. When he went the treasure of the convent went with him, for there was lacking both gold and silver, and flashing eyes and rosy cheeks. Other visitors the cloister had. Heinrich of Ulmen, whose sister was a nun of Stuben, brought and

gave to the convent, ravished from Santa Sophia at Constantinople in a crusade, the "Greek double cross wrought by Porphyrogenitus out of the wood of the Cross of Christ." There came also, in 1208, Cæsarius, the miracle-monger of Heisterbach, who told all Europe of the miracles here wrought by that casket enclosing the True Cross. Thereafter, came many a visitor, great and small, lured by his tale of wonder, and while they brought fame and wealth to the convent, they brought also the pride of life, and the lust of the eye, and the desire of the flesh. Baldwin the King Maker never passed up or down the river but that he spent an hour in the chapel, or one with the vigilant abbess, and perhaps the news he got from the abbess helped along his career more than his hour of prayer. Here came also many another archbishop and prelate, and even an emperor, Maximilian the First. Stuben's high estate ended in 1790, when its ill repute was such that the last six nuns were driven out, and it was converted into an almshouse, only to be burnt four years later by the troops of the Revolution.

The bend of the river at Stuben is a sharp one, but a few miles farther up is one of the most striking windings that any river ever made. It is occupied by the Marienburg, and at the narrowest point, near Alf, the direct distance across the neck of the loop is about five hundred yards. The train goes through the tunnel in seven seconds,

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while the river steamers travel seven miles to get around the promentory. The fashion used to be for travelers to leave the boat at Alf, climb up the hill, eat their lunch on the top, and walk down to meet the vessel again at Pünderich. Here is another almost unknown stretch of the river, which is well worth visiting, for Merl and Zell are picture towns, crowded as usual between hill and river, with their old walls and towers, their timbered houses, and the picturesque squalor of their crowded streets. Merl has a belfry at one end, of which the parish church has disappeared, and is replaced by a Minorite chapel at the other end. And so, as the local witticism has it: "It has the longest church in the world, for it stretches from one end of the village to the other." As to Zell, it was once one of the most important towns on the river, but aside from the fortifications and the old electoral palace, its architectural glory has mostly departed by the way of flame. There is, however, a most picturesque road up the hill back of the town, past the massive old watchtower, and through most charming pastoral scenery to the forest of the high plateau.

Just beyond Zell is Curay, famed for its Thorn. Here during the Thirty Years' War, a wounded Swede was captured, and as his pursuers had no desire to hamper themselves with useless prisoners, they prepared to despatch him at once. He begged for time to write a letter to his parents,

and was accorded this grace and promised that the letter would be despatched. To write his letter he tore from his shirt a fragment of linen, and he plucked from a locust, which grew hard by, one of its cruel thorns, with which he opened a vein and wrote in his blood: "In this life we meet no more. Hope for another." Then the sword fell and his spirit fled. But his last earthly message won through to Sweden, whence his parents came long years after and built by the thorn a chapel to his memory. The chapel fell to ruin, but the tree still grew till the men of Curay cut it down within the lifetime of our generation.

For some distance up the river we now find little to interest us. The town of Burg once contained some fine houses, but is now remarkable only for its famous wine, the Burger Auslese, whose excellence was first made known through its discovery by the Elector John Hugo. The story is thus told by Hessel: "In the monastery of the Carmelites at Coblenz, now the royal Arresthaus, the monks but lately arrived in the town were sitting at meat one evening during Lent; their fare, however, could hardly be called meat, for it consisted of some dry rye-bread, perfectly black, and some extremely thin beer. The Elector was announced in the middle of this distressful meal. The monks rose, and the Elector bent over the table. He picked up a half pint of the thin beer, all that was allowed, tasted it, and made a wry

face. 'Good Heavens!' he said, 'that is a poor Lenten drink. I know a better, and you shall have it. Those idiots at Burg took up a loan from me, and the only condition of the loan was that it should be paid in the same coin in which it was lent, but until the paying I should receive yearly the best cask of wine grown in their vineyards. I found the wine excellent, so I made them their loan in ancient gold coins such as they will never find again. Now, I will grant you the annual cask of Burger Auslese, and I think you will find it a perpetuity. I make only one condition, you shall not touch the wine in any year until you have called "Vivat Johannes Hugo!" over it. And after my death the loving cup shall be hung about with black cloth, and you shall not touch the wine until you have sung a "De Profundis" for my soul.'"

Another excellent wine, the Stephansberg, is produced a little farther up at Enkirch, a town full of fine old timber buildings, which were mostly brought here from Monroyal, the famous fortress of Louis XIV, which occupied the plateau on the other side of the river. The narrow promontory was defended at its narrowest part above Kövenich by two extremely strong forts, while the whole plateau became an impregnable fortress under the superintendence of Vauban, the famous military engineer, whose system of fortifications was the last word in military science before the advent of the rifled gun. To construct this great fortified

city, for such it really was, the whole river valley was ransacked for building material, and when the place was completed it became the curse of the countryside in every direction. Innumerable raids were made to burn castles, plunder towns, and lay waste the country. The population, however, was not long in getting its revenge, for in ten years the place vanished as if it had never been. Started in 1686, it was not fully completed when the Peace of Ryswick was signed, and as a result of this, it was dismantled, not a single stone remaining on another. It is said there was a moat six hundred feet deep around the place, but this statement probably refers to the height from the river bed to the top of the walls.

Monroyal looked across the river to Starkenburg, the castle of the famous Countess Lauretta, the wife of Count Johann II of Sponheim-Starkenburg. This nobleman became a pilgrim to Jerusalem in 1320 and never returned, leaving his slender wife one of the greatest inheritances on the whole Moselle. The lady might have been attractive to the impecunious, of whom there were as many in those days as now, but for the fact that she was at feud with the great Archbishop Baldwin of Trèves. Lauretta's father-in-law had made way with revenues belonging to the archbishop, who decided to collect from Lauretta. He built a fortress at Birkenfeld to blockade her castle, but after this had been garrisoned for a

year she collected a force and suddenly annihilated the castle and all its defenders one winter's night. Thereupon, the archbishop got together an army of about a thousand men to destroy her fortress. She made no defence, but appealed to the archbishop in person and a truce was arranged. The countess waited her time, and eventually her spies brought her word that the archbishop was sailing down the river from Trêves with only three attendants. A few minutes later the great chain was stretched across the river, and when the archbishop's boat came opposite the castle, the chain did its work, the men-at-arms flew from ambush on either bank and Baldwin was invited to walk into the countess's castle over a red velvet carpet. He was given comfortable apartments and cheerful entertainment, but the lady demanded a substantial ransom. The archbishop threatened her with excommunication, and his followers raised a strong force to besiege the castle. The Pope's ban duly arrived, and so did the archbishop's army, but the lady cared not a fig for either, and the archbishop eventually compromised by getting the ban removed, paying eleven thousand pounds of silver, and giving her another castle. As to the personal relations between the prelate and the countess, there were melting moods on both sides, but when Lauretta asked Baldwin to come and visit her occasionally he sadly shook his head and said with a sigh: "I have no friends."

Traben and Cröv and Ürzig are all favorite stopping places of the local tourists, for they can all furnish wonderful wines, and all have interesting houses, picturesque stories, and weird legends. Saint Michael's Rock is said to be the very place where the terrible archangel confined Lucifer for a thousand years in chains, and also the rock where Saint Conrad was hurled three times over the precipice without harm till Count Theodorich, "the vassal of Hell," sliced him in twain with a single blow of his sword. The body lay by the river side forty days untouched by corruption or wild beast or bird. Naturally, Theodorich became panic-stricken at this miraculous result, and started on a crusade, but the avenging Michael drowned him before he reached Palestine, lest the Holy Land should be defiled by his impious foot. For centuries the spot was held accursed, but finally a banished and broken man, Wirich of Osthofen, driven from the Rhine, rebuilt the castle and made it the scene of the most villainous cruelties and obscenities of all the robber records of the Moselle. His abominations so cried to heaven that Arnold of Trèves, at the head of a thousand men, finally wiped out nest and inmates in a burst of purifying flame.

Still, as we pass up the river, every village recalls to us a wondrous vintage name; Zeltingen, with its wondrous Zeltinger-Schlossberg, and Graach with its vintage called Himmelreich, and

Berncastel, where is grown the famous Doctor, the greatest of all Moselle wines. It got its name from an archbishop of Trèves almost six hundred years ago. "For," says Tower, "when Boemund, second of the name, lay very sick of a fever at the castle on the hill, and all the doctors despaired of his life, a broad-shouldered vintner tramped up the hill with a little cask of wine from that three-cornered vineyard. 'Whoso drinks of this wine,' he told the mocking steward, 'must straightway be well of his fever.' So Boemund drank, and was healed as the vintner said. And afterward, when Boemund gave up the see to Kuno von Falkenstein, his successor, he provided in the letters of agreement that there should be given him yearly, from the great cellar at Berncastel, twenty *fuders* of the right wine. 'For,' said he, 'I will not be without the best doctor in mine old age!' Wherefore the wine is called 'Doctor' to this day."

From Berncastel to Trèves I have not so many memories of the river. It is not so picturesque. The villages are not compressed so closely between the river and the hills, and castles are no longer to be seen on every height. There comes back to me, however, a legend or two, such as that story of Neumagen, where once stood the marvelous palace of Constantine. In the days of Ausonius, the Roman poet, Noviomagus was a northern Bordeaux, with its marble pillars, its orange groves, its temples and baths, and all the wondrous

luxury that Roman civilization could lavish upon a favored spot. Nothing remains of its loveliness but a few tons of carved fragments in a museum. A few Roman memories still remain, however.

Just above the town on the river bank stands the little Chapel of the Martyrs. From the eddy in front of this spot in the year 286 there were washed ashore the bodies of four Christian soldiers of the Theban Legion, the story of which belongs to Trèves, and a generation later the chapel which had been built on this spot and which, though Christian, was tolerated by the Roman authorities, became an inspiration to the great Constantine. He was seeking for a plausible reason for the march which he contemplated against the Emperor Maxentius, the son of Maximian, who had ordered the massacre at Trèves. One afternoon, starting from Noviomagus for the capital, he had marched about an hour, and just before sunset had reached the little knoll now called the Kron. The mist was rising from the valley beyond, and because of it there appeared about the sun one of those curious atmospheric phenomena which are really rather common, but which most people do not often observe, and which by a curious fatality have so often been observed at critical periods in men's lives. Probably we would call what Constantine saw a sun-dog, but he saw a cross, shining brilliantly in the heavens. That evening, after returning home, something, either a dream or a

cunning adviser, bade him "conquer in this sign." Then there came back to Constantine the memory of the Chapel of the Martyrs, and his policy of revenge was made up. He led the Roman legionaries, with a cross shining above their eagles, to take vengeance on the son of the man who had caused the massacre of the Theban Legion. And so once again the history of the world was changed by cunning working on superstition and credulity.

In the dim period which came after Roman times wild things happened in the valley, and human passion and human cruelty were responsible for deeds which have left an echo in song if not in history. At Thron Corner dwelt some of the heroes of the Nibelungen legend. Hagen lived here, and here died Siegfried. Other versions of the legend say that Siegfried died in the Odenwald, but these are of much later date.

A terrible story clings in my memory, told of Mehring, where lived in the witchcraft days a fervent supporter of the witch-hunting Elector John. This man's name was Spinner, and he throve on the confiscations of the goods of the poor wretches whose deaths were brought about by the Elector's creatures. On a cold November day a poor wretch from Mehring was dragged forth to death, with the whole town following to watch. In fact, it was dangerous not to be present at an execution, for those who were absent were suspected of sympathy, if not of complicity, with the

witch. The criminal in this case had been convicted as a witch-keeper, or one who harbored witches. It is said that Spinner spoke to one of his neighbors, saying lightly: "I wonder how that rascal feels in his last hour." The witch-keeper overheard, and when the final interrogation was put to him, "Can you relieve your soul by telling where dwell other witches beside her who was taken in thy house," the condemned man looked straight at Spinner and said, "I know of one other, who dwells in the house of Spinner!" Spinner turned pale and screamed, "It is false, I harbor no women in my house." But a bystander said, "We know of at least one woman who dwells in Spinner's house, for his vine dressers have told of her." So they postponed the execution and tortured the witch-keeper, bidding him tell the truth for the lightening of his eternal punishment, even though it should not avail to save him from earthly death. So the witch-keeper told how the ancient dame who served Spinner had gathered herbs on the hills by moonlight, and had spoken to one whom no man might see. Three times he told the same story; once buried to his neck in hot earth, fresh from the fire; once with his foot plunged in boiling water; and finally when hung by the feet over a roaring fire. So the judges said: "He has sworn by earth, water and fire, and so is his word true," and they set up a double gallows on the hill above Mebring, on which Spinner and his accuser

might die together. Once more the citizens thronged to the spectacle, and once more the witch-keeper was asked the last question for the relief of his soul. But this time he answered: "Today I die, and in my last moment I will not lie. Spinner is guiltless. I heard him wonder how I felt in my last hour. I think he knows now. Once more I swear by earth, and by water, and by fire, and finally by the clean, pure air of heaven, in which I must die, that he is innocent!" So they believed, because dying men lie not, and they took Spinner, grey with fear, down from the gallows, while the witch-keeper they hanged on the high tree. Never again did he deliver a witch to the judges, and to this day there still stands the Spinner Cross of Mehring, which he set up on the hill in thanksgiving and warning.

Of the little village of Riol the guidebooks say naught, nor do I remember anything of my passing through, but nevertheless its name will always be remembered while history is written, for twice has destiny connected it with fateful things for great nations. In 69 Rome's northern empire tottered when Civilis and his barbarians took up their arms, but here Cerealis ended the matter, and the Roman power sat firm again for another term of years. Centuries later, fame came again to Riol, through Peter of Aspelt, who studied medicine and theology so diligently that he became not only the priest of Riol, but the body

surgeon of Rudolph of Hapsburg and Henry of Luxemburg. Henry sent him on a mission to the Pope in 1280, and he found him dying. What the Italian surgeons could not do, Peter accomplished, and cured the Pope. In gratitude, he gave preferment to Peter, who soon became bishop of Basel. Twenty years later he went to Rome to urge the confirmation as archbishop of Mainz of the youthful Baldwin of Luxemburg. But the Pope passed over Baldwin and gave Peter the position. Baldwin and his brother were naturally incensed, and the Pope, to clear him of the suspicion of treachery, made Baldwin archbishop of Trèves. By this time Peter's power and influence were great, and when the Emperor Albrecht died, Peter and Baldwin were able to determine the electors to make Henry emperor. Again it was Peter who married the emperor's son Johann to a princess of Bohemia, and anointed him king in the Cathedral of Prague. It was again Peter who made Louis of Bavaria emperor after Henry died, and crowned him at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1314. Peter was the son of a poor peasant, but his gravestone in the cathedral at Mainz shows him in his full glory as an archbishop, with his hand stretched in blessing over the three kings who owed him their crowns.

CHAPTER IX

TRÈVES

THE memory which I shall hold longest of Trèves, and one of the most vivid that I have of any part of Europe, is one of May moonlight. It had been a day of blazing heat among the Moselle hills, and I had had a long, hot walk along the dusty road from Zell to the railroad, and a stifling ride on the sunny side of a third class carriage up to Trèves. When I reached my hotel I felt as if I never wanted to walk again, but a hot bath and a good dinner quite changed my mind, and I strolled lazily about the narrow streets of the city and across the Roman bridge in the gathering darkness. Great cumulus clouds rode in the sky; sometimes the moon silvered the river, and then left it again in black darkness under the hills. Returning to the city, I wandered aimlessly about, and finally decided to return to my hotel. The street was shaded and as black as midnight, for a dense cloud covered the moon. I turned a corner just as the moon came out in full brightness, and stood aghast, not realizing for a moment what was before me. In ghostly brilliancy in the moonlight appeared Christ on the Cross, streams

of blood pouring down His face and flanked by two sinners in torment, likewise crucified. Behind all, and overhanging the crosses, was a great hedge of white lilacs, glorious in bloom and filling the air with unearthly fragrance. Only for a moment did the sense of reality persist, and then I knew that the Calvary before me, though life-size, was but a carving, but never have I received such a terribly realistic impression of the Sorrow of Gethsemane as on that lilac-perfumed night of May.

Trèves is full of religious memories, and they even attach themselves to the Roman remains, which are the greatest attraction to the visitor. In fact, probably few tourists would come here were it not for the Black Gate and other classic remains, though the city is strikingly picturesque with its red sandstone walls and numerous towers seated on a rich plain among hills covered with vines and woods. The city is supposed to be the oldest in Germany, for it was founded by Augustus under the name of Augusta Treverorum, in the country of the Treveri, one of the Belgian tribes which had been conquered by Cæsar. It rose to the rank of a colony, and was frequently the residence of the Cæsars. As such, it was fittingly walled and adorned with palatial buildings, of which very substantial remains still exist.

The most famous of these by far is the well-known Porta Nigra, the Black Gate, the only one

of the four gates of the Roman city which remains. This was once the Gate of Mars and stood midway of the northern wall. Nothing remains to mark the sites of any of the others, but as one faced the bridge now almost at the southwestern corner of the city, and was then also in the middle of a wall, it is apparent that the Roman city was three or four times as large as the walled city of the Middle Ages. That the stones of the gate were and remain almost black, would naturally not be enough cause for its name, in the minds of a people addicted to creating and telling legends. In the *Gesta Treverorum* we find the statement that, "when the Romans sallied forth to war they passed through the gate and called it the 'Gate of Mars'; but when they returned in defeat by the same entrance they called it the 'Black Gate' because of their discomfiture." The building consists of two great round towers of defence, between which is a three-story panel of wall with two wide gates on the ground floor and two ranges of windows above. The gates could be defended by a portcullis covered by flanking fire from the two towers. If the gates were battered in, the assailants would find themselves in a small court, exposed to a raking fire from all parts of the gatehouse. The town wall, which was lower, is gone, save small fragments showing where the junction was. The Black Gate is constructed of massive sandstone blocks, which were fastened together not with

mortar but with iron clamps. During the Middle Ages, because of the exhaustion of the more accessible ore deposits of Europe, iron became such a precious metal that the clamps of Roman buildings were extremely valuable. In many cases Roman structures were demolished to get this iron, and the ruinous appearance of this Roman gate is mainly due to the defacing of the great blocks which was produced by digging into them to obtain the iron clamps. Possibly this gate might have been demolished like the others had not the odor of sanctity attached itself to it.

On the left side of the gate may still be seen a curious structure which is part of the double church of Saint Simeon, who was at one time a pilgrims' guide in Jerusalem, and who later became the companion of a recluse in the valley of the Jordan. After a while the habit of wandering reasserted itself, and in the course of time he made his way to Trèves. The Archbishop Poppo was thinking of a pilgrimage to Palestine and eagerly grasped the opportunity to find an experienced guide. When the two returned from the Holy Land the archbishop told Simeon that he might choose a habitation for himself. The city abounded in ruined palaces, which had formerly been the habitations of Roman nobles, and Poppo supposed that he would choose one of these. Simeon, however, after inspecting the vacant apartments for a day or two, secured a

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT TRÈVES

mason and entered the eastern tower of the Porta Nigra. He then ordered the mason to wall the room up completely, except for an opening just large enough to pass in bread and water. Thus Simeon found the seclusion which none of the hermitages of Palestine had been able to give him. Through the massive walls came no sound from the outer world, and once a day only did some servant of God pass in a dole of bread and water, with fresh vegetables only on the high festivals of the church. Seven years his life endured in this living grave, and then he was buried under the gate which he had chosen for his home. Poppo consecrated the gate itself as a chapel of Saint Simeon, while a church was erected without. Modernity has regarded the Roman gate as a more noteworthy building than the mediæval church, and so has laid the gate bare at the church's expense.

Quite across the town from the Porta Nigra is another of the great show places of Trèves, the amphitheatre, which is still sufficiently preserved to allow the imagination to conjure up a reasonable picture of what it looked like when complete, though no such ruins exist as remain at Verona or at Rome. The east side is built against the rocky hill, while the western half was artificially raised. As usual with Roman buildings, it became a quarry in the Middle Ages, so that most of the stone work is gone. Still it requires no great effort of the

imagination to find the dens where the wild beasts were kept, and it is easy to trace the outlines of the rows of seats. When I first saw it, it was a picturesque spot, covered with grass and wild flowers, but the passion for excavation has bared it to the heavens, and left it a chaos of broken stone, of great interest to the archeologist but an unbeautiful spectacle.

The monks of the Middle Ages imagined or adorned a tradition about its erection. They tell that when the primitive natural arena was to be enlarged and made worthy of a prosperous Roman city, the governor gave orders to a master builder named Katholdus to erect the necessary walls and seats, and to lay water pipes from the town aqueduct, so that the sand of the arena might be well wet down when necessary. The time given the builder was so short that he hardly saw how he could keep his contract, but one of his slaves, who had become an expert in sanitary engineering by long work on the aqueduct, offered his master, as the price of his freedom, to build the water conduits by the time the building itself was completed. Katholdus was so certain that this was impossible that he wagered his head against that of the slave that the work could not be accomplished. Now the master was no fool, and he had an excellent reason for desiring to get rid of his slave by means of a perfectly proper and legal death. He was mated, by imperial command,

and not by his own choice, with a wife named Katholdis, who, as is the habit of wives in romances, preferred the slave to the husband. It was hardly safe on the frontiers of the empire, where the needs of defence were often pressing, to execute arbitrarily able-bodied slaves, and so Katholdus thought that his bet, which he felt sure of winning, was a very safe way of forever disposing of an unpleasant rival.

The slave, however, was master of his craft, and instead of building an aqueduct of masonry across the valley, he laid his pipes on the slope of the hill and ran them up to a point on the river sufficiently high to give him the needed pressure, so that the conduit was done a full day before the gate. The slave, with an inward smile, climbed to the top of the amphitheatre and inspected the golden staff which was to be set on the highest coping stone, as a proper support for his head, and chuckled as he thought that his master's head instead of his would soon adorn it. Then he went down and opened his cocks to flood the arena. Now Katholdus smiled, for no water came. The builder's engineers had looked over the work, and had told him that water would not fill the pipes for lack of two vent holes to let out the imprisoned air. The slave in despair had gone to his mistress and told her his troubles, and she bade him be of good cheer, for the builder would know the explanation and she would get the secret before

morning. The slave hid behind the hangings and during the night the uxorious master told the secret to his wife, laughing because he knew that the coping stone would be set at sunrise, and that the poor slave, whom he supposed to be out inspecting his pipes, could by no chance discover the flaw before then. But when the fatal words were spoken, the barefoot slave crept from his place of concealment, and an hour later the flood poured into the arena.

The master Katholdus left his bed at dawn, only to hear the fatal news, but he mastered his feelings and took his wife to the amphitheatre. When they got there and he saw the mimic lake, he said to Katholdis: "Now shall you come with me to the platform over the gate, and then shall you have your wish, and be rid of me forever." But when they reached the top, and the slave, with a joy which he could not conceal, came forward to claim his reward, and the eager Katholdis could scarce restrain herself for her desire of his arms, Katholdus suddenly grasped the woman and lifting her high in air, strode to the parapet and over the edge to a mutual death on the cruel pavement far below.

They call the spot the Wall of Katholdus, even unto this day. The mediæval mind could not conceive that justice had been done to the unfortunate woman, who had been wedded against her will, and to whom, therefore, popular logic

would not deny the right to solace outside the bonds of wedlock. So the legend arose that the builder's treasure lies under the arena, and that poor Katholdis guards the wealth, sitting by night on the arena wall, waiting till the chosen mortal shall release her from her vigil by casting her down again into the arena, after which, as his reward, the treasure shall uncover itself. He has not yet arrived, for he must come with clean hands: "One who hath not taken reward against the innocent, nor sworn to the undoing of his neighbor." Even to this day none having these qualifications has passed by the amphitheatre of Trèves.

Hard by the amphitheatre is the old imperial palace of Constantine, facing what was once the magnificent Roman Forum, but is now a bare and dusty square, largely used of recent years as a parade ground for the troops which were quartered in the palace of the mediæval archbishops. The Roman palace is a picturesque group of ruins, of which enough remains standing to give some idea of its ancient greatness. It was a building full of grace, quite in contrast with the stern and severe brick basilica, once a hall of justice, now a Lutheran church. There is something in all these buildings which the conscientious visitor will feel bound to inspect with his guidebook in hand, but life is gone from the once busy Forum, for the town has moved away from it, and neither religious nor military buildings, nor even a provincial museum,

have any such tendency to attract a crowd as the bustling marts of trade.

For the most dramatic episode in the history of Trèves we must go as far back as the year 286. Though Rome was not yet Christian, for more than two centuries the doctrines taught by Saint Peter's emissaries in Northern Gaul had been familiar in Trèves. Jupiter and Diana were no longer objects of adoration; the image of the heavenly huntress, now in the provincial museum, was then degraded from its altar and exposed in the market place for the amusement of the Christian rabble. The sect, though not officially countenanced, possessed a church and a cemetery, as well as a numerous body of worshipers. In the late summer came rumors of war to the north and west, and eastern legions were sent over the long road from Rome to Britain to suppress the troubles. Among them came the Theban Legion, raised in the muddy delta of the Nile, but commanded by Thyrsus and Bonifacius, noble Romans but not in imperial favor, because they were Christians. In the region of Lake Geneva this legion received orders from Maximian, the commander of the whole army, to suppress some agitation among the peasants and destroy the homes of the villagers who were implicated. The commanders of the legion demurred at slaughtering unarmed peasants, and when they received peremptory orders to execute the orders of the higher command, they

replaced their military tunics by civil togas and announced to the legionaries that, as they had laid down their commands, they could not issue the expected orders. The legionaries were Christians, approved of their commanders' decision, and rested on their arms at Agaunum on the Rhone.

Maximian was a Roman general, and he acted with Roman severity and promptness. Two other legions surrounded the mutineers; they were paraded without arms and every tenth man was ordered to step forth from the ranks. The Thebans shuddered, but were helpless, and they sullenly stood at attention and watched their unfortunate comrades executed by the merciless swords of their fellow soldiers. Maximian did not dare to execute Thyrsus and Bonifacius, for Rictius Varus, the imperial prefect in Trèves, was the father of one and the father-in-law of the other. When the legion encamped at the head of the bridge opposite Trèves on the first of October of that far-distant year, the Christian population of the city greeted the soldiers with enthusiasm.

Maximian had sent forward an edict from Diocletian, to the effect that this foolish Christian religion was to be eliminated from the army, since soldiers who believed in brotherly love were not stern enough to carry out the purposes of Rome. Varus had no objection to removing from the service any number of Christians, for in his opinion, also, they were too soft for soldiers, and as

to the civil population of the town, he loathed them because of their objections to bloody performances in the arena. Still he was humane enough to wish to save his own relatives from the consequences of their actions, and made an unofficial suggestion to them that they should take a select squad down the river, to quell certain symptoms of turbulence which were making travel dangerous in the lower valley. When Thyrsus received the message he scorned to abandon his fellow soldiers, and wrote formally: "To Rictius Varus, Prefect of Trèves, from the commander of the Theban Legion beyond the river, greeting. The legion will encamp tomorrow in the market place." So, on the following day, knowing full well what was in store for them, but impelled both by the stern discipline of the Roman legionary and the unflinching fortitude of the early Christian, always prepared for martyrdom, the Theban Legion marched in perfect order across the Roman bridge and into the outer market place. They piled their arms without hesitation and marched without faltering or resistance under the bloody swords of the pagan garrison, who hewed them down remorselessly, while Varus sat on his high throne and coldly watched the sanguinary scene. Thyrsus, with an eagle eye, upheld by his glance the courage of his soldiers, even to the last man, and then, bearing the eagle of his legion, marched himself along the path of death. But no Roman soldier would dare to harm the bearer of a

Roman eagle, be he Christian or barbarian, and so Thyrsus came unscathed to the foot of his father's throne, where he laid his charge across his father's knees and said proudly: "Take thou this standard, Varus, and bear it until thou hast thrice saved Treves." Then, having laid aside his immunity, he turned and embraced the death which had been meted to his comrades.

History here begins to mingle with legend, but all the chronicles tell that on the next day the three questors of the city were executed on the same spot, and that thereafter every Christian who could be found in Trèves was mercilessly slaughtered. The bodies were thrown into the Moselle, whose current was stained with blood at least as far as Neumagen, where we have seen the Chapel of the Martyrs. Thereafter, the stories vary. Some chronicles say that Varus was responsible for the massacres, but local tradition says that he hanged himself in his palace in the night when his son died, and that his unquiet spirit haunted the city, always a foreteller of impending disaster. But the spirit labored to free itself of its curse. It woke the guard, once when the Franks raided the city, and again when Norman pirates swooped down on the fertile plain. One form of the legend says that for centuries he still wandered about the precincts of the church of Saint Paulinus, which now stands in the old market place, until chance allowed the bishop of Eiss to get rid of him. The

latter was going home across the cemetery one evening, when the ghost of Varus barred his way. The bishop had at his tongue's end a most powerful formula of exorcism which, though not strong enough to completely dissipate the spirit, was still competent to reduce it to a manageable size. So the bishop picked up the diminished wraith, put it under his cloak, and rode away down the river to Schweich, where he took the ferry.

The ghost, though portable, was too much of a load for the boat, which began to sink as soon as it left the bank. The ferryman accused the bishop of having some terrible sin on his conscience, but the bishop just opened his cloak and showed the head of the eagle. The boatman fainted from fright, and the vessel floated down to the edge of the Meilenwald, then a desolate forest, where the bishop released his captive and bade it return no more to Trèves. It is said that the ferrymen of the Moselle still sometimes say to him who would board the boat when it is already full, "We have no room for Riktiovar."

There is another ending to the legend which says that a couple of centuries ago incendiaries fired the city while the watchmen neglected their duty. Varus was still on guard, and furiously rang the great fire bell of Saint Gangolf, the mediæval heart of the town, so that the people rushed from their homes and quenched the flames. Thereafter, wondering men saw the spirit of Thyrsus come

forth from the market place to the church of Saint Simeon, as the Black Gate was then denominated, and take the golden eagle back from the wearied hands of Varus, saying: "Father, rest now in peace, for thou hast purged thy soul of its guilt by thrice saving Treves." And from that day no man has seen the wandering ghost of Varus.

Maximian, the persecutor, has another interest to us in connection with Christian history, through his daughter Theodora. the second wife of a Roman officer whose name was Constantius. This officer took for his first wife Helena, the daughter of an innkeeper of Trèves, though Saint Ambrose says that she came from Drepanum in Bithynia. While Constantius was a mere soldier he remained faithful to his first wife, but the time came when Diocletian raised this officer to the purple, and it was not fitting that he should continue to cleave to a wife of such humble origin, so he was required to annul his marriage with Helena and take as a spouse Theodora, the daughter of Maximian. Helena lost not only her husband, but also her little son, Constantine, who became the first Christian emperor. When her son reached the throne, he built for her a grand palace in Trèves, but she embraced Christianity in 312 and left the city forever just after Constantine defeated Maxentius. When she departed she presented her palace to Agritius, the bishop of the city, who converted it into a church. She went to Rome and afterward

to Palestine, where she made the famous discovery of the Holy Relics with which her name is forever connected. With the others we have not here to do, but Trèves was made forever famous by receiving the Holy Coat without Seam, which is still preserved carefully in the cathedral, where it is exhibited at great intervals, always attracting enormous crowds of pilgrims. The Holy Coat is a brownish linen garment, with short sleeves. At some ancient date it was protected by an outer and an inner covering. It was first publicly exhibited, as far as recorded, in 1512, when a hundred thousand pilgrims saw it. In 1891, it was shown for six weeks, and more than two million persons, from every civilized country in the world, came to Trèves to see it. Naturally, its history is more or less disputed, but there is no need of going into such details, which can be duly looked up by all who are interested. What millions of people hold in sacred reverence has an undoubted value in the stimulation of faith, and there is no doubt that the next exposition of the Holy Coat will bring to Trèves as many devout as any previous one.

Here we must leave the Moselle, and turn our wandering footsteps back to Father Rhine. Had we time it would be a pleasant journey to go on up the valley of the ever-narrowing river, wild and romantic in spots, past Neunig, with its wonderful Roman mosaic pavement, and Metz, once more reunited to France, and into the clefts of the Vosges

to the springs where the tiny rivulet is born. But we have a mightier river to trace to even as slight a source, and we must leave the headwaters of the Moselle to be properly described on another occasion.

CHAPTER X

FROM COBLENZ TO MAINZ

ALL of the early nineteenth century writers about the Rhine devoted a great deal of space to descriptions of the wonderful fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which they usually described as the "Bulwark of Germany" or the "Rhenish Gibraltar." The rock was naturally, because of its dominating position at the mouth of the Moselle, fortified very early, possibly by the Romans, and various records of the existence of a fortress here appear during the Middle Ages. When the French evacuated the Rhine in 1801 they completely razed it. The present fortress was built between 1816 and 1826, and cost about five million dollars, the bulk of which was paid by France to Prussia as war indemnity. Various changes have been made in the century since, but all will shortly be undone again, for this structure must be demolished by Germany, together with all her defences within fifty kilometers of the east bank of the Rhine. The fortress was always considered impregnable in the days of low-power artillery, and on the two occasions when it has been forced to capitulate, in 1637 and 1799, it was

because of famine on both occasions; in the first siege the garrison resisted until they had boiled all their saddles and eaten the leather, while on the second occasion the garrison held out on cat-flesh and horse-flesh till these were gone, and then negotiated a capitulation which allowed them to march out with colors flying and bands playing. The fortress has been besieged on numerous occasions and in 1688 held out successfully against the French under Marshal Boufflers, though Vauban himself directed the siege, and Louis XIV was present to behold the expected surrender.

Though few events except those of a martial nature have occurred at Ehrenbreitstein, I find recorded a curious story of a vision which was here beheld by the Elector John Hugo of Orsbeck, on the Eve of the Epiphany in 1701. The prince had been reading his despatches from Vienna until midnight. He then took his breviary and a candle, and entered the gallery leading to the church. To his surprise he discovered that the sacred edifice was filled with persons, some of whom he knew to be long dead, though others were still alive. He recognized among them, with a bridal wreath in her hand, "more beautiful than the loveliest summer day, and sparkling with diamonds," his sister Eva, who had died when she was fifteen years old. He recognized his brother, who had died in battle in Hungary thirty-seven years before, wearing a red bow over his fatal wound and carry-

ing a wreath of myrtle. He saw, also, two of his sisters, one of whom was alive and one dead, holding his mother's betrothal ring between them. As he stood watching, he discovered in front of the altar a coffin, in which he beheld his own corpse, and then the clergy entered, and sung a requiem mass for him, after which his escutcheon was broken and his coffin lowered into the vault. Then came darkness, and he retired to bed greatly frightened. After a time he fell asleep and in the morning would have dismissed the affair as but a dream, but for the fact that when his servant came to his bed in the morning he picked up on the floor by the bedside the betrothal ring of the elector's mother, which had been lost for twenty years. Ten years later to a day the elector died, the last of his race, at the age of seventy-seven, and so at his funeral, after the coffin had been lowered into the vault, his coat of arms was broken to bits and cast into the grave, while a herald proclaimed, "Orsbeck, no more an Orsbeck!"

The stretch of the Rhine from Coblenz to Bingen is generally esteemed to be the finest for scenery, though perhaps there is no single view in this stretch quite as picturesque as that of the Seven Mountains from Rolandseck, and though there are also stretches in Switzerland where the view is grander, although the river is smaller. This portion of the Rhine should undoubtedly be seen from the deck of a steamer for the greatest effect.

The first point of interest is the castle of Stolzenfels, opposite the mouth of the Lahn and the two picturesque towns of Oberlahnstein and Niederlahnstein. This castle was built in 1270 by Archbishop Arnold of Trèves, and later carried down to the river's edge to make it certain that no merchant could pass without paying toll. It gradually fell into ruins and in 1688 was burnt by the French. About 1825 it was offered for sale for fifty dollars or so, but no purchaser could be found. Later, the citizens of Coblenz presented it to the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the architect Schinkel was commissioned to restore it. There is no doubt as to how it originally appeared, for Merian has left an engraving of it, showing all its roofs to be pointed. The Prussian architect, however, had his own ideas as to how a mediæval castle should be constructed, and produced the absurd result through which thousands of visitors now shuffle in felt slippers, so that they may not scratch the highly polished oaken floors. If the castle itself is hardly worth visiting, the trip up to it is not without interest. Read how Mayhew describes it:

"A beautiful journey it is to ascend that lovely dingle, along the zig-zaggy road leading to the castle; and as you cross the tall aqueducts that span the wooded chasm, to hear the pleasant whispering of the little crystal thread beneath grow dimmer and dimmer as you rise, till it sounds in the ear as a summer breeze rustling along some

shady grove; and then to look down from each turn of the heights on your way, and see the grey shaggy-coated animals, with their bright scarlet trappings, bearing some new troop of visitors far below in your wake; or, on the other hand, to gaze upwards and behold the overhanging, ochreous, and ivied castle pile, scarcely bigger than a park villa, set halfway up the mountain side amid a rich red cloud of autumnal woods, and with its notched pinnacles, and many-angled turrets grouped to a truncated point by the tall prism-tower rising from the center; and, again, to find the serpent Rhine uncoiling itself, as it were, with every step you take, until the sparkling line of water seems, when viewed from the heights of the castle, to streak the meadows of the Rhine-valley like some crystal vein of spar in a slab of bright malachite; while as the scene expands beneath the eye, the crowd of mountains round about grow denser and denser — until at length the Rhine itself appears but as a passage opened by the miraculous parting of the mountain waves through the great sea of land.

"Then, how balmy is the repose of the pretty valley of Lahn, on the opposite shore! You would fancy that the little river there flowing into the Rhine was some stream of silver pouring from out the distant mountain mines. The tiny vessels that break the curving line of its yellow banks, seem from the height scarcely bigger than summer

insects on the water. Here, too, at the very point where the Rhine and Lahn mingle their streams, are seen the ruins of *Johannis-kirche* (Saint John's Church), set on a low base of outstretching moss-like meadows; and you can look down into the shell of roofless walls as if it were into some empty sarcophagus; while its tall, lonely tower, standing in front of the yellow shoal-bank — seems more like some ancient Rhine-toll than a church steeple. Nor would you believe that human passion and evil feeling ever had sway in that little fairy town that you behold yonder, bordering the Lahn stream — white as a cluster of water-lilies — and with its dark grey roofs hazed with their mist of smoke. That is *Nieder*-Lahnstein; and not many paces from it, on the other side of the Lahn, is its brother-village of *Ober*-Lahnstein, set on a long silt-bank facing the Rhine, and with the shore crimson with the heaps of red iron ore from the Nassau mines; and as the *nether* hamlet overhangs the Lahn, as if, Narcissus-like, enamoured with its own image in the water, so does the *upper* village stretch itself along the very edge of the Rhine-bank, with its ancient rampart-walls, and many brown old donjon-towers, and thick-turreted fortress-gates, and the old Prince-Elector's palace, with its high and massive square tower, at the farther end of the town — all painted in the stream, with the colors soft and deep-stained as some fine antique enamel.

"Behind this, again, and close beside the Lahn, rises the solitary hill of *Lahn-eck* (Lahn corner), like a huge dromedary's hunch, with the ruins of its old castle cresting the summit, that you might mistake for some simple mountain church; while facing this there rises on the other side of the valley stream the *Aller-heiligen-berg* (All Saint's Mountain), with, perched upon the hilltop, its pilgrim's chapel, tiny and white in the sun as some bride-cake ornament; and, as you look through the beauteous chasm of the valley between these two grand hills, you can see the fine purpley form of the far-off mountains, hazed with the intervening air, and standing up like monster fortress-escarpments in the distance."

A little above Capellen, among the trees between the road and the river, stands the curious little structure called the Königsstuhl or "King's Seat," which was erected in the fourteenth century on the site of the ancient meeting place of the imperial electors. Here for a long period were the emperors of Germany elected, decrees issued and treaties concluded. It might be called the Upper House of Parliament of the empire. The most peculiar feature about it is that it has no roof and is open at the sides. It is not unlike a great pulpit or baptismal font, for it is octagonal in form, twenty-two feet in diameter and eighteen feet high. The sides have eight open arches and there is a ninth pillar in the center. The platform in the upper

part is reached by a flight of steps. Here the electors sat on benches, one on each of seven sides, and the German emperor on the eighth, which is on the north. Originally the electors met at Mainz but when, in the days of Ludwig the Bavarian, the number of electors was fixed at seven, their meeting place was transferred here, for four of the electors could behold their own dominions from their seats at the meeting. The town of Rhens belonged to the elector of Cologne, Lahnstein to the elector of Mainz, Stolzenfels to the elector of Trèves, and the Marksburg to the Rhenish Palatinate. Here were not only emperors elected, but emperors dethroned; here was passed the celebrated decree of 1338, which declared that the imperial authority depended upon God alone, and that the Pope had no temporal influence over the sovereign chosen by the seven electors.

In the year 1400, the emperor of Germany was Wenzel, king of Bohemia, a drunkard and incapable of any control over the affairs of the empire. He had obtained his election by gross bribery, but even those who had taken his pay finally rebelled, and on August 11 of that year the four Rhenish electors summoned him to Oberlahnstein to show reason why he should be allowed to reign longer. He made no appearance or defence and on August 21 he was declared deposed. The next day the electors went across the Rhine to the Königsstuhl and elected one of themselves,

the Count Palatine Ruprecht, emperor. When the men of Nuremburg received the news they sent a messenger to Wenzel to ask to be released from their allegiance. "Certainly," said the sot, "at the price of four hogsheads of wine of Bacharach."

In spite of this remarkable history the Königsstuhl was pulled down in 1808 because a new road was being built and the makers would not allow a slight deviation to avoid the historic structure. In 1843, a new generation had come, which carefully collected the old materials, as far as they could be found, and used them with some additions to re-erect the old building as near as possible to its former site. For some reason the steps leading to the platform, which were formerly on the north side, were placed to the south.

The neighboring town of Rhens is still surrounded by walls and ditches, constructed in 1370, and contains some very interesting old houses.

Above the town of Braubach, which was once walled, stands the imposing castle of Marksburg, the only castle on the Rhine which was not burnt by the French. It has been used as a state prison, but has now been restored and contains some interesting antiquities.

Around the next bend is Boppard, an ancient Celtic settlement where Drusus placed one of his fifty castles. It was a free imperial town till the Emperor Henry VII presented it to his brother Baldwin, elector of Trèves. When Baldwin tried

GENERAL VIEW OF BOPPARD

to take it he had to fight for it, and the royal palace was burned rather than let the elector get possession of it. He repaired it and it was used for many years, until 1803, when Count Walderdorf, who owned it then, gave it to his butler. The citizens said that in the cellar were barrels of wine which were so ancient that the staves had rotted away and the wine was retained by its own crust which had formed inside the cask. Even though Thomas was a butler he could not find the wine, and he tore the building down and sold it for the value of the stone.

In 1497, the Archbishop John of Baden had so much trouble from the restive inhabitants that he excommunicated them and deposed the burgomaster. The townsfolk elected a new leader and repaired their walls to stand a siege. The elector arrived in midsummer with his own army and promises of assistance from the electors of Cologne and Mainz, and from the landgrave of Hesse. Cologne sent two officers, Mainz neither officers nor men; the landgrave sent some mercenaries, but he and his knights camped on the other side of the Rhine because, said he, "'Tis I can see the fun best thence." Along with the army came two great cannon, Ungnade and Schnellchen, each of which had as attendants a master gunner, six carpenters, a mason and eight laborers, together with two hundred stone balls. Some little cannon came also, but most of these burst. The army

of twelve thousand men sat down and bombarded the town for twelve days, by which time the citizens had had enough. In the midst of the bombardment, however, there was an interlude. Boppard was in the habit of celebrating, on the second Monday after Trinity, a Kirmess on the Orgelborn meadow, where the people ate and drank and danced and made merry with fife and drum. This festival had been celebrated for centuries and if it was not held, a bequest for the benefit of the town made by an abbess of the Marienberg convent would no longer be annually distributed. So the townsfolk sent out a flag of truce to the archbishop and asked that hostilities be suspended for one day, so that they might have their annual jollification and save their rights. In those days war was conducted on gentlemanly principles, so the guns stopped their bellowing, the gates opened, the whole population of the town poured out in gala dress, and besieged and besiegers danced and feasted and got thoroughly drunk together for a whole day. The next day the fighting was recommenced and the town shortly capitulated, without any particular penalties being inflicted, though the citizens had to pay the mercenaries enough to satisfy them for losing the privilege of plundering the town.

Around the town of Boppard once grew an extensive forest, which belonged to the elector of Trèves, but in which the townsfolks cut firewood

and timber and hunted when they pleased. In 1770, the elector decided to forbid these privileges, and the Bopparders decided to resist. "When the electoral woodsmen appeared Boppard swarmed forth, seized on the men and carried them to the town hall, where they were made to swear never to enter the forest again. The elector was very indignant, and having managed to secure the persons of twelve of the citizens and three of the sheriffs, he had them conveyed to Ehrenbreitstein, and required them on their oath not to speak a word further to any man relative to the rights of the town over the wood. When they returned home, one of them stood before his stove and said aloud: 'Not to mortal man will I say it, but only to thee, old stove, that the Boppard Forest belongs to us, and Boppard asses we shall be if we surrender our rights.' Another said: 'I am mum to every man, but I beg to let the hares in the wood know that they belong to us, and are not to acknowledge the elector of Trèves as their master.' A third said: 'I met a man in the forest the other day. He wore a full-bottomed wig and a leather mantle, and had a sword by his side. He asked me whether I was a citizen of Boppard, and when I answered that I was so, then said he to me: "I am the Emperor Otto; take a message from me to the people of Boppard, and tell them that they are to hold on to their rights." I replied that I was under a pledge not to speak on that subject.

He expressed regret to hear that, offered me a pinch from his snuffbox, and vanished.'" The reason why Kaiser Otto was brought into the matter was because of tradition that he had granted the forest to the citizens of the town because one of their knights had saved his life. The result of the quarrel was a lawsuit in the imperial courts, which probably would have dragged on until today if the French Revolution had not ended it, and then the townsfolk took the forest for themselves.

Opposite Boppard, above the little town of Bornhofen, are the famous castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein, better known as "The Brothers." Of them is told a famous legend. Conrad and Heinrich, the two sons of the knight Bayer of Boppard, lord of Liebenstein, were both in love with their foster sister, Hildegarde Bromser, an orphan relative who had been brought up by their father. The elder brother, a grave and sedate man, when he found that his brother Conrad was the preferred suitor, went on a crusade. The old knight, though he felt that Hildegarde's choice of Conrad was a mistake, assented to the match, and built the castle of Sternberg as a home for the young couple. The wedding could not take place as planned, however, for the old knight died, and Conrad began to seek distraction in the company of the dissolute young nobles of the neighborhood. His heart grew cold toward love and fired with emulation of the knightly deeds which were told

of his absent brother. So without even bidding farewell to his promised bride, he departed one day to Palestine, leaving Hildegarde alone in Liebenstein to grieve over his absence, for she doubted not the constancy of his love. One evil day Hildegarde saw a long train of horses and mules toil up the rocky steep and disappear into the castle of Sternberg, and soon she learned that Conrad had come back, bearing with him a Grecian bride of exquisite beauty. And so, while feast after feast took place in the castle at the other end of the hill, the broken-hearted Hildegarde shut herself up in her own castle and wept out her bitter grief in silence.

Long, long after, a solitary knight came to Liebenstein, announcing that he bore news from Heinrich, and was admitted to see Hildegarde. She was overjoyed to find that the knight was Heinrich himself, who returned because he had heard of Conrad's faithlessness. He told how the young knight had been unwilling to bear fatigues and privations in Palestine, but had returned to the luxuries of Constantinople, and there met the beautiful Greek. Heinrich was amazed, however, to discover that his brother had been so cruel as to bring his bride to Hildegarde's very door, and he could not wait until morning to despatch his squire to Conrad and summon him to a combat to the death for violating the laws of chivalry and the oath that he had sworn to Hildegarde. So at

break of day, on the narrow neck of land between the two castles, the brothers met and their shining swords flashed in the level sun rays as they waited for the word of onset. Before steel could meet steel, however, a black-robed figure rushed between them, and Hildegarde insisted that they should sheath their swords for her sake. Unwillingly an outward reconciliation was effected, and then Hildegarde retired to the convent of Bornhofen at the foot of the hill, where she took the vows which separated her from the world forever.

Again, joy and feasting reigned in Sternberg, while Heinrich lived at Liebenstein as mournful and retired a life as had his foster sister. There came a day, however, when Conrad came, brokenhearted and repentant, to seek forgiveness from his brother. The false Greek had found a new paramour among the young nobles who frequented Sternberg and had fled in the night. So brother fell on brother's breast, and they wept and were reconciled. Sternberg was deserted and never since have its walls sheltered knightly occupants.

This story has been made popular by Heine, but is not the ancient form of the legend, which was as follows: "The two castles were dwelt in by two brothers, who had a sister, blind, to whom the father's estate was left in equal shares with them. They were united in one object only, and that was how to get the better of their sister. When money came in, they shoveled it out, one shovelful to one

brother, one to the other. They then turned the tool over and put their sister's share on the back. Consequently, she was scantily furnished. Nevertheless, out of her savings she founded the convent below. One day, the brothers agreed to go a-hunting together, and further that who woke first should rouse the other. He in Sternberg was up betimes, and looking forth saw that the shutters of Liebenstein were closed; so, to awake his brother, he drew his bow and aimed an arrow at the shutter of the window of his brother's bedroom, thinking thus to rouse him. But, at that moment, he of Liebenstein jumped out of bed, threw open his window and shutter, and the arrow pierced his heart. The involuntary fratricide went to the Holy Land to expiate his deed, and left the blind sister free to found the convent."

From Boppard to St. Goar is an hour's run by boat, through a continuous panorama of grand crags and charming villages. Attractive as is the series of pictures, there is little on either bank which would make it worth while to go ashore on this stretch, even if the boat would stop for us; but St. Goar is one of the handsomest of all the towns of the Rhine, and the surrounding region is so full of interest that we should by all means stay here for a time.

Just before we reach the town we note, above Wellmich on the east bank, the castle of Thurnberg, which was derisively called "The Mouse" by the counts of Katzenellenbogen, in contrast with

their own stronghold "The Cat," just over St. Goarshausen. Saint Goar is supposed to have been a native of Aquitania who found a cave here on the Rhine bank, where he lived the life of a hermit. His cell and chapel attained such popularity that many pilgrims sought him to be lodged and fed. The eating was salmon from the Rhine and game from the forest, both of which belonged to the good bishop of Trèves, so Rusticus sent to see what the hermit was doing. His messengers were very indignant when they were offered no breakfast, on the ground that no true hermit ever eats until noon and often not until sundown, so they carried the saint off to Trèves with them. When he arrived at the episcopal palace he promptly gave proof of his saintship by taking off his cloak, which had overheated him, and hanging it up on one of the sunbeams which came through the narrow slits in the palace wall. The bishop was not satisfied with this and demanded that he give further proof of his sanctity by disclosing the parentage of a new-born babe which had been found exposed in the woods and brought in by the bishop's people. Saint Goar answered not, but bade the day-old babe speak, whereupon it piped forth, "Bishop Rusticus is my father and Flavia is my mother." The saint was not further questioned, but was hustled out of the court incontinently, and returned to his hermitage. Rusticus was sentenced by his ecclesiastical superiors to

CASTLE OF RHEINFELS

seven years' penance, and Saint Goar was offered the place, but declined to accept it, either then or later, after Rusticus had died.

Above the town of St. Goar is the castle of Rheinfels, the largest ruin on the Rhine. It once belonged to the counts of Katzenellenbogen, but when that family died out it passed to the counts of Hesse. One of its owners was Philip the Magnanimous, who introduced the Reformation into his territory. His wife, Christine of Saxony, had borne him seven children, but she no longer sufficed for him, and he demanded, from the leaders of the Reformation, a license to marry a second wife, which was at once granted him under the sign-manual of Luther, Bützer and Melancthon, the latter assisting at the ceremony. This was performed by Philip's court preacher, Dionysius Melander, who himself had three wives living at the time. The castle was later disputed vigorously between the children of the two wives, and changed hands several times. In 1794, a French general approached and sent a message at seven in the evening that he would storm the castle on the following morning. By eleven the whole garrison, with their general at their head, had decamped, abandoning the fortress to the French, who later blew it up. The last landgrave who resided in Rheinfels was William IX, the close-fisted prince who sold his Hessians to England for use in the American Revolution. His economies

were so petty that one day, reading over the menu for a state dinner and noticing a dish to be garnished with slices of orange, he wrote against it, "Carrots will do as well." He got his deserts for his meanness, for in 1803, when Germany was being carved up by the French, he could not make up his mind to bribe the commissioners with twenty thousand louis d'or, as did Wurtemberg and Baden, and consequently lost most of his possessions.

The river in front of St. Goar is full of rapids and hidden dangers, and the current sets strongly across the stream to wash against the high walls on top of which St. Goarshausen is built to protect its houses, not only from flood, but from the great masses of ice which crash against it in the winter and spring. The little steam ferry which carries us across heads far up the river and drifts down to make its landing at the end of the old town. This has but two streets, each a mile or more long, the lower of which is full of quaint old houses. At the end of the village opens the Schweizertal or Swiss Valley, a most picturesque gorge which takes us up past the Cat, along the valley of a charming brook, through orchards and cultivated lands, to the summit of the plateau, whence by swinging around to the right we come out through the forest into open country, on top of the great rock mass of the Lorelei. I made this excursion one May Sunday in company with a large party of walkers, but

they gradually went off by various byways, so that when I reached the top of the ascent I was entirely alone. The road passed through a field of rye, which was the tallest I ever saw. The ears were above the level of my eyes, and much of the straw must have been at least seven feet in height. After I had walked through this for some distance I wondered when I would reach the restaurant which I knew was on top of the rock. I suddenly decided I was approaching it for I heard a cuckoo clock begin to strike. I thought it was about noon but the clock kept on striking after it reached twelve, and I decided it must be geared in the Italian manner for a twenty-four hour day. But even when it reached twenty-four it kept on striking, and it was not until after it had reached thirty that I realized that I was in the presence of the bird itself, and not its mechanical imitation. I presently found a peasant looking over his rye and asked him for directions, which he gave me. Continuing the conversation with him, he informed me that he cultivated a couple of hundred vines some four miles to the north, a patch of grain land on top of the Lorelei, and two or three other patches of vegetables, some of which were five miles to the south, and that all his land together did not amount to an acre. Such is the minute subdivision of arable land in Germany, where even the smallest patches are distributed between all the heirs at every death. I accompanied him to look

over his potato patch, which was on an almost precipitous slope, with the lower rows not three feet from the edge of a slate cliff, which fell sheer to the river, several hundred feet below. He told me that several pieces of his land had dropped off into the river since he had owned it.

The traveler at the river level has the impression that he is surrounded by mountains. When he climbs to the top of one of these, and gets back a mile or so from the river gorge, he perceives that he is on a nearly level plateau, with only slight elevations and depressions. The view extends for miles in all directions over this great plain, which is continued on the west side of the Rhine, and he then realizes that the gorge of the Rhine is merely a slight furrow in this great plateau.

At the very edge of the Lorelei I found the restaurant I was seeking, thronged with people and offering excellent refreshment. I made my way back by a steep path down the rock, through the vineyards, and under the walls of the Cat, which is restored and inhabited.

The rock of the Lorelei is perhaps the greatest attraction on the Rhine to the romantic tourist. It is inseparably connected with Heine's picturesque ballad, the story of which is a purely modern invention of the poet himself or one of his contemporaries. The only ancient tradition about the rock is the statement of Marner, a thirteenth century poet, that the Nibelung's hoard lies buried

THE ROCK OF THE LORELEI

beneath the rock. But the popular fancy was forever fixed by the image of the golden-haired maiden of Heine, whose poem has thus been Englished, without retaining much of the spirit of the original:

"I know not the why and the wherefore,
That I so mournful be,
A legend of ancient story
Drifts like a fog o'er me.
The air is cool, as it darkens,
And silently streams the Rhine,
The peaks of the mountains glimmer
In light of the sun's decline.

"The fairest of maidens up yonder
Sits high aloft on the fell,
And singeth a musical ditty
That binds me as with a spell.
She sits there robed in sammet,
She combs her gleaming hair,
The comb that she combs with is golden,
Her face is passing fair.

'The fisherman out on the river,
Must hear the wondrous song,
He listens, forgetting to paddle,
And looks, and looks full long.
Methinks that the waters are swelling
To drown him, soon as caught;
Ay! that is the work of enchantment,
By fairest Lorelei wrought."

Opposite the Lorelei is one of the most remarkable echoes in existence. It is awakened on the steamers by the firing of a small cannon, and under favorable conditions the tumult set loose by the concussion is long and deafening. Years ago there used to dwell on the bank of the Rhine opposite the rock, in a little hut, a French soldier who religiously called upon every visitor to St. Goar and invited him out to hear the echo, for the production of which he was naturally duly recompensed. The picturesque old bugler, with his horn and pistol, could produce fifteen repetitions of a sound when atmospheric conditions were right, but his day is long past, and now we will find at this spot only a casual student, mischievously screaming, "Who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel?", to have the thunderous echo scream back at him, "Esel," which means donkey.

On the Middle Rhine, that is between Bonn and Bingen, there are some thirty castles scattered along the shore, and if we count those which are not directly in sight of the river, but are within easy raiding distance, there must be nearly half a hundred. Most of them stand at the very narrowest parts of the river and in the thirteen miles between the Lorelei and Bingen there is a castle for every mile. The reason is plain; the knight of the Middle Ages was not altogether the romantic and chivalrous being as which he is so often described, and the German knight in particular was,

in plain Anglo-Saxon words, a thief and a blackmailer. The castles crowded together in the Upper Rhine gorge were thus concentrated because this was the easiest place for raiding the rich cargoes of wine raised in the basin near Bingen and sent down the river. The knights of these castles lived by exactions upon the trade which passed below their strongholds. Each man took his tribute, which was called a toll, and then passed the merchant through to the next knight's territory, guarding the freight against lesser bandits as it passed through his land. Most of them were willing to hire out their services as guards for traders and their property. The evil of the robber castles seems to have been worse in Germany than anywhere else in Christendom, partly because through South Germany passed all the traffic between England and the Low Countries on one hand, and Italy and the East on the other, and partly because the feudal constitution of Germany differed somewhat from that of England, for instance.

In England, the right of primogeniture held strictly. The oldest son of a noble inherited the land and the title, but the younger sons were of lower rank and did not feel so strictly obliged to keep up the family dignity. In Germany, every son of a nobleman had his father's title and rank, and if he debased himself by an unequal marriage, or by resorting to honest work, he fell back into

the servile state unless he was fortunate enough to be admitted to citizenship in some free city, a right which was jealously guarded. So the landless younger son of a noble had either to marry or literally to carve out his fortune by his sword, and those of them who, either by marriage or fighting, acquired some wealth, endeavored to build a castle in some place where they could raid the defenseless. The most complete list ever compiled of the castles of the British Isles shows only in the neighborhood of a thousand, while it is asserted that ten thousand castles have existed in the German speaking lands.

It was a queer code of honor that these German knights had. In their minds murder was fair killing if the victim were previously warned, and robbery was perfectly legitimate if the victim were not of noble birth. The castles of England have no such things as dungeons, though a local guide will show you one in the bottom of every keep. The English castle was usually entered through a doorway on the first floor, and the ground floor was a vault for the storage of provisions, which were put in from the ground level and taken up into the castle when needed by a trapdoor in the floor of the hall. This is the apartment which is universally pointed out as the dungeon, but prisoners, if kept for more than a few hours, were usually accommodated in some outbuilding, or in a high apartment which could be easily guarded.

Many of the robber castles of Germany, on the other hand, have actual oubliettes of the most terrible description, bottle-neck dungeons sunk in the rock, or excavated in damp ground below the level of the moat. Into these were ruthlessly thrust the enemies of the noble who had been taken in war, or the unfortunates who had not enough money to pay the toll demanded, or those from whom the knight decided to take their all. While a little bread and water might be cast down carelessly to one who was held for ransom, any other prisoner soon perished miserably of cold and famine in the pestilential hole. The English, Scotch, and many of the French castles were simply safe dwelling houses for landed proprietors, and shelters for their dependents in time of war, but the cramped and confined nests of the Rhine, the Main, the Neckar, and many another German river, were as cruel and evil as the nests of the eagle or the *lammergeier* which they replaced. The civic history of Germany from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries is naught but the struggle of the cities and the emperors to rid themselves of this pestilence of robber nobles.

In front of Oberwesel there is a group of rocks in the river called the Seven Sisters. Legend names them the petrified daughters of the ancient family of Schonberg, whose castle still stands on the hill beyond the town. These beautiful damsels had many suitors, and set a day for all young

knights to assemble at the castle that they might select husbands for themselves. At the appointed time they appeared in a barge in the midst of the river, laughing at the crowds of cavaliers, against whom the castle gates were barred. Their laughter did not last long, for while they amused themselves the boat drifted into a whirlpool and the sisters were engulfed. That summer when the flood subsided, there appeared seven rocks in the river, which had never been seen before.

Oberwesel, with its old churches, walls and pinnacled towers, is one of the most picturesque towns on the Rhine, though unfortunately the railroad embankment on the river front spoils the effect to a certain degree. The towers on the hill side of the town have a peculiarity which I have occasionally seen elsewhere along the river. They are open on the side toward the town, so that, if captured by the enemy, they would afford him no shelter, and were easily entered from within by means of ladders. The Ochsenturm just outside the walls, now used as a signal station, is one of the most picturesque structures along the Rhine, perhaps even surpassing the tower of Andernach. The churches of Oberwesel, three in number, are fine in architecture both inside and out, being all Gothic of good period. Above the town stand the modern chateau and the picturesque old ruin of Schönburg, built about the twelfth century. This castle during the Middle Ages, like Eltz, harbored

several branches of a single family. Like so many others, it was blown up by the French. In it was born, in 1615, Count Frederick Hermann, usually known as Marshal Schomberg, who fought under William of Orange against the Portuguese, in the army of French against the Spaniards, and as an English general in Ireland, where he died at the battle of the Boyne, after having forever destroyed the hopes of the Stuarts. In the midst of this warlike career he was for a time one of the ministers of the elector of Brandenburg, and governor of Prussia. He was buried in Saint Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, and after Dean Swift had vainly tried to get the duke's family to erect a tablet to his memory, the cathedral authorities put up a Latin inscription which may be thus translated: "The Dean and Chapter have often and on divers occasions entreated the heirs of the Duke to erect a monument to the memory of their ancestor, however small it might be. But after having obtained nothing by means of letters, nor through friends, nor through long and frequent entreaty, in their indignation they have themselves set up this stone; that thou, O stranger, mayst know where, to the disgrace of his descendants, lie the ashes of so great a captain. The renown of his valour has produced more effect on strangers than has kinship and blood on his own family. 1731."

The next little town across the Rhine is Caub, which, though partly surrounded by a mediæval

fortification, has little attraction to the visitor. It is picturesquely dominated by the castle of Gutenfels, which has recently been restored. It is said that this castle was attacked by the Spaniards in the Thirty Years' War, and that the place promptly capitulated except for one tower, whose doorway was high in the air. Soldier after soldier was picked off by musketry fire, and those who manned the storming ladders suffered the same fate. Having no cannon, the besiegers sat outside this tower for four weeks before the garrison hung out a white flag and offered to surrender if allowed to march out with the honors of war and to depart with their lives. The terms were acceded to and the Spanish companies formed in double file, with drums and fifes, to let the garrison pass through. Then a ladder was dropped from the tower door and down it, to the amazement of the Spaniards, came one old man, his wife, and a nanny goat. So much grass grew on the top of the tower that for four weeks the nanny goat had given milk enough to keep the garrison alive, but when the grass was all eaten they had to surrender. The Spanish soldiers in their rage wanted to kill the old soldier, but their colonel held to his word and let the garrison depart free and unharmed.

The most interesting building in the neighborhood of Caub is the ancient castle of Pfalz, or Pfalzgrafenstein, which stands on a ledge of rock in the middle of the Rhine. With its sharp prow

facing upstream, its numerous towers and turrets and bastions, it bears a most remarkable resemblance to a battleship, and is as romantic appearing a structure as could be imagined. It has only a single entrance, and while its interior may be visited, it is entirely without interest. In the year 840 there stood on this rock a simple hut, and there Louis the Debonair, the son of Charlemagne, worn out with the sorrows of kingcraft, retired to die, desiring for his deathbed, "only such a rude shelter as had served him while hunting in the forest; and where, lulled by the music of the gurgling Rhine, he could be hushed quietly to sleep for the last time." It was four hundred years after this when a castle was built on the rock, and a century later the present structure was erected by the Emperor Louis of Bavaria. Its situation in the center of the river made it one of the most successful of all the robber castles, and in spite of numerous attacks, it was never captured. It was esteemed so safe that the countesses palatine traditionally retired there for their honeymoons and the birth of their children. It was also used as a prison, and the dungeons are especially uncomfortable, being far below the level of the river, and correspondingly wet. The level of the water in the castle well is considerably below that of the river bed, and its supply evidently comes from some different source.

The last of the picturesque towns in the Rhine

gorge is Bacharach. This town lies quaintly in the entrance to a deep and narrow ravine, and is defended by massive walls with numerous towers. Along the river front and up over the mountain slopes on either side these walls still run, descending finally into the valley where the old double gates are still intact. There was no chance for any traffic to leave the Rhine by this pass except through the streets of the town. The vineyards run to the very walls, and the slopes on which the grapes are planted here are as steep as may be seen anywhere along the Rhine. The town is surrounded by picturesque ruins, the charming church of Saint Werner and the scanty remains of Castle Stahleck being on a spur to the south of the town. In the Middle Ages Bacharach was celebrated for its wine, which was esteemed the finest to be had on the whole river. Pope Pius II (Aeneas Sylvius) became so fond of it on a trip to Germany that he had a cask sent to Rome every year thereafter, and the Emperor Wenzel (1378–1400) gave the city of Nuremberg its freedom in exchange for an annual present of four casks of this same wine of Bacharach. The old German proverb said:

"Zu Bacharach am Rhein,
Zu Klingenberg am Mayn,
Und Würzburg an dem Stein,
Wachsen die besten wein."

BACHARACH

"At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Klingenberg on the Main,
At Würzburg on the Stein,
There grows the finest wine."

From Bacharach all the way to Bingen the river valley is lined with castles. Fürstenberg and Nollich, Heimburg and Sooneck, Falkenburg and Rheinstein, all have their history of pillage and siege, with a legend or two thrown in for good measure. The garrison of Fürstenberg was so bold that its brigand lord, Ulrich von Steine, seized a German emperor, Adolph of Nassau, returning from his coronation in 1292, and made him pay the regular toll for the privilege of passing. Up to Nollich, five hundred and eighty feet in the air, runs the Devil's Ladder, up which the fairies of the Wisper Valley helped a knight of Lorch to ride his horse and steal away his lady love from the castle. Sooneck was so avaricious that Rudolph of Hapsburg ruined it at the end of the thirteenth century, and hanged its knight. Falkenburg was destroyed as a den of highwaymen by the confederation of Rhenish towns in 1252, but Count Philip of Hohenfels restored it a few years later and commenced plundering merchant vessels with the utmost rapacity. Him, also, the Emperor Rudolph besieged, and when he entered the castle hanged every soul within, serf or noble. Once more rebuilt, the castle was destroyed by the French

in 1689, and is now restored as a private dwelling. Rheinstein is well restored, and one of the best examples extant of a pure Germanic castle, so different in its essential parts from the Norman type so familiar in France and England.

Now the Rhine widens out above the famous Bingerloch, once a dangerous rapid but to-day cleared of reefs. Here are more castles, Ehrenfels on the mountain slope, and Bishop Hatto's Mouse Tower, a bare and empty tower standing on a little isle in the middle of the river. We have all heard the story of this wicked bishop, who as the legend says had a lot of poor people burned in a barn, comparing them to the mice who devoured his grain. Afterwards, the real mice so persecuted him by day and night that he fled for safety to this tower, but they followed him and ate him alive. It is a tale which seems to suit the popular fancy, for it has been told of a bishop of Strasburg, an archbishop of Cologne, a king of Poland, a Swiss baron, a Bavarian count, a Norwegian earl, and of the German Emperor Henry IV. The name of the tower actually comes from *maut*, which means nothing more than toll house.

On the slopes above Ehrenfels is grown the wine of Rüdesheim, one of the finest of the Rhine vintages, and so precious is every inch of this hillside that the vines are supported up to the very top of the slope by thousands of walls and arches. The vineyards here were first planted by the order of

Charlemagne, who looked out of the windows of his palace at Ingelheim and saw that the snow always melted first on this slope. So he had vines brought all the way from Tramin near Bozen, in the southern Tyrol, and here still grows the fine Riesling grape which he had brought here. For miles eastward along the Rhine stretches the Rheingau, where some of the finest wines of the whole world are grown. So precious were the products of this region in the Middle Ages that the whole territory was enclosed with an absolutely impenetrable hedge of thorn trees, intermingled with ditches, a hundred and fifty feet in width, so thick that not even a rabbit could get through it.

On the other side of the river lies the little town of Bingen, famous to all the world in poetry, but hardly worth while visiting for any interest except a commercial one. It stands at the mouth of the Nahe valley, where once flourished the famous robber, Schinderhannes. It has a castle or two in its neighborhood, and it looks across to that absurd German National Monument stuck up in the vineyards on the other side of the river. We are glad when our steamer pulls away and runs up the wide reach of the Rhine, past the vine-covered hills on the north, to bring us shortly to the episcopal town of Mainz.

CHAPTER XI

FROM MAINZ TO OLD BREISACH

THE first time I ever visited Mainz was on a late September day, when I arrived by railroad from the east, planning to take a boat down the Rhine on my way to England. I asked at the railroad station if I could make a boat connection that afternoon, and after much looking up of time-tables, was assured that I could. So instead of going on with my train I got into a cab and was driven furiously across the town to the Rhine landing. When I got there, there was no sign of a boat, and one of the numerous loungers told me that there were only two boats a day for the rest of the season and that I had missed the last one. Against my intuitions I yielded to the solicitation of a hotel porter and allowed myself to be persuaded to cross the street and spend the night at a hotel which Baedeker lists as first-class. I knew that I should have to get up and leave early in the morning, and consequently asked for my bill for the night as soon as I had had dinner. No demand or insistence produced anything but a pleasant assurance that it would be ready presently, and I went to bed knowing that I was in for a trimming.

I was not mistaken. I had my breakfast the next morning and then waited nearly an hour for the bill, which the smiling proprietor handed to me exactly three minutes before the leaving time of the boat, at the same time ringing a dozen strokes on an enormous gong, which brought more than twenty servants from all parts of the hotel to line up between me and the door. The bill was extortionate, but I had no time to protest. I gave the proprietor the amount of the bill, which was a clear overcharge of a hundred per cent, not including a deliberate error in addition of ten marks, which I took out. I then loudly told him that the change, which amounted to twelve cents, might be divided by him among the staff of employees as my tip, picked up my own bags and calmly walked down the line without paying any attention to the sneers and remarks of the disappointed tribe of sycophants. I got on the boat just as the gangplank was being pulled ashore, and since then I have never stopped in any European hotel with a name intended to appeal to an Englishman, for the unpleasant experiences which I have had in continental hotels have always occurred in one which bore such a name as, "Grand Hôtel de Grande-Bretagne," "Hôtel Bristol," "Grand Hotel d'Angleterre," etc. It is generally good policy to patronize a hotel which is resorted to mainly by the inhabitants of the country you are visiting. As a rule, the prices are lower, the food is better,

the guests are more interesting, and the servants are more courteous and less expectant.

What is there to see in Mainz? It is an ancient town, always of the highest strategic importance because of its situation where Main and Rhine meet. The Celts founded it and the Romans had a camp here before the Christian era. It was the seat of their government of Germania Superior, and the base of their campaigns in Germany. Here was the first bridge ever built across the Rhine, and here Christianity early took root. It later became the head and center of the powerful "League of the Rhenish Towns," which comprised a hundred cities between Basel to the south and Munster and Bremen to the north. Well was it called Golden Mainz, for it boasted of wealth and independence for centuries. Then came the evil day when Mainz chose the wrong side in a war of rival emperors. On October 28, 1462, it was betrayed to Adolphus of Nassau by some of its citizens.

"The plan agreed on," says Baring-Gould, "was that those in the plot should make drunk the guards of one of the gates, the Gauthor, and should open it at the dead of night. Accordingly, the troops of Adolf crossed the Rhine in the dark and crept up to the walls. They were, however, scared by a great owl on the battlements, which flapped its wings; and they were about to retire in alarm, supposing that the plot had been betrayed

and that the watchmen were on the alert, when the owl spread its wings and sailed away. Ashamed of their fears, they now divided into two companies, one for the Gauthor, another for the Rhine Gate. As had been arranged, the confederates within had unbarred the Gauthor and the troops of Adolf entered and silently formed barricades in the street. But this could not be effected without arousing some of the sleepers, and speedily the cry was raised that the enemy was in the town. The alarm-bells pealed, the citizens armed and rallied about their captains, and a desperate fight ensued in the streets. The partisans of Adolf were driven back, but before effecting their exit they set fire to the houses in that quarter of the town. The citizens were distracted, some rushing off to take means to prevent the spread of the conflagration. At the same moment the second body of Adolf's men were attacking the other gate, and managed to break in. The townsfolk were taken on the flank, but continued the fight. Diether and Frederick of the Palatinate hastily escaped to rally some troops in the neighborhood to come to the aid of the citizens, but could collect only a few hundred men, insufficient to turn the tide of conflict; they were driven back, and had again to escape. In the morning the Papal archbishop rode into his episcopal city over the corpses of its citizens and among burning houses. He went at once to the great square, and had all the chief citizens

summoned before him whilst he surrendered their houses to general plunder, and their wives and daughters to outrage by his hirelings.

"Adolf banished forever all the chief citizens, and confiscated their goods. He broke open the city chest in the town hall and took the money, wherewith to gratify his mercenaries. Then he called for all the charters and privileges granted to the city by emperors and archbishops, tore them up, and threw them into the fire.

"Thus fell Mainz — the glory of the Rhine. Fire and sword had done their worst for the noble city, fire and sword applied to it by its chief pastor. A hundred and forty houses had been burned. Fust the burgomaster, brother of the printer, had been mortally wounded in the fray; the other burgomaster and the captain of the town and five hundred citizens had fallen in defence of their freedom. The prosperity of Mainz was at an end. The merchants and manufacturers expelled the city took refuge in Frankfort, and contributed vastly to making it what it became, the leading commercial city of Germany." Henceforth, the once independent city was ruled by the archbishops.

Over and over again, thereafter, was Mainz a prey to the misfortunes of war. Between 1552 and 1793 it was captured by enemy forces no less than eight times. No wonder that its prosperity decayed and that many of its houses were in ruins

a century ago. Since then, however, it has been rebuilt and has expanded far beyond its ancient bounds. It is now a busy manufacturing and commercial town. It possesses many interesting old buildings and towers, even if the fortifications are gone, but the crown of its glories is the cathedral, which dominates the city, though it is so closely surrounded with mean buildings that there is no point when a view of the whole may be obtained.

There was a cathedral here as early as 406, but the present building, the successor of several earlier ones, was not begun until the eleventh century. There is no century in the nine during which it has stood, which has not seen important changes and additions, and so the cathedral is a monument to the changing architectural fashions of its time, and a building of the utmost interest to the artist and the lover of architecture. It contains a little of everything, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance, mingled intimately throughout the structure, but all in the most perfect harmony, and is most impressive because of its greatness, both of conception and of size. It is a wonder there is any cathedral at all, for six times has it been consumed by flames, the last time during the siege of 1793. "The German batteries made it their aim in the siege. The deanery first caught fire, the cathedral kindled, and fifty cannon and mortars continued to pour shot and shell

upon the burning structure. The flames roared up through the towers, the bells melted and ran like a stream of lava through the portals. The cloisters were enveloped in floods of flame, and when the heavens were reddened with the fire, calmly and pale rose the moon over the scene of destruction." The same calm moon has seen the same flames rise through the towers of Rheims. Let us hope that the genius of France will rebuild this Gothic masterpiece as well as the cathedral of Mainz has been reconstructed. The function of a great and noble church is not to stand as a wrecked memorial of disaster, or an incitement to revenge, and loving architects can certainly restore the main fabric of Rheims to its proper use without destroying the spirit of the great creation of the Middle Ages.

Within the cathedral of Mainz are tombs innumerable. Here is buried that kingmaker, Peter of Aspelt, of whom we heard on the Moselle, who made three kings for Germany. No wonder that his effigy shows him as a tall man, with three tiny monarchs standing beneath his outstretched arm. Another famous man buried here was Henry of Meissen, known as Frauenlob, "Praise of Ladies." In a day when a woman was a mere chattel, a thing to be toyed with and thrown away, or worked into the grave, according to the station of her possessor, this minnesinger spent his life and wrote his songs to glorify woman, and so he

was their petted darling in life and after death. When he died in 1318 the twelve loveliest women of Mainz bore his coffin to the church, and the whole sisterhood of his admirers in the city strewed his grave with flowers and poured into it so much of the good Rhine wine that he loved that they filled it full and flooded the whole cloister.

The cathedral of Mainz vies with that solemn churchyard on Iona in the Hebrides as a burial place for monarchs. Two and thirty imperial tombs crowd its aisles, and not the least interesting is that of Fastrada, the darling of Charlemagne. After she died the great monarch lost all interest in life, and his kingdom fell into chaos because all his thoughts were directed to the grave of his wife. Eginhard, the great minister, suspected sorcery and secretly opened the grave, where he found under Fastrada's tongue a magic ring. Bearing this away he found that the monarch forgot his wife, and lavished all his love on the minister, who in fear and trembling told the secret to his master. Then they solemnly went, in the darkness of night, out to the midmost span of that bridge of boats which Charlemagne had thrown across the Rhine, the first since the wild German tribes had burned that of the Romans, and they threw the mystic ring far down into the dark waters of the stream. From that day the great emperor was cold to all human love. All his thought was for the great river and the great

kingdom which it watered, and to bring his realm peace and prosperity was all his aim. What was this ring which the great king thus renounced? It was none other than the famous ring of the Nibelungs, which has brought happiness and unhappiness to dwarfs and gods and men. Who knows what its next resurrection may bring from the womb of fate?

Three men have their names forever connected with the Rhine, whose achievements have been without parallel in their effect on the history of the world. At Mainz John Gutenberg invented printing; at Freiburg Berthold Schwarz is said to have produced gunpowder; and at Worms Martin Luther defied the great assembly of princes and prelates, and spoke those heroic words which began the Reformation. It was at Strasburg that Gutenberg first worked on printing, but it was after his return to Mainz in 1448 that his partner Schoeffer made the first movable type, and between 1450 and 1455 the first printed book, the Mazarin Bible, was finished in Mainz. From Gutenberg's other partner, Fust, the Englishman Caxton learned the art of printing. Gutenberg owned a printing office in Mainz until 1465, and died February 14, 1468.

I would that I had space to take my readers up the Main, and later the Neckar, as I did the Moselle. From Frankfort and Heidelberg to the very sources of these rivers there is a succession of

beautiful landscapes, picturesque castles and historic cities, which have given me unalloyed pleasure on more than one summer vacation. No one has ever written the picturesque story of these rivers in English, and it would make a book as large as this one. But I must leave it for another time, merely recommending you on your Rhine trip to see Frankfort and what lies beyond it, if it be possible.

Our way up the Rhine Valley from Mainz to Switzerland will take us at times far from the river's banks. The stream flows now on one side and now on the other of a wide low-lying valley, bounded by hills on either side, the Odenwald and the Black Forest on one hand, and the Hunsrück and the Vosges on the other. In this chapter we will travel along the eastern bank of the stream, saying something about a few places, and leaving as many more which might prove as interesting to be described on some other occasion, for the thickness permissible to a book of travel has limits.

Passing over what I saw at Oppenheim and Darmstadt, which once might have been romantic, but are highly modern now, we come to Worms, which I visited mainly because of the cathedral. It is a very ancient city, and because of its crossing of the Rhine was once a very important place. The Romans took it from the barbarians, and when Rome passed the barbarians took it back. Attila passed here and Worms was not. Clovis arrived

and Worms rose once more. Here lived that terrible princess Brunhilda, the queen of King Siegebert of Austrasia. Her sister married her husband's brother, and in the strife between these women ten kings and princes were murdered. In two ways the lady atoned for her sins. She erected Worms to a bishopric and she died a death of blood and terror at the hands of Clothaire, King of Soissons.

Another Brunhilda is connected with Worms in poetry if not in history, for here was the court of King Gunther and his queen of that name, and here came Siegfried to woo Kriemhild. It was in the Rosengarten that the hero did his wooing, and the place is still identified across the Rhine. Other monarchs, including Charlemagne, lived here at various times, and the city seems to have been always faithful to the emperors in their struggles against the nobles. But especially has Worms been famous for its Diets.

Here the great contest concerning the investiture of bishops with ring and staff was settled in 1122 by the Concordat between the Emperor Henry V and Pope Calixtus II, and here in Worms we walk in the very footsteps of Luther, though the Bischofshof in which the Diet of 1521 was held is no longer in existence. On December 10, 1520, Luther had burnt the Bull of Excommunication which had been issued against him at Wittenberg. Soon afterward, the newly-elected German Em-

peror Charles V had sent forth a summons to "the well-beloved and pious Doctor Martin Luther, of the Order of Augustines," to appear before the Diet of Worms, and "give answer touching the doctrines and the books that he had lately issued." His friends begged him not to go, but confiding in the righteousness of his cause, and saying that he wished no protector but God, he departed, to be met a league outside Worms by a crowd of two thousand persons on foot and horseback. He had said at Wittenberg: "Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Wittenberg to Worms, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord," and when before the gates of Worms he got the message, "Spalatin entreats you not to enter Worms," he uttered the great reply: "Go tell your master, that even if there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, still would I enter it."

And so on April 17, 1521, Luther appeared in the Imperial Diet before the emperor, the Archduke Ferdinand, six electors, twenty-four dukes, seven margraves, thirty bishops, unnumbered princes, counts, lords and ambassadors, and more than five thousand spectators, crowded even into the antechambers and the recesses of the windows. The hoary-headed general, George of Frundsberg, pitifully tapped him on the shoulder outside the council chamber and said: "Poor monk! thou art going to make a nobler stand today than I or any other

captain ever made in the bloodiest of our fights." The son of the poor miner seemed for a moment to be dazzled by the sight of this illustrious conclave, but he soon mastered his emotion, acknowledged all his writings and on the following day made his defence. Finally, to the clear-cut question, "Will you or will you not retract?" he replied without hesitation, "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by the clearest reasoning, I cannot and I will not retract; for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience. On this point I stand. I cannot otherwise. May God help me! Amen." And thus ended the Diet of Worms: "May God be my helper, for I can retract nothing." The Reformation had begun.

Of the cathedral of Worms I will take no space to tell. It is a mighty and beautiful church, within and without. It dominates its city, and the architect and the artist as well as those who love beauty, will find it well worth visiting, as they will the Paulus Church, another twelfth century structure in the same beautiful Romanesque style.

In leaving the banks of the Rhine, though not the low plain through which it flows, to visit Heidelberg, we take our train at Mannheim, a city which is but a mushroom growth as Rhine cities go, for it was founded no farther back than 606. As it was built at the confluence of two important rivers it naturally suffered whenever war was afoot,

WORMS CATHEDRAL

and so it was razed to the ground on more than one occasion. Since its fortifications were destroyed, however, it has thriven wondrously, and is now a prosperous manufacturing center. It has but a single noteworthy peculiarity, and that is the fact that the whole inner city is built on an absolutely rectangular plan, as regularly as Philadelphia. Baedeker says the streets are designated on the American plan of letters and numbers, but this is not quite accurate, as the numbering system is absolutely original. The streets have no names, but each block is designated by a combination of letters and numbers beginning at A1 and ending with U6. The houses in each block are numbered right around its four sides, so that a house might be designated for instance, C3, 17. The plan is as mechanical and accurate as possible, but no sentiment attaches to such designations nor were they particularly pleasing to the inhabitants, apparently, for the streets outside the fortifications are given names, as in other cities. Mannheim has a trace of literary interest, for here Schiller's *Robbers* was first produced in January, 1782. Others of his plays were also produced here, but he did not form any permanent connection with the town.

Of all the goals on which the mind of the average American is set when he makes his first trip to Europe, Heidelberg is sure to be one of the most important, if his tour is planned to cover the continent at all comprehensively. Just why this is so

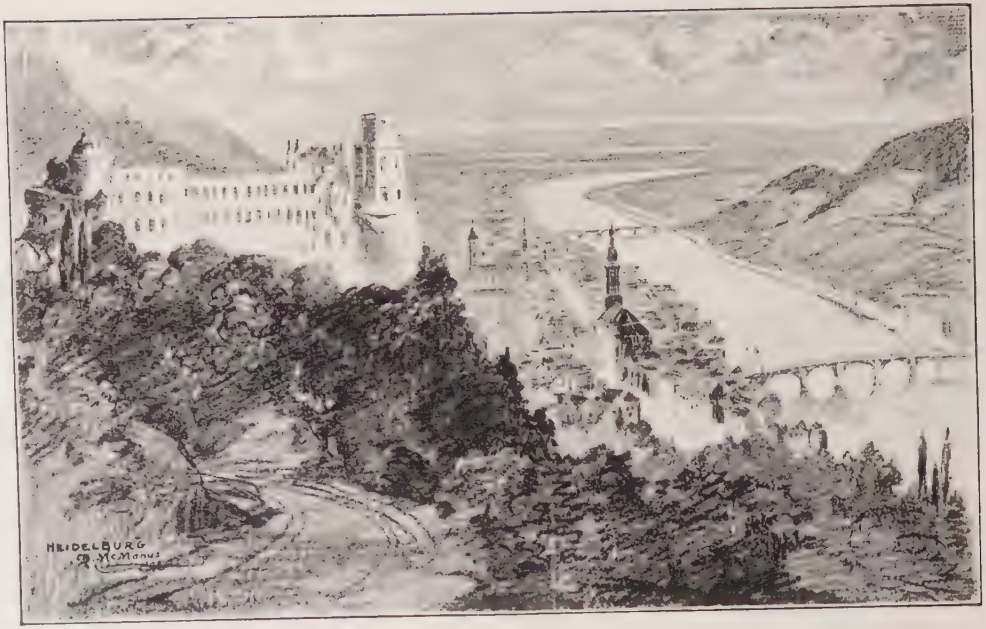
is rather hard to say. It cannot be entirely on account of Longfellow's fine description in *Hyperion*, for this charming prose work of the poet has never been really popular. It is probably due to an accumulation of descriptions on the part of various writers, for Heidelberg has been written about until it would be impossible to find anything new about it. I hope, however, that I can approach the subject with a little less self-confidence than a recent writer who explains why he will not say much about it as follows: "Unfortunately, the romance of Heidelberg has appealed to lesser writers, so that one approaches the place with some prejudice."

The charm of Heidelberg consists mainly in its picturesqueness, the view of the place and the view from it. I am going to quote from the writings of two of my predecessors, rather than attempt the description myself. The first is Mayhew, who compares Heidelberg with Rheinfels, and after describing the beauties of the Rhine ruin, says: "Grandly as this rock-girt pile strikes the mind, and vast as its proportions appear in the desolateness of the abandoned citadel, nevertheless it dwindles into the ugliness of a mere monster dungeon when compared with the still-perfect architectural graces and rich red color tinting the ivy-curtained walls of the eight palaces that make up the mountain-castle of Heidelberg. The Neckar ruin, indeed, is set sublimely on a shelf of

rock, halfway up one of the huge mountains between which the meandering river pushes its way, and with a pedestal of cannonless ramparts descending in steps almost to the waterside; and with the long, single street of a town that stretches at its feet, filmed over with the smoke steaming up from below, and the green sward of the mountain mass that slopes at its back contrasting finely with the pale coral tint of its windowless and roofless walls, bastioned at intervals with their high, battered towers; and with the dark cumulus clouds of the surrounding trees rising in dense and solid fumes, as it were, about its lofty sides, and the little many-arched bridge spanning the fretting stream at its base; and with the monster earth-billows that make up the mountain chain of the Odenwald swelling up, like immense volcanic 'land-bubbles,' along the opposite shore, and the bright tints of the sunshine, as it falls in a golden flood upon their vine-clad sides, staining the river like a rich oriel window; and the distant Neckar, seen at the far end of the narrow mountain vista, thin almost as the trickling of a spring, shining down amid the darkness of the chasm in silver flashes, like a glow-worm at the bottom of some steep bank; — all these adjuncts conspire to render the Castle of Heidelberg at once the grandest and the most beautiful ruin, perhaps, in the world — the Alhambra, as it has been termed of Germany, though the old Moorish pile sinks to the elaborate-

ness of filagree beside it: the one being pretty and light as a cluster of icicles sparkling in the sun, the other sublime and massive as an iceberg towering out of the sea."

Here is how Longfellow describes the scene: "High and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbuhl stands the castle of Heidelberg. Behind it rise the oak-crested hills of the Geissberg and the Kaiserstuhl; and in front, from the broad terrace of masonry, you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the town, so close do they lie beneath. Above this terrace rises the broad front of the chapel of Saint Udalrich. On the left stands the slender octagon tower of the horologe; and, on the right, a huge round tower, battered and shattered by the mace of war, shores up with its broad shoulders the beautiful palace and garden-terrace of Elizabeth, wife of the Pfalzgraf Frederick. In the rear are older palaces and towers, forming a vast, irregular quadrangle; Rodolph's ancient castle with its Gothic gloriette and fantastic gables; the Giant's Tower, guarding the drawbridge over the moat; the Rent Tower, with the linden trees growing on its summit, and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otho Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and grand seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the gardens behind the castle, you pass under the archway of the Giant's Tower, into the great courtyard. The diverse architecture of different ages strikes the eye; and curious



HEIDELBERG AND ITS CASTLE

sculptures. In niches in the wall of Saint Udalrich's chapel stand rows of knights in armor, all broken and dismembered; and on the front of Otho's Rittersaal, the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. You enter the open and desolate chambers of the ruin, and on every side are medallions and family arms; the Globe of the Empire and the Golden Fleece, or the Eagle of the Cæsars, resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows and doorways and chimney-pieces, are sculptures and moldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques, and rosettes, and fan-like flutings, and garlands of fruits, and flowers, and acorns, and bullocks' heads, with draperies of foliage and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of art was busy for six centuries, in raising and adorning these walls; the mailed hands of time and war have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the Castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages.

"In the valley below flows the rushing stream of the Neckar. Close from its margin, on the opposite side, rises the mountain of All Saints, crowned with the ruins of a convent; and up the valley stretches the mountain-curtain of the Odenwald.

"So close and many are the hills, which eastward shut the valley in, that the river seems a lake.

But westward it opens upon the broad plain of the Rhine, like the mouth of a trumpet; and like the blast of a trumpet is at times the wintry wind through this narrow mountain pass. The blue Alsatian hills rise beyond; and, on a platform or strip of level land, between the Neckar and the mountains, right under the castle, stands the town of Heidelberg; as the old song says, 'A pleasant town, when it has done raining.' "

On the morning when I first saw Heidelberg it was raining in torrents when I rose, and even when I started for the castle great streams of water ran through the courtyard and dripped down inside the roofless halls and towers. But presently the rain stopped, and with the most marvelous rapidity the clouds broke, streaming in great low-lying masses over the mountain tops and up through the valleys, until a glorious sunburst covered the trees and walls with shining jewels of reflections from the raindrops, and spanned the distant mountains with a shining double bow.

Everyone knows of the spectacles for sight-seers at Heidelberg, the magnificent courtyard environed with palaces built by as many electors as there are sides, each in a different architectural style, but all carved and decorated on every possible inch of surface, with a charm and grace which is worthy of the most careful study; the Rent Tower with walls twenty feet thick, split from turret to base by an explosion which, though it

separated, might not shatter, and so neatly dropped a whole side into the ditch in a single slice, exposing the interior construction of the tower like a stage setting; the great tun, a cask as big as a ship, of a size to hold two hundred and thirty thousand bottles of wine, ascended by stairs to a deck on its top where its last owner gave a dinner and ball on the annual occasion when the cask was filled with its river of tribute from the vineyards of the whole Palatinate; the minor tuns, with their humorous inscriptions; the grotesque statue of Perkie the court jester, and all the rest. To see the castle and to walk about the town and look at the Kerker or prison cell in the University building, where Bismarck and others of lesser note have left their autographs on the walls, makes a long day of sight-seeing, and if so be that you are fortunate enough to be here on a night of full moon, the spectacle is one which you will long remember. If by a climax of good fortune, you can stand on the old bridge or across the river on one of those August or September nights when the castle is illuminated, when lights flame from every window and on every tower, when finally a great bouquet of rockets rises from the terrace and spreads in a fountain against the mountain mass and the dark sky above, and falls in a shower of fiery rain slowly dying into the peace of night, then you will see a spectacle which can be matched only in Venice,

and you will carry away a picture long to be held on the tablets of memory.

Our leisurely peregrination takes us back across the plain to the Rhine again, to Speyer, that old Roman and Imperial city which was the favored place of burial of the German emperors, as Frankfort was of their elections, and Aix-la-Chapelle of their coronations. It brings back to us that gruesome story of the great Rudolph of Hapsburg, who felt himself stricken with death in a far-distant castle, and who had himself placed on his charger and bound to the saddle, that he might not betray his weakness. Then, escorted by his faithful courtiers, he galloped, galloped, galloped across his kingdom, into Speyer and up to the cathedral door, where he had just enough strength left to totter into the great building and die by the side of the tomb which he had prepared for himself.

This cathedral is all that there is to see here. It dominates the whole long, rambling town, still partly surrounded by useless walls and gates, but the glory of the free imperial city departed forever in 1689, when the ferocious Louvois drove out of the city the unfortunate population, forbidding them to cross the river under pain of death, and made them watch their cherished city crumble to earth in a whirlwind of flame, after the French soldiery had pillaged the houses, sacked the cathedral and violated the very tombs of the

emperors, whose bones they threw into the bonfire which they made of the furnishings of the church.

One of the great memories of Speyer goes back to the Second Crusade, for it was here that Conrad III of Hohenstauffen listened to the inspired words of Saint Bernard, and pinned on his breast the crimson cross by which he pledged himself to lead his nobles to Palestine for the recovery of Christ's Sepulchre. The "honeyed teacher," Bernard of Clairvaux, whose words have been described as "a stream from Paradise," was the son of a Burgundian knight who died in the First Crusade. He abandoned his first inclination to become a soldier, and gladly embraced the austere life, first of Citeaux and then of Clairvaux, which he founded in 1115. One of the greatest churchmen of his time, he was canonized only twenty-one years after his death. Of him, Luther said: "If there ever lived on the earth a God-fearing and holy monk, it was Saint Bernard of Clairvaux." His written works were many, including some of the greatest Latin hymns of the Catholic church, and his preaching was so eloquent that it has been said that mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, and companions their friends, lest Bernard should charm them away. As around all great men, legends have crystallized about him. One is that one day he came late to church, and the statue of Our Lady cried out to him, "Oh, Bernard, why are you so late?" It is said that the saint answered:

"Women should be silent in church," and that since then the Madonna has never spoken.

Two hundred years ago the spot where now stands the town of Carlsruhe was a mere hunting seat in the midst of a forest. The Margrave Charles William was fond of resting from the chase at this spot, where he viewed with the greatest pleasure the charming woodland prospects. One day one of his courtiers said to him, "How unfortunate it is that your castle of Durlach could not be brought here to replace this hunting lodge."

"Well," said the margrave, "if I cannot bring Durlach here I can at least build another chateau, and that is what I will do." The project soon developed into great proportions in his brain, and when his architect brought him a plan of the castle he said, "It is good, but this is not all," and to the amazement of the designer, he took a pencil and drafted the plan of the city as it stands today, in the form of a fan, with a dozen great avenues radiating from the main entrance of the palace. So Carlsruhe came into existence in exactly the same way as Versailles, but it became a capital, while the French palace retained its suburban qualit

We can visit all that is worth seeing in the charming little city in a few hours, and pass on to Baden, usually called Baden-Baden, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name in Austria and Switzerland. The town lies at the entrance of the

Black Forest, spreading picturesquely among the wooded hills as they slope down to the Rhine plain. The beauty of the situation may be compared with that of Heidelberg and Freiburg, so that it is one of the most popular watering places in Europe. Because of the precipitous nature of the ground on which some parts of the town are built, it possesses a peculiarity not often met with, in that the gardens of the houses may in many cases be reached by stepping out of the garret windows. In this particular it reminds me of the extremely curious upside-down castle of Weesenstein, in the Saxon Switzerland, into which carriages drive on the fourth floor, where the stables are situated. The fifth floor of this castle is the cellar, the sixth floor the ice cellar, and the seventh the dungeon, while the sleeping apartments are on the third floor, the kitchen and dining room on the second, and the state apartments at the bottom, on the level of a valley in which the garden is situated.

Baden possesses several castles, the Old Castle, which is only a ruin, though a tremendous one, the New Schloss and the ruin of Eberstein. There are several tales about the Old Castle, the most interesting one being that somewhere in the crag on which it is built is a secret room filled with silver, which anyone may take who can find it. The only lucky one yet recorded was a miller, whose mill had become so dilapidated that the

authorities had ordered him to repair it forthwith. He was totally without money and confided his troubles to a huntsman who happened along, telling him that all he had in the world was a single empty meal bag. The huntsman told him to take up the bag and come along to the Old Castle, where he picked up a key lying in a cleft of the rock and opened the secret vault. He told the miller to help himself, and the latter was not loath to walk away with a bagful. He built so lavishly, however, that his money was gone long before his building was done, so he decided to pay another visit to the vault. He found the key and walked in, but was startled to find on one of the boxes of silver a dog with fiery eyes. Though scared almost out of his wits he spoke pleasantly to the beast, which was so astonished at the kind word that he allowed the miller to fill his sack. When he turned to go out, the huntsman was standing in the door, black with rage, and the two men grappled for a fight. The miller was slowly being choked into unconsciousness when he involuntarily called on the Virgin for help, whereupon the huntsman disappeared and the miller was able to return home with his silver. He never came back again, so there is still plenty of money there if you can only find the key.

The castles of this region seem to be well equipped with treasure chests, for a much more romantic legend which is told of the castle of

OLD CASTLE, BADEN

Eberstein has similar properties. It is said that there was formerly a subterranean passage leading from this castle to that at Baden, but it had fallen to ruin and was never entered. In fact, the peasants crossed themselves whenever they came within sight of it, and averred that it was the haunt of an evil fiend. One Hugo, a page of the Count of Eberstein, one day decided to explore the passage and started off bearing a wax taper, properly blessed, after having fortified himself by long prayer. He wandered for hours through the passage, and finally entered a high apartment, where, to his amazement, he discovered a pedestal of white marble bearing a crown, a great iron chest, and behind it a curtained tent or bed. He approached the chest, but a great black dog that had lain hidden behind it started up with a bark like thunder. With eyes glowing like coals the great hound was about to leap upon the frightened youth, when a sweet voice cowed him into submission, and from the tent appeared a lady, beautiful as the divinest dream of painter or sculptor, but from the waist downward a hideous serpent. The youth, transfixed with horror, could not stir from the spot but the lady implored him not to fear, saying that she was under a spell which could be broken only by a youth, brave, devout, and chaste, who should conquer his abhorrence and kiss her thrice upon the lips. Then she would resume her natural shape and bestow upon her

deliverer her hand and her fortune, either of which would make him the envy of the world.

Still horror so overpowered the youth that he could not speak, and the princess said, "What do you want, money? Fill your pockets from this chest, and see if it is not real," and she threw back the lid of the great chest, which was filled with broad gold pieces of the mintage of Rome. The sight of gold often overcomes horror and aversion, and the youth grasped the money in handfuls, and after filling his pockets became brave enough to seize the princess in his arms and press a kiss upon her lips. The walls gave voice to murmurs, moans and even shrieks, but still he dared to lean forward for the second kiss, which he gave to the beautiful imploring face, even though the coils of the great serpent rolled around his feet and began to encircle him. Then horror piled on horror; screams, groans, and horrid shrieks of laughter sounded in his ears, wild blasts of wind swept away the tent, the black hound advanced with fearsome bays, the air was filled with thunder, the serpent smote the ground with his slimy coils, and an earthquake shook the ground and rocked the walls. Chastity and piety the youth may have had, but courage failed him and he turned and fled, followed by the despairing cries of the lady and the shrieks and laughter of all the fiends of the abyss. The cries died to a whisper and ceased; yet the page looked not back, but fled until he reached the blessed

daylight, where he fell in a swoon, and came to himself only long after nightfall. His adventures seemed a dream, but the gold which weighed him down and almost prevented him from staggering to his feet, told him that his memory was a reality. The cursed gold soon changed his character. After wine came women, and great though his wealth was it was soon gone, so he finally decided to return to his princess and give her the third kiss. Days, weeks and months he hunted for her wandering about under the earth in a maze of passages which he could not recognize. At last, he found the cavern, but what a sight! A very mountain of riven and shattered rocks covered the spot where he had last seen the princess. As he approached, the earth shook and a cold wind extinguished his holy taper; in a scream of fiendish laughter he heard the words, "Brave — devout — chaste!" and fled abashed. Never has mortal man beheld the spot again.

There is another castle near-by called Yburg, one of whose former owners was a young knight named Burkhard Keller. His duties at court were not so serious as to prevent him from making almost daily visits to the castle of Kuppenheim, whose castellan had a beautiful daughter. If Burkhard had confined his attentions strictly to his own chosen maid, it would have been better for him, but riding home one night he passed on the roadside a fair lady with a roving eye, whom he did not

know. He discreetly passed her by, but spent the next day in asking who she was. All that he could learn was that a heathen temple had once stood on the spot where he had seen her. He began to dream of hidden treasure and dug up the site. Treasure he found in the shape of a marble lady, of such entrancing beauty that he fell desperately in love with the statue, which was indeed, the lady of his vision. His passion became so vehement that, like Pygmalion, he woke the stone to life, and one night the statue descended from its pedestal and returned his love with the ardor of a goddess. His servant came unknowing into the apartment, and seeing his master and the marble woman linked in a fond embrace, fled in terror, returning in the morning to find the statue again on its pedestal at the foot of the bed, and his master cold and stiff in the pallor of death. And so the beautiful statue was broken and cast into the river, while a chapel was dedicated on the site of the heathen fane.

One more castle we will visit, that of Stauffenberg, built in the eleventh century by the Bishop Otto of Hohenstauffen, which also has its legend of a beautiful lady. The knight Peter Dirminger, castellan of this castle, returning from a hunting party, alighted at a spring which issued from a shady grove, and following it to its source, discovered there a young and beautiful maiden, who welcomed him by name and with whom he soon

fell in love. After a lengthy conversation he asked if he might see her again. She returned no answer and he was forced to depart without the assurance which he wished. Six days in succession he returned to seek her, but in vain. On the seventh day the same fate awaited him, but as he was about to leave in despair, a sweet voice coming from the limpid source summoned him to return on the morrow at the break of day, when she would appear once more. Needless to say, the stars were still shining with full brilliancy when he reached the spot, but his beloved did not appear until the first level rays of the ascending sun gilded the oaks above the fountain. Then she came, dressed in a single translucent vestment and radiant with supernatural beauty. The knight knelt at her feet and kissed her snowy hands, begging her to return his affection. She replied: "I am not of the race of mankind. I am a nymph of the waves, my name is Leah; my sisters and myself belong to the race of the gods, and we are endowed with immortality. I may lay aside this gift and become a simple mortal, but my race never give their hands in marriage save where their heart goes, and you must swear to me a fidelity as pure as the water of this fountain, and a love as strong as the steel of your sword, and a devotion which shall be as permanent as the immortality which I must renounce to wed you. If you are unfaithful to me even in thought, it will mean for you death,

and for me eternal lamentation." Peter did not hesitate an instant to swear eternal constancy, and the nymph presented him a ring of wondrous beauty, saying that in three days she would arrive at his castle, where the wedding would be celebrated. When he returned home he found his servants looking in amazement at three enormous vases which stood in the hall of the castle, one filled with silver, one with gold, and one with jewels. The lady's dowry having thus arrived before her, she came at the appointed time, and begged him to reflect well as to whether he could keep his vow. With great solemnity she said, "If you cannot be ever faithful to me, bid me go before it is too late, for know that if you ever allow your affection for me to be replaced in the slightest degree by an attachment for any other woman, at that moment I shall leave you forever, and you will see of me henceforth only this beautiful foot, which will be to you a symbol of imminent and certain death." Peter bade her cast aside these mournful previsions, and the marriage was celebrated.

For a year no happiness could be more complete than theirs. Then war broke out within the land of France, and the duke of Burgundy called upon the knight of Stauffenberg to aid him as a valiant ally. Peter kissed his Leah and rode from love to glory. Fortune smiled upon his arms, and after many vicissitudes the cause of Burgundy tri-

umphed in a battle where Peter led his reserves into action at the fortunate moment, which enabled him to turn the tide of battle and at the same time save the duke's life. For such brilliant services there was but one possible recompense, and the duke offered to Peter the hand of his only daughter in marriage. This honor he was obliged to decline, but when the duke heard that he was married to a water nymph he scoffed at the union as an unholy alliance which would jeopard Peter's soul, and which had no validity in the eyes of the church. He brought to his aid his chaplain, who assured Peter that he was a victim of the artifices of the devil, and that for his own sake he must receive the sacrament and forget the delusion.

So, urged by both the temporal and the spiritual power, and falling a victim to avarice and the pride of place, he allowed himself to be persuaded and was married with great pomp to the young duchess fourteen days after the betrothal was announced. On the eve of the marriage a message came from Stauffenberg that his wife and child had disappeared from the castle at the moment of his betrothal, and as this had been a religious ceremony, he persuaded himself that his Leah had really been a diabolical creature of whom he was well rid. So he went to the festal dinner on the marriage eve and sat between his bride and her father, surrounded by a numerous and happy company. Suddenly he turned pale and his hair

stood on end, for he saw a beautiful foot appear, projecting through the wall of the apartment. Frozen with horror he shrieked, "Look! look!" No one but himself could see the sign which he was convinced was a portent of his approaching death. He endeavored by copious potations of fiery wine to convince himself that this, also, was a diabolical delusion. He drank so long and so well that when he mounted his horse to return to his lodgings in the town he would not cross the bridge like his companions, but insisted on fording the river. When he was in midstream the waters suddenly swelled into waves like those of a raging sea, which tore the knight from his saddle and carried him away from mortal sight forever.

The legends which I have narrated are but a few of dozens which are told of various spots within easy reach of Baden. The valleys leading from here into the Black Forest carry us into a region which abounds in tales of the romantic and the supernatural. Every mountain, lake and meadow is inhabited by gnomes, nymphs and fairies. The wild huntsman rages over the hills and the fairy-haunted lakes are unfathomable. The fairies, however, are not as visible as they once were; they love the cover of the dense forest, abhor the whistle of the railroad, and are as afraid of an automobile as is a hen with a brood of chickens. So the traveler today who would see them must travel on foot in modest attire, with a believing

heart, and must sit down very quietly with the greatest of patience in the deepest shade of what few old trees are left, and wait a long, long time before he sees a tiny pointed cap peeping over some rugged, moss-covered rock, and hears the faint, shrill sound of a fairy's bugle horn.

There is one place in the Black Forest where the fairies ought to be found, and that is in the dense forest about the great waterfall of Triberg. Seven great leaps the river takes from rock to rock, from the mountain top to the valley below, and it is a lovely walk, though a hard one, to clamber up from level to level, crossing the river on a rough wooden bridge now and again, to get a better view of the dashing waters. It is interesting, though not without danger, to take the walk at night, when the great searchlight far down in the valley plays up and down the face of the cascades, turning the water to sheets of jewels, and casting the most fearsome dark shadows through the rocks and trees. The woods about this fall are among the finest that the traveler is likely to see; the forest floor is a jumble of enormous boulders, overgrown with the most delightful flowers and shrubs, and among them the firs rise straight as arrows, towering into the sky with their great mossy trunks, some of which are of huge dimensions.

If we return from Triberg by the route we came, from Offenbach, it might be worth while to stop

over at Hornberg, which has been called the Nuremberg of the Black Forest, and at Gengerbach, a mediæval walled town, which has numerous picturesque architectural bits. But the average traveler would prefer to go straight on to Freiburg in Breisgau, as it is usually designated, to distinguish it from the other Freiburg in Switzerland. It is a town most beautifully situated at the foot of the Valley of Hell, in a region which has long been named Paradise. It has its castle on the hill, which is not a ruined one, but a fine chateau with magnificent gardens. It has a fine Gothic cathedral with a pierced tower, which is a very interesting piece of lacework in stone, but perhaps more wonderful than charming. It has some old houses, a couple of gate towers, and innumerable legends about knights, hermits, lovers and all the other well-known characters of romance, including the monk, Berthold Schwarz, to whom has been erected a statue labeled "Franciscan monk, doctor, alchemist, and the discoverer of gunpowder." Like all other great inventors of the Middle Ages, he is said to have obtained his secret by selling his soul to the devil, but as he did not make his discovery until 1340, and as the Venetians were using gunpowder in their cannon in 1300, and as Roger Bacon gives the composition of the explosive in his treatise *De Nullitate Magiæ*, which was published at Oxford in 1216, it would seem that the devil sold him stale goods.

FREIBURG CATHEDRAL

Just outside Freiburg is Schönberg, where was located a celebrated cavern in which dwelt Venus, a lady whose charms were as potent as those of the actual goddess, if she were not the same individual. On one occasion a knight, happily married and the father of a large family, took shelter in her cave from a storm which overtook him while he was hunting. He had not the least desire to fall a victim to her charms, but they were irresistible, and he could not keep away from the cavern. Knowing that he was doing the wrong thing, he persisted in doing it, but finally became so alarmed about his immorality and its probable effect on his immortal soul, that he managed to break away from his charmer long enough to make a pilgrimage to the Pope at Rome. The Pope considered the problem and decided that it was beyond him, declaring that the knight would not find release until his pastoral staff should bud and blossom. The poor knight went back to the Breisgau and decided to give up the struggle, so he rode into the cavern on horseback and his mistress, by her magic arts, hermetically sealed the entrance. When this had happened, however, the Pope's staff actually did bud, so that he sent messengers to discover what had become of the knight. A searching party broke into the cavern and there found the knight still sitting on horseback, but steed and rider were turned to stone. Venus has never been seen since in the neighborhood, but it is not understood that

her influence over the world's affairs has entirely ceased.

The houses of the Black Forest are most interesting structures. They are usually built on a sidehill and are of enormous size, as must needs be the case, for each of them shelters a whole family and its entire possessions, animate and inanimate. By means of the sidehill arrangement this is effected with the maximum of comfort, for there are entrances from the hillside on every floor, and the animals can be driven in and the hay and grain stored in the same way in portions which are separated from the living apartments of the family. It is not to be denied, however, that a pervasive odor of riches is generally to be perceived even in the living quarters. The reader, of course, understands that the wealth of a South German peasant is still measured by the size of his manure pile, which depends upon the size of his herds and of his farming land.

A number of very interesting houses of this character can be seen by taking the interesting trip to Titisee and back. I rode up the valley to this lake on the little secondary railway, and walked back down the valley, a pleasant stroll of a dozen or fifteen miles over an excellent road and a very easy walk. The way leads at first across open meadows, dappled with flowers in the spring and charmingly diversified with clumps of trees and little brooks. Then we enter the defile known

as the Valley of Hell. Here and there is a peasant's house or a clockmaker's shop, with its smoky forge below and its living rooms above. Down and down the road leads through the ever-narrower valley, until finally we see on a crag at the left the figure of a stag, set up to commemorate the spot where years ago a real stag made a desperate leap across the chasm to escape from a hunter. The valley has since been blasted out for a road and the leap may once have been possible for the animal, even if not for horse and man, for they both perished in trying to follow.

From Freiburg I retraced my steps to visit Alsace, and instead of returning on the east side of the river by a first-class railroad, I took the little local train straight across to Colmar, that I might see the fortress town of Old Breisach. This picturesque old city lies on and below a massive rock which rises two hundred and sixty feet straight up from the Rhine plain. Standing on the rickety bridge of boats it can easily be seen why this great fortress was once regarded as the key of South Germany. Many an owner it has had. It has known garrisons of Romans, Franks, Germans, Austrians, Swedes and French, and the greatest of its fortifications were built by Vauban. Of course, the fortifications are now all gone, for the last disastrous bombardment by the French in 1793 swept the top of the rock bare of walls, houses and everything else save the great minster, which has

within it some beautiful carvings, and under its east end a curious open crypt, containing a representation of the Garden of Gethsemane. Both this and the treasures of the interior of the church attract numerous pilgrims.

There are not many houses on top of the rock now, but it is well planted with attractive kitchen and flower gardens, all surrounded with well-built stone walls. I wondered why this was so, and why there should be so many gateways to these garden plots, until I suddenly discovered that the walls were the fronts of old houses, burned in 1793, and cut down to the height of a man, and that the gates and peepholes were the old doors and windows through which wealthy burghers and rich nobles once entered or looked out from grand houses and mansions whose interiors are now but cabbage patches.

In the valley below the rock stands, beside a backwater which once was the course of the Rhine, a great triumphal arch or water gate, built by the rich town to welcome Louis XIV when he made a progress through here. Now the Rhine runs far away, but around the old gate are many winding walks, under poplars and between quiet pools peopled by innumerable swans, a very fairyland of pictures.

CHAPTER XII

ALSACE

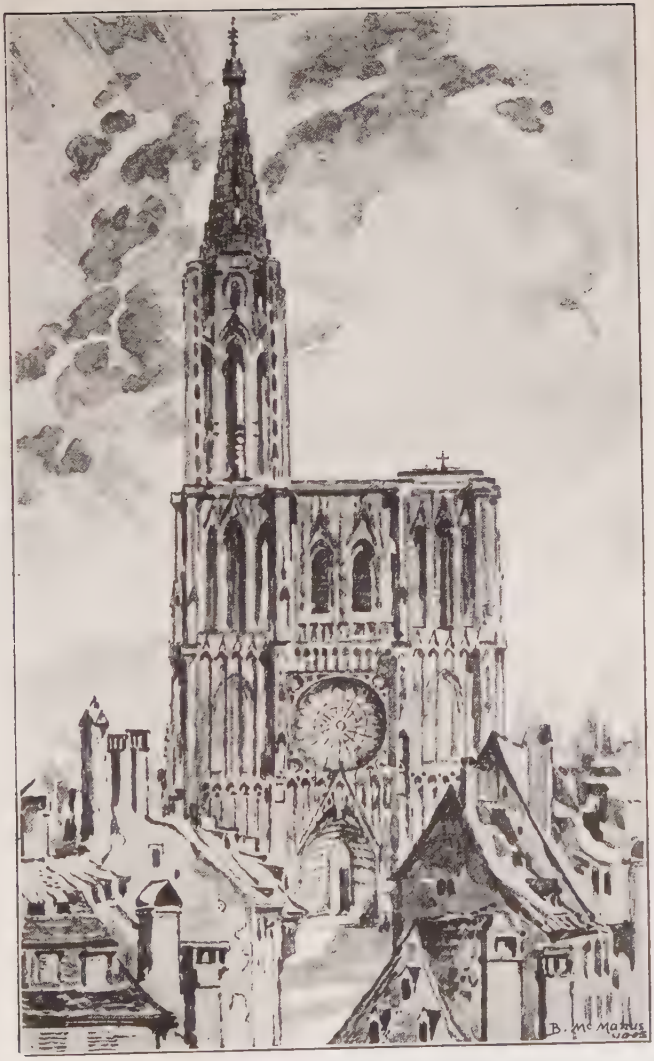
OF the west bank of the Rhine from Bingen to Strasburg, aside from the towns which we have already mentioned, there is little which can profitably be said. The main lines of communication in ancient times were on the east of the Rhine, for from this side it is easily approached by numerous lateral valleys, so that cross-roads and consequently centers of civilization were many. On the west side of the Rhine an imposing wall of mountains rises from the river valley throughout almost its whole length, and the roads across this waste into the rich lowlands of eastern France are very few. So in all this long stretch of the Rhine we find no mediæval center of civilization of any great importance.

From Strasburg south the case is somewhat different. From here an important road ran along the foot of the Vosges to the great break through the mountains around Belfort, through which the invaders of France have poured so many times, and consequently a long row of imperial towns and robber castles stretches along the foothills of the mountains. The student of mediæval towns with

their fortifications, municipal buildings, and interesting architecture, will find more material in easy traveling distance hereabouts than in any other region of Europe.

Of Strasburg I could write a great deal. It has a highly interesting history, the story of the struggle of a freedom-loving people against the exactions of ecclesiastical and temporal authority. It was, on the whole, a successful struggle, for Strasburg enjoyed an independence throughout the Middle Ages which was almost absolute, and it was not until after the complete decay of feudal power and the complete centralization of authority in France that a despotic monarch succeeded in overthrowing this independence, and permanently joining Alsace to France. Never did the loosely bound Germanic Empire of the Middle Ages exert enough authority over the city to do more than play people against prelates or *vice-versa*.

Of its mediæval history and art Strasburg preserves an exceedingly large number of memorials. It is true that its buildings, public and private, of early period, are so scattered throughout the city and so intermingled with modern buildings, that it is hardly possible to obtain here any such complete picture of a mediæval or Renaissance town as may be found in market places or complete streets in many another French or German city. But there are here to be seen some of the finest old timbered houses which anywhere survive, and no visitor can



STRASBURG CATHEDRAL

fail to be impressed with the glory of the cathedral, one of the greatest monuments of Gothic architecture. The architecture of the city suffered enormously by the German bombardment during the Franco-Prussian War, and while the damage has been effaced to the eye of the casual observer, a great deal of the atrocious monumental architecture of modern Germany has since been engrafted on the mediæval and Renaissance city.

The spot upon which the cathedral stands is said to have been a holy place from the earliest ages. On this hillock, in the midst of a sacred grove, there stood more than two thousand years ago three enormous beeches which sheltered a holy spring, and all were dedicated to the war god of the Celtic tribe which inhabited the region. In Cæsar's time came the Romans, whose scorn for heathen superstition caused them to fell the great beeches and build on their site a temple, which they also dedicated to the god of battles. The sway of Mars is never permanent, and so in due course of time the eagles took their flight back over the Alps, and once more a native deity, Krutzmann, again a god of war, was worshipped here.

It was a warlike man who finally banished warlike deities from this spot. Clovis, King of the Franks, had long been implored by his wife Clotilda to abandon paganism and become a Christian, and at the battle of Tolbiac he vowed that if the day should be his he would adhere to

Christianity. And so, the day being his, and his power consolidated, he returned to his royal palace at Strasburg and bethought him of his oath. First it seemed to him necessary to safeguard his land, and so he furnished its hilltops and mountain passes plenteously with keeps and castles and moated towns, and made all safe and secure within his borders. Then he called upon the saintly Remigius, bishop of Rheims and Metz, and told him to bring to Strasburg his helpers, prepared to baptize his king and with him three thousand of his nobles. So he was received into the faith of Christ, and on that very day began the breaking down of the temple of Krutzmann. The first Christian cathedral was built between 504 and 510. The holy well at which Clovis was baptized was included within its walls, and was for centuries used as a source of water of baptism, not only in Strasburg but in a wide range of the surrounding country. Not until 1766 was it sealed and abandoned. Perhaps its existence accounts for the widespread popular legend that the church was built on a single vault over an underground lake, which might be entered at various points had the entrances not all been walled up long ago.

In the year 1007, on the 24th of June, the day of Saint John the Baptist, fire fell from heaven upon the minster and burned it to the ground, together with the church of Saint Thomas and almost half the town. Bishop Werner of Hapsburg began to

reconstruct it, but was soon called into the imperial service, and the work was undertaken by his successor, Conrad I. The work was entrusted to the architect Erwin of Steinbach, who drew the plans for all of the building except the choir, which had already been started. After a lapse of nine hundred years these plans are still in existence. The great work progressed but slowly, as with all mediæval cathedrals. Erwin worked at the structure for forty-three years; his son John almost finished the spire, and his daughter Sabina, a skilled sculptress, carved much of the most delicate ornamentation of the building. When she died the work stood still for a time, and it was not until four hundred and twenty-four years after Werner laid the corner stone that the final work was done upon the one tower which alone was completed.

Around this great fabric, whose building filled the life of the community for thirteen generations, there naturally hover a multitude of legends. Its very beginning is said to have been stained with blood, for when the corner stone was laid and blessed by Bishop Werner a great commotion arose among the spectators. It is said that two workmen, brothers, were each so eager to lift the first shovelful of earth in the actual construction of the sacred building that they began to dispute about the matter, even before the formal ceremonies were completed. Words led to blows, and one man in red anger raised his shovel and smote his

brother dead. The horrified spectators overpowered and bound the murderer, and the bishop, with his priestly garments stained with the murdered man's blood, condemned the culprit to immediate execution. He fell at the bishop's feet and exclaimed in repentance:

"My lord, I acknowledge that I deserve to die, but let not my death be entirely in vain. Directly under the corner stone, which you have just lowered are living springs which will in time undermine the foundations and prevent their enduring for ages as you hope. But if you bury me, a murderer, beneath that stone, the waters, pure and undefiled, shrinking from contact with my polluted bones, will work their way to the surface elsewhere, and my body will serve as a protection to the cathedral." So it was done. The ponderous stone rose once more, the murderer, with hands unbound, stepped voluntarily into the hollow, and the great block, at his signal, descended and shut him forever from the light of day.

Of the further construction many tales are told. There was a great rivalry among the people as to who should do the first work, and they say it was a miller from the Kronthal who brought the first great block of stone in his arms on horseback and so won the honor of having his equestrian statue placed high up on one of the columns, where it still exists. While the work was in progress, in the same way as freewill offerings were sought from far

and near, it became necessary to enlist workmen, and especially carters, from all available sources. From every part of the Rhine Valley they came, from Switzerland, Bavaria and Austria, and one powerful man is said to have brought from far-off Hungary a pair of buffaloes, the most wonderful of all the beasts which labored on the cathedral work. They were of amazing size, so tall and strong that they moved with ease blocks which no four ordinary yoke of oxen could budge, and countless were the trips they made back and forth from quarry to minster. But at last they died, as all must, and in gratitude for their work the architect took one of their amazing horns, seven feet long from base to tip, and hung it high up on a pillar in the glorious nave, where it remained more than five hundred years before it finally powdered into dust and disappeared.

In spite of the great skill of the builder, Erwin had his enemies and detractors, and one day he was annoyed to see a man looking curiously at his beautiful Angel Column, which bears up the vault of the southern arm of the cross. He came nearer and found the little man measuring the column with his eye, looking it up and down and shaking his head doubtfully. In anger he asked him what was the matter with the column; the critic replied that it was a very beautiful piece of work, a masterpiece of artistry, with its images of apostles and angels, but that it was too weak to do its work,

that the terrible weight above would soon push it sideways, and then the whole vault would come down in ruins. The master looked at the column doubtfully, thoughtfully, triumphantly. Then he said: "Are you sure that what you say is true?" The critic again asserted it most emphatically. "Well, then," said the master, as he studied his visitor from head to foot, "you shall look at that column until the vault does crush it and fall in ruins!" So he marched into the workshop, grasped hammer and mallet, and in a day's work his sure and trained hand had carved the dwarf, who still stands gazing at the Angel Column with scornful lips and critical glance.

Four hundred and twenty-four years the cathedral builders labored, and on the Eve of Saint John they laid the last stone of the graceful tower, the highest building in Europe, for we cannot call a steel tower a building. Released from their toil they had a holiday, and ever since, at midnight on Saint John's Eve, the workers on the cathedral from Erwin of Steinbach down rise from their graves and with their tools in their hands march around the aisles and pillars which employed them so long, to see that they still stand. Then comes their hour of freedom; joining hands they dance and frolic and revel and swing about the old building, inside and out, from floor to vault, from roof to spire, led by the white-clad figure of the beautiful Sabina. On and on goes the mad dance until sudden-

ly the great bell tolls one, and with a final swirl and rustle they disappear back into their cold graves.

Many a narrow escape from destruction has the old cathedral had, for shot and shell and fire have not spared it, but its closest call was during the French Revolution when it was condemned, in the madness of the time, to be beheaded. At one of the meetings of the Committee of Public Safety, one Teterel obtained the floor to offer a motion "in the highest degree interesting to public order and republican morals." He spoke as follows: "Citizens, there is a monument in this town which offends the sight and irritates the mind of all good patriots. I refer to the ex-cathedral, the spire of which elevates itself so haughtily into the air. *This spire is an aristocrat!* It violates the laws of equality — by exceeding the height of the citizens' houses. Should such an odious privilege be allowed to the monument of that superstition which has so long imposed upon the people? No, citizens; it is sufficient that such an abuse should be pointed out to you in order to be immediately put an end to. I demand, therefore, that the 'ci-devant' cathedral of Strasburg be decapitated, and that its shortened spire may prove that the republican axe, ever inflexible in its work, knows how to deal justly with *things* as well as *men*." Great applause followed this speech and the condemnation would undoubtedly have been pronounced had not a hotel keeper, who did not desire

to see the city's greatest attraction destroyed, interceded for the cathedral. He argued that the building was not responsible for its height, since it was merely what the architect had made it, and that the committee was willing to extend mercy even to those unfortunates to whom nature had been so cruel as to cause them to belong to a noble and titled family, if they showed signs of repentance and came seeking pardon with red caps on their heads. "Let us be as just to the ex-cathedral. It is stripped of its altars; instead of cutting off its head let us adorn it with a red cap and make it a symbol of liberty." The applause was even louder, his motion was adopted, and the cathedral was saved.

When I was a boy I used to read in *Merry's Museum* of the wonderful clock of Strasburg, with its mechanical figures which struck the hour and stepped out of niches and marched in procession in and out of little doors, while the cock flapped its wings and crowed. I do not believe that there was anything in Europe that I wanted to see as much as that clock, at the age when mechanical toys were my highest delight. What a disillusionment I experienced on the day when I actually stood in the south transept, not behind the frocked coats and crinolines of the scattered spectators in the pictures of my youth, but behind an unwashed mob of day laborers who had just come in from street-paving outside, and a collection of Cook's

tourists, whose leader translated into cockney English, in a high and squeaky voice, while the verger explained the mechanism. There seems nothing remarkable in the creaking puppets which swing out on all too visible levers and then swing back again, and the fact that they have done this at regular intervals for days and years and even centuries offers nothing wonderful to this mechanical generation.

It was not much of a feat for Schwilgué to build this clock in 1838-42, on the model of that constructed by Dasypodius in 1574, which ran until 1789; and the latter maker was only a copyist of the builder of the first clock, who did his work in 1352-54. Then it was a marvel, both in inventive genius and in its effect upon the simple minds of the people of its age. What wonder that legend attached itself to his work and that the people told the tale that he was blinded by the town authorities as soon as he had finished the clock, so that he might never repeat his work elsewhere. After undergoing his fate he asked as a last favor to be allowed to put one finishing touch to his clock, and when the request was granted he put his hands within, whereupon ensued a tremendous rattling and clanking, which finally subsided into a silence which was never overcome, for no other clockmaker was ever able to repair the mischief which his skilled hand had wrought in a single minute.

As we leave the minster let the wind, which

always whistles around its towers and corners, no matter how calm the weather may be, tell us why it does so. This poor wind was once captured by the devil, who used it as a steed on which to career about the earth. Coming across the cathedral of Strasburg he was overwhelmed with delight to discover a statue of himself on its front over the great rose window. "Ho, ho," said he, "let us see what there is inside to please us." So he bade the wind wait for him outside. He miscalculated what lay in wait for him, for when he got within the cathedral he was laid forever, and so his poor wind waits to this day, forever moaning and howling outside the cathedral.

There is another legend of Strasburg, though not of its cathedral, which may be related to finish our story-telling. They say that the tiny town of Zurich, far away in Switzerland, once begged an alliance with Strasburg. The town council of the latter city thought it so unlikely that Zurich could ever help them in time of need that they unceremoniously rejected the offer. Naturally, the councilors of Zurich were offended, but the youngest of them said that if the matter were left in his hands he would soon bring them a different answer. So he went home, took the largest iron pot which existed in Zurich, and told his wife to cook as much oatmeal as the pot would hold. Though she could not understand such a waste, the wife called her servants and boiled and

stirred the porridge until it was thoroughly cooked and bubbling with heat. Meanwhile, her husband had collected the strongest oarsmen of the city and placed them in the lightest and swiftest boat. He took two of them up to the house, and they carried the steaming kettle down and placed it in the stern of the boat. Then he said to his crew: "Now, boys, row as if the fiend were behind you, for we are going to prove to those stupid old Strasburgers that we are near enough to give them a hot supper if need be." So the boat, impelled by bending oars and the swift current of the mountain streams in spate, flew down the Limmat and the Aar and the Rhine, and reached the quay at Strasburg in record time. The councilor stepped ashore and his crew brought along the huge pot into the council hall at Strasburg, where he explained to the amazed assembly: "Gentlemen, Zurich sends a warm answer to your cold refusal." The Strasburgers were so amused at the wit of the Zuricher that they promptly voted for the alliance and then ate the oatmeal, which burned the mouth of more than one of them. And the iron pot may still be seen in Strasburg.

Of Alsace, its hills and streams, its forests and mountains, its castles and towns, I could write a volume. Its picturesque history, its love of freedom, its art and architecture, and its romantic legends, are an inspiration to every lover of humanity. But my subject is the Rhine and as Alsace is

but a small part of the river valley I can tell you in the balance of this chapter of only a few of the walled towns and castles which lie in the debatable zone between hill and plain on the way from Strasburg to the frontier of Switzerland. I am not going to try to describe these towns individually, for they are all in a measure similar. Their walls and watchtowers are built of the same pink sandstone, which shines warmly in the sunlight among the orchards and vineyards which surround them and which in most cases have invaded the once wet moats, which are the richest soil imaginable because of their age-long service as sewage reservoirs for the mediæval cities. One and all, these towns are full of grand old churches, of fine Renaissance public buildings, of picturesque courtyards, of wells and bridges and every detail which goes to make up a series of scenes which would be the envy of the stage painter, and which should really be pictured by Turner and Prout and Beattie and all the other artists who sketched architecture so nobly for the steel engraver, rather than by the prosaic lens and dry plate of today.

Rosheim is a little town, but its walls were strong and the spirit of its burghers as vigorous. And so, tiny as it was, it was long a free imperial city and a member of the League of Ten Cities of Alsace. Its walls are now lower than they were, and of its towers but two remain, but it has picturesque old houses and a church with some of

A PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSE IN ROSHEIM

the most remarkable grotesques which exist anywhere. Instead of the gargoyles being placed as rainspouts, as is usual, wolves with children in their paws sit on the edge of the roof. A knight may be seen on top of the choir and an old man clings to the roof at the base of the belfry, holding a purse in his hand. They say that these figures refer to a count of Salen whose home was completely surrounded by a dense forest infested by wolves. The little boys would run out of bounds, and so one by one the wolves picked them up, till finally the last of the four was eaten. The count, in despair, went to a neighboring hermit for religious consolation, and was told that if he would build a church in the forest at a spot which a bird would indicate to him, his wife would bear him more children. In due time the bird appeared, and he founded his church, but his funds are supposed to have given out before the church was finished, for the figure with the purse on the roof is that of the architect with a begging pouch, by means of which he raised the money to complete the church. This same church of St. Peter and St. Paul was not destroyed when Count Mansfeld burnt the town in 1622. The story is told that a cordon of angels with torches in their hands encircled the church, and that the imperialists took them for their own people, bent on setting the church on fire, and so went on seeking something else to destroy. The church is also the possessor of a bell named

Susanna, which was once sold to provide something which the town authorities thought they needed more than a bell. The purchaser loaded it on a wagon drawn by numerous stout horses. The poor beasts tugged and strained to get it out of the town, but with every yard they went the bell became heavier. Finally, when it reached the boundary stone, it stopped dead, and no effort of the animals could move it another foot. In vain they replaced them with oxen. The stronger animals could do no more. Suddenly the bell got tired of all the fuss, and remarked in a deep bass voice:

"Ich heiss Susann'
Un geh' nit us'm Rosemer Bann."

"My name is Sue;
I will stay here, too."

With these words she slowly and deliberately lifted herself off the wagon and flew back to her belfry, where she remains to this day.

It is only a step from Rosheim to Obernai, which was officially known as Oberehnheim when I was there, but has now resumed its French name. It has much finer walls than Rosheim, as well as a beautiful well, a Gothic church and a Renaissance townhouse on which sits a stork's nest, out of which little heads were peeping, while father and mother flew industriously back and forth with frogs or other small game. In the minds of most travelers the town is only a railroad station

for Mont Saint Odile, where stands the great pilgrimage convent of Alsace, to which resort especially those who have diseases of the eye. The mountain is a plateau or ridge about six miles in circuit, surrounded by the Heathen Wall, a great ring of rough-dressed stones which is still from six to ten feet high and equally thick. Up hill and down dale this ring follows the sinuosities of the surface, and to follow it throughout its circuit is a good half day's work and in some places a serious scramble. The wall antedates Roman times, and was presumably a Celtic fortress.

About the year 666 Childeric II, king of the Franks, erected Alsace to a duchy, and set over it Attich, an Austrasian nobleman. His domain stretched far beyond the present frontiers of the province into Suabia and Switzerland. He made his court at Obernai and there he had a castle, of which no trace now remains. His wife was named Bereswinda, a near relative of the Frankish king, and with her he lived happily even though for long they had no children. At last, however, a baby was born, but to Attich's disgust, the long-expected heir was not only a daughter, but was born blind. In furious rage he bade the mother strangle the unlucky infant, and when she steadfastly refused, he sternly told her to send it away out of his sight forever. So the poor baby was sent to the convent of Palma in Upper Burgundy, where its aunt was abbess.

Now it chanced that there came a vision to Bishop Erhard of Ratisbon on the Danube that he should fare forth to Palma and there baptize a little maid, to whom the holy water would give sight. So it happened, and Erhard wrote of the miracle to Attich, and begged him to receive his daughter into his home. He made no answer, and so Odilia wrote to her brother Hugo, the father's darling, asking him to intercede for her. When Hugo spoke to his father of his sister, he was sternly bidden never again to mention her name, but nevertheless the boy sent for Odilia, braving his father's wrath, and when she arrived her presence, though unwelcome, was silently endured.

Attich soon decided that the maid must fulfill her natural destiny, and brought home with him on one of his trips a prince's son as a husband for his daughter. She had no desire to get married, and fled by night from the castle across the plain to the river, where she found a ferryman willing to put her across. The duke and his knights soon found her trail, and rode her down just as she reached a rocky cliff near the present city of Freiburg. She prayed to the cold rocks to help her, and they opened and swallowed her up, closing behind her as she disappeared. At this miracle her father suddenly repented, and cried out that he would forgive her if she would return, whereupon the rocks opened again, this time permanently, and allowed her to come forth.

Attich dismissed the prince's son and gave his daughter his castle of Hohenburg, where she founded an abbey and became its abbess. A long and pious life she led there, performing miracles without number, and even today thousands visit her shrine. It is now in the hands of lay sisters, and the once beautiful spot has been grossly commercialized. High above the convent towers a rock called Männelstein, and in the side of this is an iron ring, said to have been set there by the giants to moor their boats in the days before the Rhine had carved its gorge, when all its upper valley was a great sea.

The old city of Schlettstadt was another of the free cities of Alsace, rich and prosperous in the Middle Ages, but now declined in fortune. It has great churches and other fine buildings, a charming clock tower, and some remnants of walls, but its greatest fame today comes from the fact that because of its poverty it was obliged to give to the German Emperor Wilhelm II its white elephant, the ruined castle of Hohkönigsburg, the greatest in Alsace, except Girbaden. For centuries this had been only a shell, for it was thoroughly destroyed in 1462, and though it was afterwards restored, it was never of any great importance, for it commanded no trade routes and guarded no frontier. The German Emperor, however, decided to make of it a symbol of German sovereignty over Alsace, and so the famous architect Bodo

Ebhardt was commissioned to excel all his former restorations and produce a mediæval monument which would fittingly symbolize the power and might of the Hohenzollerns.

With lavish expenditure of public funds, and a tremendous consumption of labor and material, the great castle has been restored to a simulacrum of its former might. The details have been bitterly questioned, and it is claimed that the central tower should be round instead of square. There have been discovered various contemporaneous documents which lend some plausibility to this statement, and Ebhardt has replied by asserting that Viollet-le-Duc was of the opinion that the tower should be square. It is hard to see how a German could bring himself to cite a Frenchman as an authority on an Alsatian castle.

The roadway up the steep on which the castle stands winds around and around the hill, through dense forests, with scarcely a glimpse of the outside world, and even a strong walker would have difficulty in making the ascent in half an hour. When you arrive at the top, however, the spectacle is worth the effort, for the view across the Rhine Valley in one direction, and over the waves of the Vosges ridges in the other, is extensive and impressive. The building is an excellent example of the typical German form of castle, with its ditch, its massive great round tower with walls thirty feet thick and bulwark

THE CASTLE OF HOHKÖNIGSBURG

wall of equal strength, its domestic buildings, and its great square *bergfried* or keep, the place of final refuge. Most of the rooms of the castle are fitted up in a quasi-antique style, the whole effect being spoiled by numerous electric chandeliers. The polychromatic adornment is in the most vivid colors known to German mural decoration. The whole impression, however, is extremely interesting, and, on the whole, one may get here a more vivid, though perhaps less accurate, picture of mediæval fortifications than can be obtained from more ruinous castles, except by intensive study.

I was received with the utmost courtesy by the castellan, even though I arrived on a day when the number of visitors was unusually great, and was allowed to inspect not only the public parts of the castle, but every detail of the closed parts, including the mounted guns and the private imperial apartments. Of romantic history or legend the castle has little. I have discovered but a single story, which asserts that occasionally visitors to the castle meet a lady with a snow-white face, clothed entirely in old-fashioned attire of yellow, from hat to shoes. She wears a great bunch of keys at her girdle and is seen only at high noon by some solitary visitor. To such a one she will beckon with the great key which she takes from her girdle, and lead him to one of the great round corner towers. If the favored mortal should follow her, without making a single sound,

to the basement of the tower, she would be released from her vigil, and he would acquire more gold than he could possibly carry away. Unfortunately, she always startles those whom she meets so that they involuntarily cry out in fear or amazement, and so she has not yet been released from her spell.

From Hohkönigsburg I strolled along the crests of the ridges for a long day, enjoying the wonderful views of mountain and plain and dipping into a valley here and there to visit some little village or to find an inn for refreshment. I ate my lunch in the company of a party of wandering students, under the shade of some grand old firs which towered straight in the air a hundred feet or more, on a hill slope overlooking ridge after ridge of blue mountains. Finally, late in the afternoon, I came down into the historic valley of which was written the famous proverb:

"Drey Schlösser auff einem Berge,
Drey Kirchen auff einem Kirchoffe,
Drey Stätte in einem Thal,
Drey Offen in einem Saal,
Ist das ganze Elsass überall."

"Three castles on one mountain,
Three churches in one churchyard,
Three cities in one valley,
Three stoves in one room,
Such is the whole of Alsace."

I came into the valley by way of the three castles. They stand on a slope overlooking the vale and the towns, the oldest on the highest peak and the other two on adjacent slopes much below. All three, Giersberg, Hohrappoltstein, and St. Ulrichsburg, belonged to the same family, and there is no end to the legends which are told of them. Of the first and the third we find a legend similar to that of the Two Brothers farther down the Rhine, that the two knights agreed to wake each other for a hunt in the morning, and simultaneously sent cross bow bolts to rebound from each other's shutters. The result was that each missile reached an unlooked-for goal in the heart of one of the brothers. The castles are now inhabited by numerous ghosts, which it is not especially fortunate to meet, and in the neighborhood plies the miraculous coach which wayfarers meet at night and which gives them an instantaneous lift to their destination, no matter how far distant it may be. Among the ghosts inhabiting the castles are even those of the hunting hounds of old times, who still adhere to the religion of their heathenish masters, and who may be heard howling and baying whenever the church bells ring below. Perhaps the castles have a few ghosts which do not belong to them, for just below them is a dark and narrow valley which has long been known as the Hook of Hell. Whenever anybody met a ghost in any of the neighboring

regions, and there is no place in the world where they are thicker than in Alsace, he went off and got a monk who tied up the ghost in a bag and carried him into this neglected and lonesome hole, where he opened the bag and wished him into a tree, into which the poor ghost was obliged to disappear in a flash of blue smoke.

The castle of St. Ulrich is one of the finest mediæval ruins which I have ever seen. It occupies a most commanding position, and the beautiful Gothic windows of its great hall overlook a wondrous prospect and help to create a beautiful picture from below. A fine project for its restoration has been worked out by Bodo Ebhardt, but I believe the picture it makes today is even more attractive than would be that of a restored structure.

Ribeauvillé or Rappoltsweiler is a charming old town with picturesque walls and fine old timbered houses. The roofs of the town are polychromatic, and through its streets flow streams of water. Around the town are vineyards which run up to the very walls, and through the vineyards led my path past Hunaweier, a town which contains a fifteenth century church, surrounded by a strong wall with six bastions. I know of but two such fortified churches, which were thus built to afford refuge for the live stock of the village in case of sudden invasion. Next in our way comes the town of Reichenweier, with the finest fortifications

which still exist in Alsace. At the upper gate is a double tower, and in the outer gateway still hangs in position the old iron-shod portcullis. I have inspected several hundred town and castle gates, and nowhere else have I ever found a genuine portcullis in its original position. The walls of the town are double, and between them still exists the zwinger, a space originally left free as a trap for an enemy who might scale the first wall, but would then find himself unprotected under a flanking fire, in a space from which there was no exit.

In the stable of a private house which rests against the wall of this city there is still shown an old carving, which is both a gravestone and a warning. In 1635, the town was long besieged by the imperial troops, but was finally betrayed by a citizen of Zellenberg, who showed a weak spot in the walls to the enemy. Through this they broke in the night and plundered the city. After their departure the traitor was discovered, and when the broken wall was restored, the citizens walled him up alive within it, placing his sculptured effigy on the spot.

Over the saddle of hills from Reichenweier lies another valley, which also had its three towns, Kaysersberg, Kienzheim, and Ammerschweier. All have their walls, their towers, their artistic houses and churches, and the general picturesqueness, internal and external, which characterizes

all of these Alsatian towns lying between mountain and plain. A great part of the charm of Kaysersberg is due to the river which runs through it, with its old fortified bridge. Over the town are the ruins of the old castle built by the Emperor Barbarossa, who it is said, lies buried under a flat stone near the town, sleeping the long sleep from which he is to awake in Germany's hour of uttermost need. If you lay your head on this stone on a perfectly quiet day, and listen very intently, it is possible to hear the Kaiser's beard growing, and the fortunate mortals who, once in each century, have been able to penetrate to his retreat, testify that he sits with his warriors around a great granite table, through which his beard has grown. It is to be feared that Barbarossa will never awake now, for he failed to appear to lead Germany's armies when her uttermost strength crumbled and failed before the irresistible onset of civilization banded together once more to defeat the Hun.

Here must we take our leave of Alsace. There are other towns on the way to Basel which have interest, Turckheim and Colmar and Mulhouse, but I cannot tell anything of them of overwhelming interest, or that distinguishes them greatly from other Alsatian towns which we have already visited. I can commend them, however, to the leisurely visitor as being full of interest.

CHAPTER XIII

THE UPPER RHINE.

AT Basel the Rhine is Swiss, and essentially Swiss it will remain till we find its sources, though it will again wash German soil on one bank at least. Basel, though Swiss politically, is racially cosmopolitan and the greater part of it looks like any other great modern city. A hundred years ago its population was fifteen thousand or so and now it is ten times that number. The consequence is that the romantic features of its mediæval life are almost submerged in the tide of modernity. It still, however, has enough mediæval buildings scattered about to offer many a picturesque vista. The cathedral is a well designed red sandstone structure, with fine slender towers, though its roof, which is modern, is so brightly colored that it pulls the eye away from the architecture of the towers. It has various interesting carvings within and without, even if the iconoclasts took from it much of its early decoration. It is an ancient structure, for it was founded at the very beginning of the eleventh century, but its history is as barren of great events as was the famous council which sat in it

for eighteen years, beginning in 1431. More than five hundred dignitaries of the church composed this great assembly, whose purpose was a "reformation of the church in head and members." After eighteen years of debate, during which it had been excommunicated by Pope Eugene IV, the council finally dissolved without having done anything.

There is a certain picturesqueness to some of the old gate towers which still remain, though the rest of the fortifications have been pulled down, and a scene painter might find in the town hall material for an effective drop curtain. But if Victor Hugo raged when he traversed the Rhine about the red which had been lavished on this building, what would he think now of the restored and enlarged structure, which was done over in 1907, with not only the old front completely reddened, but with a brand-new pavilion and a belfry a dozen stories high, stained with red to the very tips of its five pinnacles?

The greatest and most lasting associations of Basel are with two great men of the time of the Reformation. Erasmus, learned and brilliant assailant of the fetishes of the schools and the vices of the monks, forerunner of Luther, ended his work and his life in Basel. He was born in Rotterdam at one end of the Rhine and the crown of his career was here, almost at the other end.

It was a romantic entry which Erasmus made

BASEL AND ITS CATHEDRAL

into the world. A young man of Gouda, whose name was Gerritz, loved the daughter of a physician. He was destined by his family for a monastic life, but in spite of this he found that his loved one was soon to become a mother, and fled to Rome. He was shortly informed by his parents that the poor girl had died in childbirth, and, overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse, he took his vows and became a priest. When he return to Holland he found that his beloved, instead of being dead, was still alive and had a healthy son. On this child the father, who refused to break his priestly vows, concentrated his affection and determined that he should have the best education possible. So the boy was sent to school when he was four and assimilated his instruction so well that before he was thirteen a great teacher predicted that he would attain to the highest pinnacle of learning. This child was Gerritz Gerritz, who subsequently translated his name into classical form, and signed himself Erasmus.

Misfortune came to him early in life, for both his parents died when he was a mere youth and his guardians embezzled his property and forced him to enter a monastery. Though he subsequently took the regular vows he did not remain a monk, for he attracted the attention of the bishop of Cambrai, who first made him his private secretary and then sent him to the University of

Paris. He did not furnish him much money, however, and the young man wandered all over the continent living by beggary. He made good use of the observations of his travels and wrote his famous book, *The Praise of Folly*, which exposed the vices of all classes of people, but especially of the churchmen. The book was a wonderful success, passing through twenty-seven editions during the author's lifetime, and being translated into every European language. It perhaps did more than any other book to prepare the mind of the public for the coming Reformation. In 1506, Erasmus was released by the Pope from his monastic vows, and later visited England, where he taught Greek in the University of Cambridge. Returning to the Continent he settled at Basel, where he wrote many of his best works, and died there in 1536.

"In personal appearance, Erasmus is described as having been a fair, little man, with half-closed blue eyes, that keenly observed all that was passing, and with lips that were continually curled with faint sarcastic smiles. His frame is said to have been so slight that it seemed as if a puff of wind would have blown him down, whilst his manner is characterized as timid and embarrassed. His company is spoken of as a feast of refined enjoyment — his fund of anecdotes being inexhaustible, and his love of literature the passion of his life. His works abound with scholarship at

once extensive and elegant — for Latin was more familiar to him than his mother tongue — and are replete with a dry wit that sparkles through the pages with pleasant variety. In his various prefaces and dedications he nobly and elegantly vindicated the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongues of Europe, and his writings largely contributed to the success of the Reformation—though he himself wanted the courage to take rank among the heroic band of the early Reformers."

The other great name connected with Basel is that of the illustrious painter Hans Holbein, who, though born in Augsburg, was brought to Basel by his father when a mere lad. He early showed great genius, which was so ill appreciated by his townspeople that he eked out a miserable existence by painting signs, and even by frescoing the fronts of houses. It is probable that he would have died of sheer starvation if it had not been for the generosity of Erasmus, who remembered his own early poverty and often helped the struggling lad. Perhaps there was another reason for his poverty, though, for it is said that he was more than wisely fond of the good Rhine wine. The story is told that on one occasion he had a commission to fresco the ceiling of a druggist's shop, and that the inconsiderate proprietor objected to his leaving his work during working hours to get his customary glass. So Hans

painted on the wall just below his scaffolding a pair of legs, which so perfectly resembled his own that the near-sighted apothecary, glancing up, was sure that the lad was busily at work and did not discover his lapses from duty.

Holbein found himself so little appreciated at home and so much worried by his wife's temper, that he got from Erasmus a number of letters to English friends, including one to Sir Thomas More, and went to seek his fortune in London. He painted for the chancellor many fine canvases, and was soon presented to the king, who admired him so much that he attached him to his court.

"An anecdote is told that an English nobleman of high rank once came to the *atelier* of Holbein at a time when he was engaged upon some important picture that he wished to prosecute in secret. Holbein begged his illustrious visitor to come to him on some future day, but his lordship, snob-like, fancying that an artist should consider it an honor to receive a person of his quality at any time, insisted upon entering; whereupon the quondam sign-painter of Basel, who had been little used to the forms and ceremonies of a court, took the bestarred and begartered puppy by the shoulders, and thrusting him from the door, pushed him from the top to the bottom of the stairs. The lord hastened to the king, and recounting the ignominious treatment he had received at the hands of a vulgar painter, de-

manded that the fellow should be punished in a most exemplary manner for the base insult heaped upon him. The monarch, however, replied, that he set more value upon an artist such as Holbein than upon all the great lords of his kingdom: 'For,' said he, 'I have only to take so many peasants to make out of them as many noblemen as I will, but if I were to take the entire peerage, I could not get one such genius as Holbein out of all the noblemen in the land.' "

Henry VIII was wise in his estimation of the genius of Holbein, for the paintings and drawings of the personages of that monarch's court which the painter made are among the truest portrait characterizations ever produced by any artist, and his *Dance of Death* was one of the most popular art productions of the sixteenth century, was reproduced in many forms, and circulated throughout Europe.

Basel has had another great painter in recent years, Arnold Böcklin, a man of the greatest imagination, whose work, though mythological in conception, is highly realistic in execution. His exuberant fancy "created," says M. Léonce Bénédite, "a whole world of singular divinities, which are in no way connected with the conventional gods and goddesses of fable, and really seem the exact expression of the forces of nature, which they represented to the childish understandings of primitive people. Hairy, shaggy fauns, horned

satyrs, with fair hair bristling on their brown bodies, brutish demigods, grotesque and wild, filling the woods with the outbursts of their perpetual loud mirth . . . Hamadryads, mounted on unicorns, suddenly appearing on the outskirts of a wood, among the high, straight trunks of firs, tritons and nereids, demigods, sea monsters, sirens with the limbs of birds." There is another side to Böcklin's art, a series of nobler visions of glorious landscapes of sensuous beauty, the chief of which is the magnificent *Isle of the Dead*, which so appealed to the peculiar morbidity of German nature that there is hardly a household in all Germany which does not possess a reproduction of it. The weird beauty of the grand and gloomy rocky isle, with its majestic cypresses and funereal portal, toward which a boat laden with a sable bier is propelled by mysterious white-clad figures, is undoubtedly a great conception, if too morbid for many minds.

Not far above Basel the Rhine ceases to be navigable, and so the stretch of the river from here to the Lake of Constance possesses no towns of any commercial note and is little known to travelers. Yet there are in this stretch of the river half a dozen towns which are interesting and picturesque. The first of these is Rheinfelden, which was formerly one of the four forest towns, frontier strongholds of Switzerland which kept a watchful eye on the robbers of the Black Forest.

SPRING DAY.—ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

Rheinfelden has some interesting houses along the river, a part of its old walls and a watchtower or two, but it does not look today as well as it did when Turner and Ruskin sketched it early in the last century. Some of Ruskin's drawings at this place were reproduced in *Modern Painters*, as well as two drawings of the old bridge by Turner. Ruskin's standpoint may still be found, but the wooden bridge is partly replaced by an ugly iron one and the town is no longer ruinous, for it has become a health resort.

Säckingen presents the same face to the Rhine that it has for centuries, for its old wall is there, lacking its battlements, but with a watchtower at each end, just as Merian engraved it on copper in the seventeenth century. Its wooden bridge is still a dark tunnel housed in from one end to the other, a fashion which I have never seen except in New England and Switzerland. English travelers have often wondered at these covered bridges, but the farmer who has had to drive a skittish colt across a roaring torrent in time of flood knows how much safer they are.

In the middle of the bridge of Säckingen is a little chapel of Saint John Nepomuk, whose statue may be found on all the old bridges in Germany. This patron saint of those who go into peril by water was archbishop of Prague. Wenceslas the Drunkard, king of Bohemia, had him put to torture because he refused to disclose the

confession of the queen, and as he persisted in his defiance, had him thrown from the middle of the bridge over the Moldau in 1383. The legend says that the martyr's body returned to the surface of the water and floated slowly down the river with a great crown of stars around its head.

There are a few interesting buildings in Säckingen, the church of Saint Fridolin and an old house or two, though the castle where the famous trumpeter of Säckingen lived has long since been turned into a factory. This individual was the hero of a poem, an opera, and numerous sweetly sentimental pictures by mediocre German artists. He made his living as an itinerant musician after being expelled from Heidelberg, and fell in love with the daughter of a baron. The nobleman would have none of him, so he blew a pictorial "Farewell to Säckingen" from the other side of the river, and departed for Rome, where he finally became the Pope's music master. In the course of time his Margaretha went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and wed her long-lost lover, after the Pope had given him a title.

Most picturesque from the riverside of all the Swiss towns on the Rhine is Laufenburg, which stands at the head of a great rapid which is only inferior to the celebrated Rhine Fall in the turbulence and tumult of its waters. The engravings made seventy years ago would pass very well as pictures of the town today, for there is

scarcely a difference, save in the trees which might enter the picture. The same high wall, with picturesque old houses, dropping sheer down to the river or the rocks which border it, exists today as it did then. The same picturesque towers occupy points of vantage in the composition; the same old bridge, half covered, crosses the river on the same three high piers, supported by struts which seem only half heavy enough to bear up the spans. The river is perhaps a little less turbulent, for some of the rocks have been blasted away. Sixty years ago the river was only seventeen feet wide at the narrowest point and a professional athlete leaped across it safely on a wager.

Internally, the town is as picturesque as it is without. It has its arched gateways, its Gothic carvings, its oriel windows and all the picturesqueness of every crowded stone-built mediæval town. It is one of those spots to which painters flock, and practically its only visitors are artists and salmon fishers. It was while engaged in the latter sport that Viscount Montague, the last of his line, was drowned while being lowered down the rapids in a small boat, which was being managed by guides on the bank. This was a partial fulfilment of the curse pronounced when Henry VIII granted Battle Abbey to Sir Anthony Brown, the nobleman's ancestor, and which predicted that his line would be exterminated by fire and water.

By a curious coincidence the viscount's country seat, Cowdray in Sussex, was burned to the ground on the day of his death.

The Fall of the Rhine which, although often said to be at Schaffhausen, is really at Neuhausen, a couple of miles below, forms the greatest spectacle of the kind in Europe. The river is about a hundred and twenty-five yards wide just above the fall, and its plunge is sixty feet at the left bank, while if we consider the rapids and cataracts a little way up the river, the total height of the fall is nearly a hundred feet. Like every great cataract the first impression which we are likely to get from the fall is disappointing. The visitor to Niagara gets the same impression when he gazes from a little distance at that tremendous spectacle. In both cases the river is so wide in proportion to the height of the fall that it seems not much more imposing than an ordinary mill stream falling over a dam. Familiarity with the scene, however, does not breed contempt, and the closer we get to either fall and the more we study the details rather than the whole, the more our wonder and awe grow.

The most interesting way to see the fall is to first cross from the Neuhausen side by the bridge which crosses the river above the fall and gives an excellent view of the river-bed and the rapids. From the end of this bridge we climb up to Laufen Castle, a once picturesque structure which has

The Falls of the Rhine

been completely converted into an establishment for extracting money from visitors by the sale of absurd souvenirs and by admission to all the points of interest for seeing the fall. The view from the balcony is well worth seeing, but considerable misplaced ingenuity has been expended in providing a lookout with colored glass windows, the theory being that if a natural waterfall is a beautiful object, it is much more so when seen alternately through panes of red, green, yellow and violet glass. From the castle, paths descend to various lower points of view, the chief of which is the Fischetz, an iron platform projecting out over the river bed almost into the very fall itself. Here one first begins to appreciate the magnitude of the spectacle. The sight of enormous green waves of water, detaching themselves from the solid wall over one's head, and springing forth as if to overwhelm the beholder, only to powder into milky white foam and flash past him to the terrible abyss below, is enough to make even the strongest quake.

From the grounds of the castle it is advisable to be ferried across to Schlösschen Wörth, on an island opposite the falls, whence we have the grand general view which is thus described by Mayhew: "The enormous wall of rock over which the flood descends is, for the most part, hidden beneath the glassy sheet streaming over it; so that the fall itself appears like a huge escarpment

of water. In the midst of this liquid mound immense slabs or plates of crag stand up edgewise, their peaks raised high above the level of the upper bed of the river, and seeming like the broken piers of some lofty bridge that has been swept away by the torrent. By means of the four protruding rock-plates (two of which stand close together in the center of the fall, and two more not far from the side opposite the castle), the cataract is parted into five distinct 'chutes,' consisting of two broad falls and three minor cascades, the latter being merely the gushing of the torrent between each pair of adjacent crags.

"Above the fall itself there is a large horse-shoe basin girt with a low rim of limestone, and over this the stream curls in a thin, green, transparent sheet, as if it were so much molten glass, while the rounded edge of the rock glistens brightly beneath it. At the farther side from the castle the water in this basin descends in a series of steps, falling and falling, as it keeps sliding down to the cataract, in such a mere pellicle of crystal, that the rocky pavement is seen shining beneath as if its surface had been vitrified. Immediately under the castle, however, the flood within the basin is in a furious ferment, and appears, as it tears along to the great fall beneath, to be tumbling and tossing, as if it were no longer liquid, but a dense mass of powdery snow. Here, too, the mouth of the basin seems to get narrower

and narrower, while the stream has the appearance of being sucked down the funnel-like vortex of some monster maelstrom, until at length it reaches the edge of the great rock-wall; and there it pours over the sides, in the most sublime and yet terrific confusion — in lines that flash like silver lightning, and with the muffled roar of liquid thunder.

"At one part of the fall, a thick glassy plate — solid and transparent as though it were a sheet of ice — comes sloping down in one unbroken plane; at another the torrent is seen spurting from behind the central rock in a broad feathery jet, and streaming forth, as Byron said, like the tail of a white horse. Yonder it falls, and falls, in an opaque and apparently dense mass, like an avalanche of foam, being shivered into positive dust as it strikes against the protruding blocks. There it streams straight down, till you might almost fancy the sheet of falling liquid were part of a fine crystal curtain; and there, again, it boils and surges up in high mounds of water, as though the very caldrons of hell itself were seething beneath it. Never was such grand confusion — such exquisite tangle and crossing of lines — such lovely opalescence of tint, and sparkle of light. A rocky precipice is jagged, opaque, and heavy, but in this precipice of water all is curved, transparent, and light as spray.

"Every element of beauty and grandeur con-

spires to lend its charm to such a scene — wildness of motion conjoined with the most perfect softness and diversity of outline — play of light and lustre, and the faintest bloom of color, mingled with the very fury of power — a whirlwind of water — a liquid volcano pouring forth lava-like torrents of foam.

"The spray, too, which rises up in front of the great torrent, is not the least beautiful part of the spectacle. It is like a curtain of the finest mist — a gauzy veil of dew — a broad ethereal pellicle of metallic colors (such as one sees floating occasionally on the surface of a pool), and drifting through the air like a light cloud of water-dust, or river-smoke, or rain-powder. It seems as if it were a whiff of breath passing over the surface of a mirror — fresh and delicate as the early morning-bloom on fruit — soft as the feather-dust swept from a butterfly's wings — thin and iridescent as fragments of bubbles — powdery as the film of autumn frost on grass blades — it sails through the air like a white shadow — the transparent spirit of a rainbow.

"Then, the roar of the torrent is in exquisite harmony with the fury of the scene. It murmurs in the ear everlastingly like a sea shell, filling the air with a faint moan, as does a storm sweeping through some distant forest. Now it sounds like the roar of a furnace — now like the rush of escaping steam — and then like the noise of a vast

city's traffic heard from some cathedral tower. What a sense it gives one of the adamantine nature of water! The torrent seems like a cascade of solid stones, and the very spray itself like a cloud of dust thrown up by the abraded particles. How the sound stirs the mind, too, like a spell, and seems to draw the body toward it; even as the continual watching of the descending flood makes you fancy the very earth itself to move, the ground beneath your feet seeming to slide toward the falls—while the brain itself whirls round like the huge green disc of water forever circling in the bay immediately in front of the cataract!"

All these sensations and more do we experience when we leave the little island, in a frail skiff propelled by a single boatman, to cross the swirling mass of green waters below the fall, and visit the central rock. As our boat tosses and heaves, the very crags themselves which we are going to climb seem to vibrate and tremble as if they were just ready to totter from their bases and fall upon us. As we approach the fall it seems to leap forth at us and the boldest heart will feel a sense of relief when the boat rides by and between these foaming masses into the little spot of quiet water in the center of the fall. As we climb the steps and look in all directions at the leaping, foaming, dancing, whirling waters which surround us, we realize at last the greatness of the fall of the Rhine.

The visitor who finds it necessary to spend the night here should certainly choose a hotel in Schaffhausen, for there are picturesque bits here which will repay a stroll around the town. The aspect of the city from various viewpoints on the river bank is most pictorial, and inside the town the old patrician houses and the street fountains as well as the church, the minster, the townhouse, and the remnants of the fortifications, are well worth our admiration.

Just where the river broadens out into the Untersee we reach the charming town of Stein am Rhein, stretching picturesquely along the river bank under the beautiful green hill which is dominated by the old castle of Hohenklingen. The town is famed more than all else for the numerous painted houses on the south side of its market place. This row of houses with their fine timber work, their charming oriels, and the interesting and well executed frescoes of historical, Biblical and mythological characters, forms one of the most charming street pictures which may be found anywhere in Europe. The other important attraction in Stein is the secularized Benedictine monastery of St. George, which, though long since converted into a private dwelling, retains a great part of its monastic arrangement. Some of the contents, especially the wall paintings in the old dining hall, are most decidedly not religious in character, even though they were

ordered by the Abbot David of Winkelsheim (1499–1525). This prelate had not only artistic but also sporting tastes, and his care in refurnishing his abbey went toward making it extremely comfortable as well as beautiful in its appointments. He not only was addicted to the pleasures of the chase, but to many more worldly delights, so that the accounts of his regime are more or less scandalous. In 1524, he found his duties so onerous that he made an arrangement with the city of Zurich to take over the business affairs of his charge and pay him a decent salary. He soon repented his bargain, however, for the trustee who was installed kept such a tight rein on the manners and morals of the monks that one night the abbot and most of his cronies disappeared by way of rope ladders, carrying all the portable valuables with them.

Across the river from Stein is a Roman camp, still surrounded with its third-century wall, and with fragments of the watchtowers still to be seen. It now encloses a church and is well worthy of a visit.

From Stein or from Stockach to Bregenz, the length of Lake Constance is about forty miles and the greatest width is about seven and a half. Thus this great sheet of water covers an area of over two hundred square miles and forms a great reservoir for the Rhine which takes care of sudden floods and renders the lower river much more

uniform in its flow. The scenery about Lake Constance is not especially picturesque, for its banks are nowhere particularly bold. The broad expanse of water, with its well-populated banks, its green hills in the foreground, and the snowy Alps far beyond, has, however, a quiet beauty which is very attractive. There are many old and picturesque towns along its shores, and it has been for ages both a boundary between the peoples of the north and south banks and an easy means of communication.

The most important town on the shores of the lake is Constance, a busy little city with a picturesque landing place, whose charm comes mostly from the old Council House which occupies so prominent a position in the foreground of the view. Here was held the famous Council of Constance in the years 1414 to 1418, a meeting which was attended by no less than a hundred thousand strangers who came with something like thirty thousand horses. What a strain this must have been on the accommodations of a city whose population was much less than fifty thousand! Not only was every house in the town crowded to the attics, but booths were erected in all the streets, and thousands of visitors had to camp in the fields outside the town. Of course, a great part of this multitude had nothing to do with the deliberations; some came to see the spectacles, for religious processions, miracle plays and enter-

tainments of every description were always going on, and the great and the near-great were everywhere displaying their luxury indoors and out. Hospitality was free; almost everybody could, by fair means or foul, find a way to sponge on some rich prelate or prince. In spite of the religious character of the assembly, light ladies were here in multitudes, and Balzac in his *Droll Stories* depicts the night life of the town in a spirit of broad, if salacious humor. One immediate result of this influx of strangers was such a tremendous increase in prices that the working people of the town could no longer live and almost unanimously moved elsewhere. Previously, Constance had been the most celebrated and richest cloth manufacturing town in Germany, but when the workmen went they took the industry to St. Gall and neighboring towns, whence it never returned.

The Council of Constance was called primarily to vindicate the authority of the general councils, to which the Pope was declared to be amenable. The concrete aim in this instance was to end the intolerable schism, as a result of which three popes, Gregory XII, Benedict XIII, and John XXIII, were simultaneously claiming to be head of the church. The second object was to protect religion against the heresy of John Huss.

The first act of the Council was a declaration that a general council of the heads of the church had by divine right supreme authority in all

matters of religion, superior even to that of the Pope. Exercising this authority it then deposed all three existing popes and elected Martin V in their stead. It then proceeded to consider the heresy of Huss.

This churchman was a Bohemian, rector of the University of Prague, and in high favor with the king and queen of Bohemia. He did not recognize the authority of the Pope and preached against many of the superstitious practices of the Roman church. His greatest point of doctrine, however, was an insistence that the Sacrament should be administered with the cup, as well as the wafer. In 1410, he was excommunicated for contumacy, and great disorders followed in Prague. The king of Bohemia was unwilling to repress the teachings of Huss, and so the Emperor Sigismund summoned him to explain and defend his doctrines before the approaching Council of Constance. This summons was accompanied by a safe conduct, and so Huss rode forth with only a small escort. He was not at first molested and took a room in an inn for himself and his friend, the knight John of Chlum. For this he paid twenty-five cents a week, of which he complained in a letter as being exorbitantly dear. On November 28, he was summoned to appear before the council. Though he refused to debate with it, saying that he merely wished to prove the truth of his doctrines and have them accepted, he was arrested and

thrown into prison at Gottlieben, where the next cell but one was occupied by the former Pope John XXIII, who had abdicated in May, after having been dispossessed. Here Huss was visited by the emperor himself, who told him that he would see that he was set at liberty if he would sign a renunciation of his doctrines. He refused to do so, perhaps believing that the emperor's word to set him free was no better than his safe-conduct, and the next day, seven months after being imprisoned, he was sentenced to perish at the stake. Firm and unflinching, he met his death heroically before the castle, and not many months later his follower, Jerome of Prague, met the same fate. In spite, however, of depositions, imprisonments and burnings, neither was the schism healed nor the Reformation averted, for Benedict XIII remained Pope at Avignon and there had a successor named Clement VIII, while the doctrines of Huss did not perish in Bohemia, and his spirit of protest came to full fruition in Martin Luther.

The steamer trip along Lake Constance is interesting, but there is little inducement to spend much time in the lake cities. Meersburg makes a picturesque spectacle with its old castle dominating the town, and the harbor at Lindau, with its Bavarian lions on high pillars flanking the entrance, has an old world flavor. Midway on the north shore, at Manzell near Friedrichshafen, is

the balloon station of Count Zeppelin, where were constructed the famous dirigibles which so often raided London during the war, but which so signally failed to come up to the expectations which the Germans held as to their power to create terror and panic. Before the war these great airships were a familiar sight in southern Germany, for in 1913 a number of them were carrying passengers on regular schedule, while others were traveling from town to town, and making ascents wherever it seemed possible to get enough passengers. I have seen as many as three in one day soaring quietly over a peaceful countryside. The first ascent by one of these dirigibles was made on July 2, 1900, with an airship four hundred feet long and forty-two feet in diameter, which seemed enormous in those days. The airship met all the expectations of its inventor, rising easily and traveling safely both with and against the wind. It is a long cry from this first trip of fifty minutes to the crossing of the Atlantic against continuous westerly winds by the R–34 in 1919.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GRISONS

WHEN we step off the steamer at Rorschach we turn our faces to the Alps, and the remainder of our trip up the Rhine will lead us constantly through Alpine scenery of the most majestic description, ending in the very heart of the main chain, for the Saint Gotthard massif, on the northern slopes of which the Rhine rises from the snows of Badus, is the great water-parting of Europe, whence the waters flow north, west, and south, to the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic. We must now leave behind us the comfort of steamer travel, and make our way by railroads, first standard gauge, then narrow gauge, and finally by post wagons and on foot. Except the very last climb in each of the valleys, however, the travel is thoroughly comfortable, and even a woman can easily get to Lake Toma, the mountain cradle of the most remote Rhine source, without particular difficulty, in late July or August.

The Rhine flows into Lake Constance three or four miles to the east of Rorschach, running through a fertile delta many miles wide, formed

by its deposits for many ages. In June and July, when its waters are at their highest stage from the melting of the Alpine snows, it pours into the lake with such force as to project its current in a very noticeable degree almost to the opposite shore of the lake. The strong ripple which is often caused by this junction of the waters was noted and described by Ammianus Marcellinus, a writer of the age of Augustus, whose description of Lake Constance contains much of interest.

The first town of any note in the delta is Rheineck, which gets its name from the very abrupt hook in the stream, which occurs just above it. It is a small town at the foot of vine-clad hills, deriving its prosperity from textile manufacturing and vine growing. From here for the next ten or fifteen miles, there are a great number of towns in the valley, mostly situated where the hills come down into the plain. The reason for this is that the first roads through the valley clung to solid ground, just above the level of the flat plain of the delta, through which the Rhine raged at will in time of floods, changing its course frequently, and doing great damage. Finally, about 1893, the Swiss and Austrian governments combined in stabilizing the bed of the river, and in the course of the next twenty years, at a cost of sixteen million francs, made two large canals, which now carry the debris of the Rhine safely into Lake Constance.

This district of the Rhine Valley or Upper Rheingau, about twenty miles long and seven miles wide, was governed by bailiffs down to 1798, and was, during the Middle Ages, one of the most fertile and prosperous parts of Switzerland. Vines, fruit, corn and cattle flourished abundantly, and the agricultural prosperity of the region still persists. The traveler by automobile will find a pleasant stopping place here and there, where a cleanly little inn will offer him well-cooked food and native wine, but there is nothing in particular to cause the railway traveler to break his journey in this part of the valley. Altstetten is said to have a church in which the Protestant and Catholic portions of the village worship alternately, and in the church of Sennwald it is alleged that we may still see the corpse of the baron John Philip of Hohensax, which still remains in a perfect state of preservation, though he was murdered on May 2, 1596, by his nephew. Above the straggling little town of Werdenburg may be seen the castle of the same name, in which at the beginning of the fifteenth century dwelt the famous and heroic Count Adolphus, who immortalized himself by aiding the freemen of the canton of Appenzell to obtain and retain their freedom, a procedure which was in strong contrast with the usual tendency of the nobles of the period.

At Buchs, if you desire to add another country

to the list of those in which you have traveled, and, furthermore, to visit one of which you may safely boast to your acquaintances with absolute certainty that they have not only never seen it, but have never even heard of it, you may take a carriage or a pleasant walk across the river to the little town of Vaduz, the capital of the tiny principality of Liechtenstein. It is of course possible that Liechtenstein as a separate entity will be extinguished in this year of grace 1921 by the Allied Powers or by the Bolsheviki or by plebiscite; but before the outbreak of the Great War it existed as an ally of Austria, coining its own money, issuing its own postage stamps, and possessing a reigning prince, even though it was squeezed like a shoestring between the mountains and the Rhine, and possessed an area of only forty-two square miles. Above the picturesque little town the great white castle of Vaduz or Liechtenstein clings to the hillside, a landmark for miles up and down the valley. In it lived the reigning prince when he was not away in Vienna, attending to his duties as a sovereign member of the Upper House of the Austrian Parliament. This prince was not obliged to live in his lonesome mountain nest too great a portion of the time, for he possessed, beside his superb palace and gallery in Vienna, no less than ninety-nine castles, some of which, however, were ruinous. Liechtenstein once belonged to the German Confederation, and

was obliged to maintain for the standing army of this predecessor of the German Empire no less than fifty-five soldiers, but since 1866, when it declared war on Germany, and was forgotten in the making of peace, its security has been sufficiently maintained by the services of twelve Austrian gendarmes, lent by its neighbor state, and paid for by its prince. Liechtenstein is one of the few and favored places of the earth where no taxes were levied. It is to be feared that neither Liechtenstein nor Moresnet, that little slice between Belgium and Germany, also a No Man's Land forgotten in a peace treaty, will be able to live hereafter untroubled by the summons of the tax collector.

At Sargans the Rhine Valley makes an abrupt turn to the southeast and joins another valley through which the railway runs to Wesen on the Walensee. This depression is almost a direct continuation of the valley of the Upper Rhine, and though the river now runs on the east side of the valley some distance from Sargans, it has at times occupied a different course. The height of the watershed is only a very few feet above the normal level of the Rhine, and it is said that on several occasions in time of flood the Rhine water has overflowed into this other valley, and forced a passage for itself, which, if left undisturbed, would soon have carried all its waters into the Lake of Zurich and the Aar River. Fortunately,

for the Lake of Constance, this danger has been permanently averted.

It may be worth while to leave the train for a day or so at Ragatz, a town of a couple of thousand people, pleasingly situated at the entrance to the narrow ravine through which runs the boisterous river Tamina. Ragatz is a famous watering place, to which some thirty thousand visitors were accustomed to resort each summer. It is famous for its baths of mineral water, brought in conduits from Pfäfers, two or three miles from the town. Here was once a Benedictine abbey, governed by a prince abbot and established in 713 by Saint Pirmin, which remained an ecclesiastical foundation until 1838, although the French Revolution deprived the abbey of its sovereignty and most of its revenues. About a mile from the abbey are the baths, which were discovered by a gamekeeper in 1038. About 1240 the baths had become so popular that holes were cut in the rocks, in which the water might collect for use, and in 1365 the first bathhouse was erected, ablutions having previously been conducted in the open air. Even when the first bathhouse was constructed, the means of access were, to say the least, primitive, for the patients were lowered from above by means of ropes. It may easily be imagined what pleasure a rheumatic patient would derive from this means of access. Now, of course, the bathhouse is established at the foot of the gorge and

visitors are allowed to travel along a safe rock-hewn path above the torrent to the point where the hot spring gushes forth, quite different from the days when Tombleson visited it and described his experience as follows:

"But the gorge of the Tamina is the most astonishing sight of all. We pass into it by the canal, on a platform of boards (rendered by the humidity very slippery) extending to the site of the springs, which rise from a cavern, a little above the banks of the Tamina, whose torrent is heard at a great depth below. The rocks on each side are two hundred feet in height, approaching each other at the top, so as to admit but a dim and uncertain light, scarcely sufficient to distinguish surrounding objects. The humidity and icy coldness of the air add not a little to the terror inspired by the place. In the part which is termed the *Beschluss* the rocks quite meet at the top, and beneath them is a grotto of fine marble. About one o'clock in the day is the best time for visiting this place, when the sun's rays dart through the crevices of the rocks on different sides, and give to persons below the appearance of shadows, sometimes, according to their situation, only just perceptible, and sometimes standing confessed in all the brightness of open day. We should not recommend a visit to this place to persons of weak nerves, or to those who have not a decided taste for the most frightful of nature's features."

It is comprehensible that the huntsmen who first arrived in this gorge and discovered the clouds of steam rising from the source, may have conceived of a connection between the spot and the powers of darkness, but why an English gentleman writing in 1830 or thereabouts should have felt terror is rather difficult to understand. The water of the baths emerges at a temperature of about 95 degrees, and its use is beneficial in rheumatic, nervous and scrofulous affections.

After leaving Sargans we soon enter the canton of Grisons, Graubünden or the Grey League, a designation which is said to have arisen from the grey homespun attire generally worn by these mountaineers, especially on their national festivals. The canton was formerly divided into three leagues or federated republics, the Grey or Superior League, the God's House League and the League of the Ten Jurisdictions. Not until 1798 did the canton join the Swiss Republic.

Coire or Chur is the capital of the Grisons, situated about a mile from the Rhine on a little torrent called the Plessur. It was of considerable importance in Roman times, when it was known as Curia Raetorum. It was the see of a bishop in 452 and we know not how much earlier, but the inhabitants asserted their freedom of ecclesiastical domination in 1464, and embraced the Protestant faith in 1524, though the inhabitants of the bishop's palace have always remained faithful

Catholics. The ecclesiastical buildings, comprising the bishop's castle, the cathedral and so forth, occupy the site of the old Roman castrum, which once commanded the Alpine passes from the north. The nucleus of the castle was two Roman watchtowers, *Mars in oculis* and *Spina oculorum*, "Mars in the Eyes" and "Thorn in the Eyes," quite appropriate names for turrets from whence a flight of arrows was likely to descend upon the unwary wayfarer. These names were degraded later to Marsoil and Spinoil, and the former still exists, though greatly ravaged by the tooth of time. What wonder, since it was put into good repair in the reign of Constantine?

The cathedral of Saint Lucius, which is named after the traditional first bishop of Coire, who is supposed to have been consecrated as early as the second century, was built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, though there were older churches on the site several hundred years before. It is a Gothic building, with some Romanesque details, interesting internally because of its irregular ground plan. Like one of the churches we have described on the Moselle, it is adapted to the irregularity of the rock on which it stands, and all the vaulting is out of line. It contains several interesting tombs and altars, especially the carved wood high altar which was constructed by Jacob Russ about 1491, and is one of the finest pieces of work of its kind which exists. In the sacristy are

some very interesting reliquaries and a number of ancient charters, running as far back as that granted by Charlemagne.

There are numerous interesting walks and excursions about Coire, and the neighboring mountain peaks are well worthy of visiting for the extensive and diversified views which they command. The finest climb is that to the top of the Calanda, a mountain of slightly more than nine thousand feet, from which there is a magnificent view. The ascent is fatiguing, requiring six to eight hours, the night being usually spent in the Calanda Hut, about two hours from the summit. A guide is requisite and can be found at Haldenstein, whence the ascent is usually undertaken. Haldenstein is itself interesting for the picturesque ruins of a couple of castles, and from the fact that here is the farthest point on the Rhine to which even barges can ascend.

At Reichenau we come to a parting of the ways, for here is the junction of the Vorder Rhein or Fore Rhine and the Hinter Rhein or Back Rhine. The latter is a wild and impetuous stream, and the junction of the waters is best observed from the garden of the old chateau of the bishops of Coire, which now belongs to the Von Planta family. The view of the surrounding country up and down the various branches of the stream is most interesting from this quiet and secluded spot. The history of the castle has not been es-

COIRE

pecially eventful, but it has known an episode which is worth relating. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the burgomaster Von Tscharner established a seminary for boys in the castle, and here in 1793 a young man arrived on foot, carrying only a stick and a bundle containing a few personal effects. He had a letter of introduction to the head of the school, and was appointed usher, under the name of Chabot, giving lessons in French and mathematics. He remained there for some time and it was not until after his departure that it became known that he was the Duc de Chartres, afterwards King Louis Philippe, who was in hiding from the French revolutionists, who were only too anxious to send him to the guillotine. Some souvenirs of him are still shown in the rooms that he occupied in the castle.

The excursion from Reichenau up the valley of the Back Rhine to the Splügen Pass is one of the most picturesque routes in all Switzerland. Nowhere can there be seen any wilder scenery, and the road is one of the most famous throughout the whole Alps. The railroad from Reichenau to Thusis runs through charming scenery, far above the river bed, between high mountains and past numerous ruined castles, most of which were destroyed in the fifteenth century, when the three leagues finally and completely mastered the nobles of the entire region, compelling them to join the league and completely destroying their strong-

holds. Thusis is a small town, beautifully situated in an open valley, at the junction of the routes over the Albula and the Julier passes. The former leads to sunny Italy, debouching from the mountains on Lake Como, while the latter leads to the lofty mountains of the Engadine, which, interesting and frequented as they are, fall outside the scope of our present description. Thusis is but a village and contains in itself little to interest the visitor, for fire has swept across its ancient streets many times, and on five occasions it has been almost completely reduced to ashes. It owes its mediæval importance to the building of the road through the Splügen Pass, which was constructed by the people of the surrounding parishes between 1471 and 1473. The work was done under the direction of Count George von Werdenberg, the last of his race, but he soon sold his rights in the road to the bishop of Coire for three thousand florins. The village did not care for this change of masters, and set itself to reduce this debt, which it finished paying off in 1709. It is evident that money was hardly won in the Alps in ancient times.

The Splügen was one of the earliest known passes of the Alps, and over it have marched the Roman legions, the hosts of pilgrims to Italian shrines and the Holy Land, the armies of the Crusades, and those of Napoleon and his enemies. Before the Brenner and Saint Gotthard passes

THUSIS

were opened, more than thirty thousand travelers were in the habit of going over this pass during the short summer season, and even today the old inhabitants speak regretfully of the good old times when the inns were full of wagons laden with merchandise, and when travelers from many lands told by the evening fire of the wonders they had seen.

Looking south from Thusis, there seems to be no way into the mountains, which apparently form an impenetrable wall. The river runs through a narrow gorge under the tremendous precipice on which stands the castle of Hohen-Rhätien, which now consists of three fairly preserved towers. This castle was formerly the abode of a family of robber knights, who waxed fat and prosperous on the tribute which they levied from the merchants who utilized the pass. Finally, the peasants rose in anger and stormed the rocky seat, isolating the castle and finally forcing its surrender. The haughty knight could not bring his pride to the point of rendering himself prisoner to mere peasants, so, when the last extremity was reached, he bandaged the eyes of his charger, had his castle gates opened and his drawbridge lowered, and galloped out through the ranks of the peasants, who involuntarily opened the way for his passage. He was not seeking for escape, however, but spurred his steed straight to the edge of the tremendous cliff, which is here

more than three thousand feet in sheer height, and disappeared into space before the eyes of the astounded peasants. From the top of the rock there is a most extended view, which is rather picturesquely described in a railway guidebook in the following amazing sentence. "From this height, one sees about so many castles or ruins, nearly as many villages and hamlets, and all round on the horizon, the summits of the mountains are arranged in calm and austere majesty, truly an imposing sight!" The same author enumerates several of these castles, and indulges in the following rhetoric. "If speech were only given to these antiquities, what stories could they not tell of events which have taken place on these spots; of sorrow and gladness, of luxury and murder, of peaceful commerce and savage revolt."

Just below this great cliff the Nolla stream empties into the Rhine, and rather than tell about it myself I will again quote the Swiss writer. "Every one knows the reputation of the Nolla, that furious torrent, the wildest in Switzerland, which since many centuries, after each heavy shower, carries a grey and cold lather, which is forced out from its obscure gorges, and which receives its name from the Romanish 'Anagl' or battering-ram—alluding to the shocks of the blows given by a ram. Since the 16th century, a whole chronicle exists on the roaring ruptures of the torrent, of which the pebble bottom is capable of

carrying enormous blocks of stones. Often it stopped the flow of the waters of the Rhine, and when these could at last open a passage for themselves, it devasted the whole of the bottom of the valley of Thusis, Cazis, of the Domleschg as far as Reichenau, and at flood carried its black mass nearly as far as the Lake of Constance. However, here, as in other cases, the preventative works, with the support of a Government grant triumphed successfully over the elements. In the first place, dams were constructed in the valley, and also in the lateral gorges, then the landslips under Tschappina were stopped by conducting the water in wooden troughs, and further by re-foresting the slopes. It is to be hoped that, at last, man has gained the mastery of this savage torrent and that the preventative works, which always necessitate new improvements, will bear the fruit of success which they merit. Numbers of engineers and foresters come from all parts of the world to view with interest this grand work. Thanks to the nourishing waters of the Nolla the sandy lands are transformed into alluvion plains."

Opposite the foot of Hohen-Rhätien the road into the pass disappears into a dark tunnel, under a great overhanging spur of rock. This tunnel is now usually called the Verlorene Loch, or Lost Hole, and was pierced as late as 1822, but this name really applies not to the tunnel, but to the whole gorge, which in earlier days was impenetra-

ble and had to be avoided by a long detour through the mountains. Passing through this dark and dripping tunnel we find on the other side the little valley of Rongellen, seated above the road on the older path, and on the very verge of the cliff above us we can see the few houses of the tiny hamlet of Mutten. The Rhine runs far below and the road is protected on its outer edge by a high and sturdy wall, sometimes supported by galleries built out from the rock, while the road itself is often cut out of the sides of the chasm, and frequently passes through tunnels. As we go higher and higher the gorge becomes even narrower and closes in above us. The road crosses from side to side of the ravine three times in all, over bridges which are architectural marvels, because of the boldness of their construction. The second bridge, especially, is most appalling to look at, for the clear height under its single arch is four hundred feet, and the cleft is so narrow and in spots overhangs so much, that only here and there can one see the waters of the river from the middle of the bridge. The volume of the Rhine in flood has been at times so great that it has filled the gorge full, and overflowed this bridge. Until recent years the bottom of the river bed was inaccessible, but a staircase has now been built down the sides of the ravine, and it is possible to go down and walk along for some distance in the water-worn gulf at the bottom, where the walls

apparently close over one's head, and the sky is entirely invisible. I wish I could properly describe this valley which so well deserves its name of Via Mala, the Evil Way, but no power of tongue or pen could give the faintest idea of this majestic scenery, and even the photographs can but faintly indicate the beauty of the scenery. I shall never forget the two occasions on which I have walked through this wonderful gorge.

Above the Via Mala the wide valley of Schams opens out, and offers a most charming contrast to the wild way through which we have just passed, with its fertile prairies and charming villages, surrounded by high and snow-clad mountains. On a hill above the Rhine stands the ruined castle of Fardün, where the feudal owners of the valley once lived. They lost their power because of their brutality, about the middle of the fourteenth century. The noble one day went to the cottage of one of his peasants named John Caldar, and out of the natural meanness of his disposition spat into the great kettle of broth which had just been taken from the fire and placed upon the table for the family dinner. The infuriated farmer grasped him by the throat and forced his head under the scalding liquid, crying, "Eat thyself the soup which thou hast seasoned," holding him in that position until he had strangled to death.

After leaving behind the villages of Zillis and Andeer, we pass on the left the Averser Rhine, a

rather unimportant branch, and enter, below the ruin of Barenburg, the Roffla ravine, a smaller and less frightful gorge than the Via Mala, but nevertheless a most picturesque place which contains a number of waterfalls. Passing the little town of Splügen, which gives its name to the pass which here diverges to Chiavenna in Italy, we keep on to Hinter-Rhein, the last town in the valley, whence I made the rough, tedious and rather uninteresting climb to the Rheinwald Glacier, through Hell and Paradise, respectively a gorge and a mountain pasture, to the source of the Back Rhine, which gushes out of an opening at the foot of the glacier at a height of seven thousand, two hundred and seventy feet. That is, it is said to gush, and possibly it does in late summer, but in May and June the whole valley is filled with snow, through which the river appears only at intervals. It is not advisable to get too near these openings, for the snow bridges are very insecure, and a plunge through into the rocky torrent would probably be fatal.

The old engravings depict the glacier in the condition of advance, with numerous streams gushing from its abrupt and precipitous face, but for many years now most of the Alpine glaciers have been retreating, and their fronts are covered with dirt or snow, according to the season, so that they no longer possess the impressive appearance of former years. It is said that the Romans were

so impressed with the majesty of this spot that they here dedicated a temple to the nymphs of the stream, but I am afraid these deities could hardly have stood the climate in classical attire, judging by the temperature on the day I visited the spot, and I certainly discovered no trace of them or their shrine.

CHAPTER XV

TO THE SOURCE OF THE RHINE

MANY of the older writers place the source of the Rhine at the Rheinwald Glacier, but modern geographical authorities are of the opinion that the most remote source is that of the Fore Rhine, and to that secluded spot the conclusion of our pilgrimage will now take us. On the way, we will make a side trip up the Middle Rhine because of its picturesqueness and the fact that it is the only one of the Rhine tributaries which has even a remote pretention to be regarded as one of the sources. We might, however, find many another remote and picturesque valley through which a mountain stream flows into the Rhine from a high mountain pasture or snow-clad peak. In the Canton of Grisons alone the Rhine has more than two hundred tributaries, those from the south very frequently having long courses through the hills, while the northern ones pitch only a few miles down the steep slopes of the northern chain of the Alps.

The narrow gauge Rhaetian Railway runs up the whole valley, and now goes over the Oberalp Pass to Andermatt, thus opening a new route

into the Grisons from central Switzerland, by which many visitors will travel who would never have undergone the fatigue of the cumbrous diligence which they would have been obliged to take before the war to enter the canton on this side. Running through picturesque scenery from Reichenau, we soon reach Ilanz, often referred to as "the first town on the Rhine," of which historical mention is made as early as 766, and which was the capital of the Grey League. The older part of the town has narrow streets and ancient houses, and from every part of the place we get magnificent views of the surrounding mountains and glaciers, while by strolling up to the old church of Saint Martin, or perhaps even farther to the little village of Luvis, we get charming views of the Rhine Valley.

Four miles above Ilanz is the picturesque ruin of Waltensburg, and soon after the train stops at Darbella, where we may notice just opposite the station the Chapel of Saint Anna, once shaded by three gigantic trees, of which only two remain. This chapel was erected in 1778 and stands on a spot which, in 1424, was in the deepest recesses of a dense forest, and thus afforded a secret meeting place for the neighboring peasants, who there met and founded the Grey League When their decision was made the League sent its most aged and respectable members as deputies to the various noblemen of the valley, bearing a mani-

festo which stated in plain terms that they intended henceforth to be governed by well-defined constitutional laws. Ages of protest on the ground of justice and humanity would never have effected this result, but the knowledge that a league strong enough to effect the aim had been formed promptly brought the haughty lords to terms, and in May, 1424, the abbot of Disentis, the lords of Rhäzüns, Sax, and Werdenberg, together with all the nobles of the Fore Rhine and neighboring valleys, took an oath to abide by the constitution of the Grey League. The event was celebrated every sixth year until 1778, where the Chapel of Saint Anna now stands, and on May 30, 1824, a solemn festival was held near the trunk of the old maple under whose shade the pact was made four hundred years before.

The Grey League was entirely independent of the rest of Switzerland, and did not join the other cantons until 1798, although treaties of alliance were signed from time to time. It had various tribulations, being especially opposed by a league of nobles called the Black League, which was, however, eventually defeated and its leaders captured. Among them was Count Henry of Rhäzüns, who had broken his oath to the Grey League and joined its opponents. He was condemned to death, but the people were not vindictive, and as he showed signs of repentance, he was pardoned.

The next town in the valley is Disentis, passing on the way the ruined castle of Joergenberg. The last owner of this ruin was known as the Bad Joerg of Joergenberg. Like almost every owner of a castle in those days he believed in the motto, "Let him take who has the power, and let him keep who can." So he spent his days in riding out to rob the peasants, and his evenings in carousing. His wife did not approve of his actions, and she used to hand out at the back door to the owners the stolen goods which he had brought in at the front, the knight being usually too intoxicated to notice that his booty had disappeared. This back-handed justice, however, was not enough for the peasants and they finally gathered sufficient force to attack the castle and reduce its outer defences. When the owners had been driven into the keep and found that further resistance was impossible, they asked for a parley, and after some discussion the peasants agreed to allow the mistress and her maidens to depart unharmed, each carrying her most valuable personal property in a bundle on her back. The maids naturally tied up their finery and departed with it unmolested, but the mistress securely bound her own husband with cords, tied him neck to heels, and wrapped him in sackcloth to make a fairly presentable bundle. When she staggered over the drawbridge with her burden, however, and attempted to pass through the ranks of the

peasants, the deception was soon discovered and the indignant soldiers were inclined to refuse to let her pass. Their leader, however, said that they were bound to keep their pledged word and that the lady's ingenuity deserved success. But even if Bad Joerg escaped with his life, his castle was destroyed and his depredations were at an end.

Disentis is famous for its great monastery, said to have been founded in 614 by a Scotch Benedictine monk, named Saint Sigisbert. The abbey is consequently the oldest in Switzerland. It became rich and prosperous and though its Prince Abbot Peter of Pontaningen at first resisted the Grey League, he was afterwards elected one of its chiefs and was president of the diet. The buildings were frequently renewed and the present structures date only from 1799. In that year, a band of French soldiers, who had been taken prisoners, were on their way through the streets of the village to some place of captivity when a sympathizing native loosed the bonds of a couple of them. They attempted to escape and in the tumult which ensued the whole band was slain. The compassionate monks took up the bodies and buried them, and then, unfortunately for themselves, hung the uniforms in one of the monastery buildings. A French detachment arrived soon after and, finding the uniforms, massacred all the monks and villagers who could not escape, burnt

all the buildings, and tried to blow up the ruins of the monastery, which were so massive that they could not be thoroughly destroyed. The monks now maintain a classical and a commercial school.

Near the village is the junction of the Fore Rhine and the Middle Rhine, the latter coming down through the Lukmanier Pass. The lower end of this valley is a wild ravine and the road through it is a masterpiece of engineering, there being between Disentis and Curagila eleven tunnels and several bridges, while the road throughout most of its course is hewn from the living rock, with the cliffs at many places overarching the road. The walls of the ravine are in places bare because of their steepness, though firs, birches and other trees grow from every possible shelf and crevice of the rock. The Rhine falls from steep to steep in a series of imposing waterfalls, and sometimes it is far below our feet, so far in fact that the overhanging rocks entirely cut off a view of the river. Coming out of one cool and dark tunnel into a little stretch of open road, we find the entrance of another tunnel hardly a hundred yards away, and over it is a great cave in the rock, from which we are startled to see a couple of gnomes peering out at us. We see immediately that they are only some carved figures, placed there by the road builders, who made a mistake in their calculations and began this tunnel at too high a point. When we enter

the last tunnel it seems no different from the others; the valley is still as narrow and the walls as wild as at any other point in the way which we have traveled. But as we come out of its farther end a surprise awaits us, for there stretches before us the beautiful green Medelser Valley, with the river winding between green slopes, and the view closed by the snow-clad pyramids of Scopi. This road is not the first one through the pass, for we see, above the last tunnel, high on the walls of the ravine, the remains of an older way built in 1794. Though this was a toll road it did not produce enough revenue to pay for its maintenance and fell into disrepair. We might follow the valley up to the Lukmanier Pass, just below which the Middle Rhine rises in the little lake of Val Cadlimo, but the scenery offers nothing of especial interest, and unless we desire to make our way over the pass and into the southern valleys, we retrace our steps to Disentis, the whole walk being about eight miles, and a pleasant morning stroll.

The last time I was in Disentis I arrived on the fourteenth of June and as the spring had been late and the railroad at that time ran trains no farther, I had expected to walk up the valley from that point. I found, however, that a series of warm days had melted the snow on the Oberalp Pass faster than had been anticipated, and that the few remaining drifts had been broken through

THE FIRST TUNNEL IN THE LUKMANIER PASS

a few days before, so that the first post wagon over the pass would leave early the next morning. The service having been thus unexpectedly resumed, I was the only passenger and booked the seat with the driver as far as Tschamut, the last village on the Fore Rhine, just at the base of the pass. So, very early on the following morning, I took my seat for this beautiful drive, up a road running high above the bed of the torrent. The character of the little valley may be judged from the fact that in ten miles we ascended nearly seventeen hundred feet, down which the torrent descends in an almost continuous series of rapids and cascades. The peaks to the north were almost free of snow, except in the valleys, but to the south and west we had a glorious panorama of a closed semicircle of majestic peaks, snow clad on every slope where snow would hold, down almost to the floor of the valley.

When I arrived at Tschamut, I asked of the postmaster what he knew of the condition of the path to Lake Toma, which lies some twenty-three hundred feet above the village, and which Baedeker says may be ascended in two hours without a guide, by following the red marks. This is undoubtedly true in August, when the snow has melted even from the northern faces of the peaks, but I was assured that it would be hopeless for me to attempt to ascend alone at that time, as the path was covered with snow and the marks

entirely invisible. Naturally, I did not speak Romansch, which is the language of the villagers of this section of Switzerland, but the postmaster found me a young man who was also able to talk German, and I secured his services for the day for six francs. He told me immediately that it was quite impossible to reach Lake Toma by the usual route without ice axes and a rope, but that there was an alternative route which was quite practicable, involving nothing more than ordinary agility for rock climbing. He laughed at my alpenstock, however, even though I had given it some pretty severe tests, and produced for me a pole at least three inches in diameter and ten feet long, shod with a spike an inch square. It seemed to be strong enough to carry my weight if used to bridge a chasm, but it proved very useful before the day was over. He then insisted on carrying my rucksack and camera, and evidently disapproved of my actions every time I attempted to take a picture en route, both because of the delay and because every spot where I stopped was, according to his notions, dangerous.

We started off across the pastures, which were almost bare at this season of the year, not a blade of grass showing except in the most sheltered spots. Alpine flowers, so abundant at this time in the lower meadows, were very scarce, and almost the only ones we saw during the day were a few specimens of a lovely great anemone an

inch and a half in diameter, which was blossoming on a sheltered grassy slope, not far from the lake. So we plodded across the bare slopes, muddy in the sunlight and frozen in the shade, following the course of the stream which tumbled down continuously from one shelf to another, up into a valley which became ever narrower and narrower. Soon we were traveling over the snow, and occasionally had to cross the Rhine on a snow bridge, which was always carefully tested before we ventured upon it. Presently, the stream became invisible, for its valley was filled to an enormous depth with snow and ice, which had fallen from above. My guide assured me that this snow was from one to two hundred feet deep and that new avalanches were likely to fall at any moment. So, at the little so-called hamlet of Tgietlems, which consists of two or three chalets, used only in the summer, we left the valley of the Rhine and entered the toilsome route leading through Val Maigels. Up this steep ravine, which of course also had its little torrent, we plodded for a time and finally turned to the right and started directly up the face of an almost precipitous cliff, which proved to be considerably more than a thousand feet in height. Halfway up this we reached a shelf above which the rocks overhung above our heads. The guide had expected to follow this shelf to the left, but frost or avalanche had played havoc with the rocks

during the winter, and our path ended abruptly at a great gash whose fresh surface showed a recent fall, the path of which we could trace down the hillside till it ended in a great pile of debris in the valley several hundred feet below.

There was nothing to do but retrace our steps and seek a new way up to the right, and this shortly brought us out to a broad slope of granular snow, filling a ravine some fifty or seventy-five feet wide, and extending up and down as far as we could see, like a broad white road. The guide hesitated; the snow was soft and lay at such an angle that he was afraid that if we started to cross, the loose snow would slip and we would start an avalanche, which would land us, in a minute or two, in the bottom of the valley, in the middle of several hundred or thousand tons of snow and rock. There was nothing to do but try it or go back, so we cautiously ventured out, sounding the snow carefully, plunging our alpenstocks as deeply as possible, and looking carefully for any sign of movement. Nothing happened and we got across safely and started up the rocks on the other side. In about ten minutes we clambered over the edge of a steep ascent, and saw our snow sheet stretching up at a much less steep angle across the valley of the Rhine, which was full of snow, and on up the sides of Piz Nurschallas. Just then we heard a tremendous whoop far over our heads, and looking up we saw

on the very crest of the peak, two thousand feet or more above us, five tiny human forms, waving their hats and yelling. We waved back, when suddenly we saw a single form detach itself from the group and come sliding down the mountain side toward us. Evidently, one of the climbers had started a coast on skis, and as the snow slope was smooth and bare of rocks, he came down at ever-increasing speed into the valley of the Rhine. Here we supposed he would slow up and wait for the rest of his party, who did not seem inclined to follow him, but instead of doing so he crossed the valley at lightning speed, and with almost undiminished velocity ascended the slight incline on the other side and came over the crest where we were standing, yelling like an Indian as he did so. We supposed he was asking what was beyond, but had no time to answer him, even if we had been willing to take the responsibility of advising him to go on. My guide held his arms out straight to each side, as a signal to stop, but the climber only laughed and swept by us down the slope of the ravine which we had crossed a few hundred feet below. From where we stood we could see this slope for a couple of hundred feet, but it then dropped off at an abrupt angle and it was absolutely impossible to see what lay below. Nevertheless, the reckless skier did not try to slacken his speed, but headed straight for this brink and went over

it with a tremendous leap in the air. We ran down hill and to the north a few yards, and were able to see him land on the slope near where we had crossed it, and continue down with whirlwind velocity, so that inside of a minute he was in the bottom of Val Maigels, safe and sound and presently at a standstill because of his being now obliged to travel uphill again. Thirty-five hundred feet his venturesome slide had carried him in what seemed not more than two minutes, and it was more than two hours before his less daring companions, picking their way down a rock slope, and climbing from the foot of the valley as we had, were able to join him, as we saw later in the day.

My guide's fears in regard to the instability of the slope were thoroughly justified by this performance, for beginning at the spot where his skis struck the snow after his leap, a slow disruption of the snow occurred just after he had passed over it, and in another minute a great sheet of loose snow was sliding off toward the base of the hill. It never caught him, but with a tremendous roar half the snow in this ravine slipped down the side of the mountain and piled up in a great heap below. By this time it was well toward noon and we hastened down a slight slope, over the snow-covered Rhine, and on up another rocky steep to a great bare plateau of granite, crossing which we suddenly looked upon

Lake Toma, the source of the Rhine, and the spot toward which I had been directing my steps for more than three months.

It was a most lonesome and desolate spectacle. Even though the sun shone brightly save for a few fleeting clouds, the great semicircle of Badus or Six Madun to the west and south was cold and grey and inhospitable. Here and there a steep pinnacle of rock on which the snow could not lie was visible, but all else below the central peak was one white mass of snow fields and glaciers, running down into the lake, which was itself so covered with ice and snow that it merged imperceptibly into the mountain mass. In the late summer the snows recede, so that two or three glacier streams fall a few hundred feet into the lake. But here is the cradle of the mighty Rhine, a little blue eye of water, fifty yards wide and a couple of hundred yards long. A few yards at the lower end contained open water, and here we dipped an icy draught with which to wash down our lunch, which we ate stretched out in a sheltered spot, on a warm granite rock.

We could not tarry long to eat or enjoy the view, for the clouds began to drift over the top of Badus and a cold mist suddenly invaded the little valley from nowhere in particular. Fortunately, this soon passed over. It was evidently but a low drifting cloud, but there was a chance that it would be followed by another and another.

And so we packed our photographic apparatus in the rucksack and turned our backs away from Lake Toma toward the haunts of civilization. My vacation was over, there was work waiting for me in a northern capital, and so with one last glance at the ice-prisoned lake, I ended the trip which had disclosed to me so much of THE SPELL OF THE RHINE.

THE END

WAYNE, Nebr.

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